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NOVEMBER 6, 1957

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GIRLS ARE NOT IN THE RACE

BEFORE you plunge recklessly with 5/- on next week's 97th Melbourne Cup at Flemington, here's some sad news for militant feminists:

Racing statisticians, who are male but unbiased, insist that mares rarely win the Cup.

Only seven "girls" in nearly a century—Brisis, Auraria, Acrasia, Sister Olive, Rivette, Rainbird, and Evening Peal—have led in the field in this historic race which stops Australia for 10 minutes once a year.

Girls at Flemington parade in their best and lead all the way in fashion and elegance, but the "girls" on the track, although they try to impress and even kick up their heels a bit, are generally not as fast as they look.

Although decorative, with beautiful legs, lovely curves, and long natural eyelashes, they are as stayers—and that's important over two miles—not in the race.

It's true a "girl" like Evening Peal, who won the Cup last year, shares the race record of 3.19½ with Comic Court.

There are rare exceptions to every rule.

But it's generally believed she bolted when she saw a "man" and galloped down the straight instead of up the garden path.

So do remember—before you part with that 5/- in your hot little hand—that females at Flemington are not to be fancied.

Our cover

● Our glamorous cover this week is of lovely model Yvonne Nightingale, who recently returned to Australia. The photograph was taken by Laurence Le Guay, of Sydney.

CONTENTS

FICTION

My Mother Said I Never Should, Dorothy Hewett	25
Such An Ordinary Woman, Anthony Gilbert	26, 27
Letter From Peking (Serial, Part 4), Pearl Buck	28, 29
A Part of Living, Adrien Hillier	31
The Girl That I Marry, D. M. Robson	33

SPECIAL FEATURES

Royal Tour	8, 9
Best-dressed Men	20, 21

FASHION

Melbourne Couturier Fashions	16, 17
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	18
Fashion Frocks	47
Patterns	85

FILMS

Remake of Old Film	52, 53
Pier Angeli	55
Anthony Perkins and Sophia Loren	57
Film Preview	58
Reviews	79

HOMEMAKING

Transfers	50	Prize Recipes	71
Lovely Home	64, 65	File Recipes	71, 72
Tablecloth	66	Debbie	73
Stove Polish	68	Home Plan	74
Bookcase	69	Gardening	75

REGULAR FEATURES

It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	10	These Are Australian	39
TV Parade, Nan Musgrove	12	Here's Your Answer	40
Social	15	Stars	42
Beauty	18	Worth Reporting	43
Readers' Letters	23	Sweet and Sour	63
Ross Campbell	23	Mandrake	86
		Teena	87
		Crossword	87

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Precedent was broken at the dinner given by the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, and his wife, in honor of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh, when women as well as male guests remained at the table for after-dinner coffee.

THE usual custom at the Pan-American Union, where the dinner was held, is for all guests—both men and women—to adjourn to the ante-rooms for coffee.

However, at the dinner for the Queen it was felt that there was too much danger of coffee being spilt upon all the lovely gowns if it were served away from the table.

WITH Melbourne Cup Day drawing near, we have a special story on page five this week about farriers.

One of the farriers told us that owners of winners get sentimental about the plates their horses raced on, so he and his colleagues always kept the shoes safe for them when they're reshoeing.

"In my early days," he said, "we had to 'plant' the working shoes of a favorite when

we took them off before the race, or they wouldn't be there to put back after the race."

★ ★ ★
NEXT week we begin a gripping new suspense story, "The Medallion," by a comparatively new American writer, Gitta Sereny.

The serial will be presented in two parts, each of which will be an extra long instalment.

The reason for this is that our Fiction Department thought the book was such a suspenseful story that they didn't see how readers would be able to wait longer than a week to find out how it all turns out.

It's one of the most exciting of the "little boy lost" sort of books published for years.

★ ★ ★
THE exclusive color pictures of the Queen on pages 8 and 9 this week were taken by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.

THE kangaroo appearing in our "These Are Australian" series this week was photographed at Kuring-gai Koala Reserve, Mount Colah, N.S.W. Joey started out life in western N.S.W. He was rescued by Mr. Alan Beckhouse during a hunting trip when his mother was shot.

Mr. Beckhouse brought Joey back to his home in Sydney and reared him.

After eighteen months, however, the kangaroo grew too big for the Beckhouse home and was given to Mr. Bill Little for the Reserve.

★ ★ ★
INCIDENTALLY, we regret that owing to an unprecedented demand for our book "The Living Bush" we will be unable to meet any fresh orders for copies.

We would very much like to reprint the book, but we regret that we cannot at present secure sufficient quantities of high-grade paper.



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The mysterious Mrs. Brando

After they met at lunch she wrote: "He seems very nice."

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

A dream seems to have taken little Joanna O'Callaghan, daughter of an Irish railway employee and his Indian wife, first to star billing as Anna Kashfi and now to Mrs. Marlon Brando, an even more desired billing which so many Hollywood names have failed to achieve.

WHILE Mrs. Brando's application for American citizenship is being considered in Hollywood, the mystery about her deepens on this side of the Atlantic.

Newspaper reports quote Mr. and Mrs. William O'Callaghan, of Cardiff, in so many conflicting ways that the only fact to emerge is that they are two sad, confused people whose only wish is that they might have just one word from their daughter.

This week I spoke to a woman who claims to have known parents and daughter for years. She is Mrs. Glyn Mortimer, London theatrical and model agent, who started the mystery girl on her career.

Mrs. Mortimer states unequivocally, "Anna's mother is Indian. Till now there has never been any question about her nationality."

"She is a simple, homely woman unused to all this international commotion, and has probably denied her nationality because she was taken off-guard."

"The facts as I know them are these:

"Anna was working as a salesgirl in a fur store when my sister saw her and was thrilled by her outstanding beauty."

Knowing I was in the agency business, she sent her to me to train as a model.

"With her light brown skin, incredibly deep, glowing eyes, and superb figure, she was a hit from the start."

"She seemed too good to waste on modelling alone, so I booked her into a drama school."

Mrs. Mortimer suggested, meanwhile, that the young student would like to share her flat with her as she was so far from home. So their employer-employee relationship soon became more one of friendship, and Mrs. Mortimer began to write to Anna's parents about her progress.

"They answered regularly and used to send us wonderful parcels from Cardiff," Mrs. Mortimer said. "I shall never forget Mrs. O'Callaghan's home-made tomato sauce, which she brewed from an old Indian recipe. We used to eat it by the gallon."

About this time Mrs. Mortimer discovered Belinda Lee at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

"She had nowhere to live while she was at drama school, so Anna and I talked it over and decided we had enough room to put her up in our sitting-room."

"So Belinda and Anna

practised their acting technique together."

During this time Mrs. Mortimer saw a lot of the O'Callaghan parents and their son, an engineering student, who is still studying in London.

"They were a delightfully united and happy family," she said. "That's why it's so sad that they could not be together for this wedding. I can quite understand Mrs. O'Callaghan's upset."

"Also, of course, they are all devout Roman Catholics, and she must be more than unhappy that Anna was not married in her own church."

"I also find this a little difficult to understand, because when Anna lived with me she never missed Mass on Sundays."

Anna had her first screen test at Pinewood Studios for the Peter Finch film "A Town Like Alice."

That was in June, 1955, and J. Arthur Rank was very pleased with her.

"They offered her a small part, saying they would want her in September," said Mrs. Mortimer. "Meanwhile, 'The Mountain,' starring Spencer Tracy, came up. She went to Paris and was signed up within minutes."

"Since then she has had no chance to look back. When locations finished in Europe she had to go straight to Hollywood. She thought it would be for only six weeks to finish the interiors, so hardly bothered to take proper leave of her family and friends."

But this was just the beginning of the story.

She went straight into Universal's "Battle Hymn," co-starring Rock Hudson.

It was while making this film that Glyn Mortimer heard of Marlon Brando in one of Anna's letters.

Anna wrote: "I went into the M.G.M. studio restaurant as usual for lunch today and the next thing I knew Marlon Brando had sent over a note asking someone to introduce us."

"He seems very nice," was Anna's only comment.

As the year went on, mentions of him in her letters became more and more frequent until it was obvious he was her most constant escort.

After "Battle Hymn" she starred opposite Glenn Ford in "The Cowboy" and was cast for "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," to be made in Italy.

She wrote home saying how thrilled she was about this, because it would give her a chance to visit her friends and family again.

But when the time came to make the picture Anna was



BRIDE (above) Anna Kashfi in her co-starring role as a half-Korean, half-Indian in "Battle Hymn," and (right) her mother, Mrs. William O'Callaghan, of Wales.

so exhausted that she had a nervous breakdown and was ordered to rest.

Instead, Eva Bartok played her role and Anna retired to recuperate.

"And that was nearly nine months ago," Mrs. Mortimer said.

"Since then her parents and I have written constantly, but without reply. It is as if she wants to leave all her old life behind her and start again."

"I think that explains why she gave false parents' names on the marriage certificate, saying she was Indian and not admitting her real name of Joanna O'Callaghan."

"Knowing her since she was 18, I realise she is quite capable of doing these silly things, because she is a most imaginative girl. She could never help dreaming herself into situations, then living them out."

"I think this is just one of those dreams."



BRIDEGROOM Marlon Brando is 33 to his bride's 23. She is a Roman Catholic, but they were married by a non-denominational minister at Marlon's aunt's home near Los Angeles. Neither had been married before.



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PARIS MOURNS



CHRISTIAN DIOR showing their Australian destination to six of his famous mannequins whom he personally selected for our Melbourne and Sydney parades. At his death the designer headed a £7,000,000-a-year industry.

Fashion king's genius will live for another collection

By MARCELLE POIRIER, of our Paris staff

● Following the old stage tradition that "the show must go on," Christian Dior's fashion house in the Avenue Montaigne remained open last Thursday, the day the famous designer died at Montecatini, in northern Italy.

THE parades, however, were cancelled. The mannequins were too red-eyed from weeping to show the collection and none of the customers had the heart to applaud.

Christian Dior's work also will go on. Before he left Paris for a rest cure in Italy and while he was at Montecatini he and Madame Raymond Zeneker, who was his "right hand" in the fashion world and who was with him when he died, were working on his next collection.

His sketches were almost

complete, and from these will be made the summer clothes to be shown in the January collection.

And millionaire French industrialist Marcel Boussac, with whose backing Christian Dior opened his fashion house, announced: "The Maison Dior will continue. This is what Christian would have wanted."

"In this great misfortune we can only be consoled by the thought that Dior fulfilled his mission. His name shone in the world, and he contributed magnificently in restoring to France the fashion prestige broken by the war and the German occupation."

Since the news of the designer's death the Paris

Post Office has had to organise a special service to deliver the thousands of telegrams and letters of sympathy.

They are coming from all over the world—from friends, business acquaintances, and celebrities who have been dressed by Dior, but the senders include many women who had never met him, who had never worn one of his models.

This is because from the time he launched the New Look in 1947 Christian Dior completely changed the character of haute couture.

Where once it had been for the rich only, he made it possible for women everywhere to wear copies and adaptations of all his lines, while the wealthy still flocked to buy the originals.

● Our Dior parades arranged for Sydney from December 7 to 14 will go on as planned at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store. The parades will show more than half the designer's autumn collection, the last designs he presented before his death. In next week's paper we will publish color pictures of the mannequins who are flying to Australia in November for the parades.

There have been cables from America, Canada, Scandinavia, South Africa, and Japan, where Dior parades have aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and from Australia, where parades are scheduled for November and December.

The 1200 employees at the Maison Dior were stunned by the designer's death.

In spite of the international business empire he had helped to create, he was a simple, shy, unpretentious little man who was genuinely interested in people who worked for him.

His staff said they had the best possible working con-

HIS FAMOUS CLIENTS



QUEEN SORAYA of Persia in the beautiful gown designed by Dior for her wedding to the Shah in Teheran in February, 1951.



DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, who, with Marlene Dietrich and Ingrid Bergman, was among the first to send a cable of sympathy to the Maison Dior.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, who wore a magnificent £500 crimson maternity gown designed by Dior to the London party given by Mike Todd.

DEATH OF DIOR

And people say . . .

• Famous Australian mannequin Nola Rose, who modelled for Christian Dior in London: "He was an absolute sweetie, so painfully shy and modest that he really shrank from public appearances."

• Madame Germaine Rocher, Sydney couturier, who saw the Dior autumn collection in Paris: "I am very sad. Christian Dior's death is a very great loss."

"I could not predict a successor. The nearest perhaps is young designer Guy Laroche, because he is striving to do something different."

• Iris Ashley, fashion editor of the London "Daily Mail": "He seemed to have a sort of personal radar system. He knew just what women wanted a split second before they did themselves."

ditions, and that the designer never missed a chance for a kindly word or action.

On the day he left for Italy he told his chauffeur, who had run to receive his orders, "You are not to run like that," as he patted the man on the shoulder.

Many employees who had heard the announcement of his death in an early radio news bulletin rushed to work in the hope that the report was false.

At the Maison Dior the mannequins sat huddled together in their dressing-room, silent and heartbroken.

"Le Patron" was not just a boss; he was like a father," said Lucky.

"I can't believe that never again will he come quietly into the room to congratulate us or to chat with us about anything and everything," said Lia.

"Never the same"

"Do you remember how we had to encourage him on the first day of a new collection?" said Simone.

"It will never be the same without 'Le Patron' standing in a corner putting a collar in place, and mutely appealing for a report of the audience's reaction as we returned from showing a dress," she said, and the tears flowed again.

In the workrooms red-eyed, silent midnettes sadly sewed the last dresses Dior had designed. In the salons and on the stairs salesgirls stood in gloomy groups.

As the day went on, customers came in, and they, too, were silent.

"What can we say?" asked Madame Henri Bonnet, wife of the former French Ambassador to Washington, as she kissed Madame Suzanne Luling, head of the sales staff.

Madame Anatole Litvak, formerly Sophie, the most famous of Jacques Fath's mannequins, stood there wanly. "This is incredible," she said.

Although Dior had suffered from a heart condition for two years and had been warned by doctors that he could collapse at any time, he continued to work as energetically as ever.

Madame de Turckheim, who is in charge of the mannequins, said: "When preparing the last collection he was overcome with dizziness and had to send the girls back to me while the doctor gave him an injection."

Dior's death at the age of

52 was a great blow to French couture. Because he restored fashion as France's third most important export after wines and perfumes he was a national asset.

Believing that "luxury is an essential of life," he launched his 1947 New Look to cheer a drab post-war world, and restored to women a feminine glamor lost after years in uniform.

Dior's body was flown from Italy to Paris in Marcel Bousac's private aircraft and before burial lay in state among a mountain of flowers in a bedroom of his Paris home.

His sister, Catherine Dior, who has a big wholesale flower business in a picked concession in the Paris market, granted to her because she had been deported by the Germans during World War II, flew to Italy and accompanied the body back to Paris.

Dior's elder brother, Raymond, a writer, stayed in Paris to make arrangements.

M. Raymond Barbas, owner of the House of Patou, and President of the Trade Chamber of Paris Couture, summed up the feeling of the Paris fashion world.

"Christian Dior's work will not disappear with him," he said. "All the associates he trained—he created a school of dressmaking like a great artist creates a school of painting—will continue it in respect for his memory and for what he did for French fashion."



BALLERINA Dame Margot Fonteyn in the Dior suit she wore to Randwick on her Australian tour.



PRINCESS MARGARET, photographed on her 21st birthday in a Dior evening gown. The designer was presented to the Princess in 1947.



MANNEQUINS Simone and Lucky, who will tour Australia for our parades, arrive for work at Christian Dior's famous fashion house, 30 Avenue Montaigne. The house is a Paris tourist attraction.



CONVERTED-MILL home near Fontainebleau, to which the designer always retired to plan a collection in the peace of the French country. Dior was also interested in architecture.



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 CHANNEL 7, Tuesday-Thursday,
 6.40 p.m.; Sunday, 6.15 p.m.



THE MELBOURNE CUP finish of 1956, won by Evening Peal, with Redcraze and Caranna in second and third places. Any race finish depends a great deal on the skill of the farriers, who must ensure that the horses are correctly shod.

Farriers — backroom boys of Flemington

EACH with his hammer, buffer, rasp, pincers, and nails wrapped in a leather apron will begin work as soon as strappers have completed the horses' grooming and the animals have finished breakfast.

The farriers — a dwindling race — will remove the "working shoes" of each Cup starter and replace them with specially fashioned "racing plates," or "tips."

Racing authorities throughout the world accept the rule that racehorses may run without shoes, with steel tips covering only the "toe" or with light-weight aluminium or steel plates.

These must weigh no more than three ounces, unless made

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

● Soon after dawn on the first Tuesday in November, thirty V.R.C. registered farriers will be on their way to keep shoeing appointments with runners in the Melbourne Cup of 1957.

for a hoof more than eleven inches in circumference, when they may be four ounces.

A V.R.C. by-law rules that horses racing on any metropolitan course must be shod, or at least examined before the race, by a registered V.R.C. farrier.

When horses used to arrive at racecourses in special trains they were shod on the course.

Today, when they arrive at various times in different floats, both owners and farriers

believe shoeing at home is most convenient.

"A farrier is trained to conserve horses' feet, and this is quite a task when the animals are in training for a race like the Cup," Mr. Tom McGrath, president of the Victorian Racecourse Farriers' Association, said.

"During a horse's training the wear and tear on its feet, with the constant interchange of working shoes and racing plates, leaves the farrier with less and less foot to work on.

"If the farrier is not careful there is not much foot left on the big day."

Mr. McGrath explained that a horse's hoof was similar to a human toenail, with a tender quick beneath the nail.

"We have to be just as careful shoeing a horse as we are in cutting our nails," he said. "Like humans, some horses have tender feet and must be specially shod.

"And there are almost as many varieties and sizes of horses' shoes as there are those of women.

"Many champions run on surgical shoes designed to protect a weak spot or to correct a fault in their step.

"Some, like Redcraze, are flat-footed and wear a solid type of shoe with a good bearing surface to get them up off the centre of the hoof."

Horses that go down on their "bumpers" are fitted with shoes built high at the back.

Bruised heels are common on hard tracks, and the pressure is relieved by using heart-shaped shoes.

Overworked and tired hoofs are "stopped" with wet clay overnight to remove the inflammation and stimulate growth.

"A horse's hoof should grow all the time, and a hoof in bad condition has not

enough growth to carry the nail," Mr. McGrath said.

"Many a horse with lameness caused in training has been rescued by a farrier's skill.

"Carbine won his Melbourne Cup with a hoof laced with gold wire to keep a 'concussion crack' closed."

Mr. McGrath explained that despite pre-Cup care, tracks often lose their "cushion" in dry November weather.

The hard surface found weak spots in hoofs pounding over it and produced "concussion cracks."

"Spearfelt raced with one of his hoofs bound with a waxed thread, and Hallmark, who split a hoof on the eve of the Cup, won on a 'surgical' shoe made for him at the last minute," he said.

"Record stake winner Redcraze scored his greatest triumphs shod with bar plates to protect a cracked foot.

"Catalogue, the 1938 Melbourne Cup winner, had hoofs like a draughthorse, and Phar Lap's were among the biggest and strongest I've seen.

"The smallest I've seen belonged to the 1925 winner, Windbag, who had 'donkey' feet, but the daintiest belonged to Rivette, the only mare to win the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups in one year (1939).

"Hallmark had 'pancake' hoofs, flat like Redcraze's."

Most shoes have their horse's name or part of it printed into them. This prevents confusion in the frequent changing of working and racing sets.

The average life of working shoes is four weeks, but a set of racing plates lasts through many races.

Mr. McGrath has had 50 years' experience at Flemington, and the trade of the farrier, he says, runs in families. His father was a leading farrier in the trade in the days of Carbine.

But because of the scarcity of young farriers over the past few years, race clubs are now subsidising wages to encourage boys to enter the trade.



YOUNG FARRIER Ron King removes Sydney colt Tulloch's working shoes before putting on racing tips.



A BAR-SHOE — one of the special shoes made for Redcraze to protect a concussion crack in one hoof.



WAITING for shoeing at Mr. Tom McGrath's forge at Flemington is Melbourne Cup hope Fighting Force (right) with strapper Bill Smith. Sprinter Landy, not a Cup horse, is being shod by Ron King and held by John Robinson.



TOM McGRATH at work in his Flemington Racecourse forge. He and his employees will be shoeing many of the Melbourne Cup runners in their stables early on Cup day.

THE QUEEN WHO "RECONQUERED" CANADA



THE QUEEN and Prince Philip, during their triumphant four-day visit to Canada, arrive with Ottawa's Mayor Nelms and Mrs. Nelms for a ceremony initiating the giant Queensway highway project. The Queen, who pressed a button to set off a launching blast, wore a smart wool suit and beret in "Holly Berry," a vivid new color she introduced.



A Royal day for Duff

AUTUMN LEAVES, red-coated Mounties, and an orange setter called Duff all added color to the Government House grounds, Ottawa, when the Queen planted a tree. (Above left) Governor-General Massey watches the ceremony. (Above) Duff, the Masseys' dog, investigates. (Below) The trio join Prince Philip.



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It seems to me

By



YOU can't complain about a holiday which includes the first sight of a spiny ant-eater and a Russian satellite, and which introduces you to a racing system.

A cattle dog called Bluey nosed out the ant-eater in a grassy paddock, and looked irritable when restrained from further investigation.

The ant-eater's face wasn't visible as he dug in, but the scrunch of his claws as he tore out tufts of grass showed that he disliked the interruption.

Other Nature Notes: At Cunningham's Gap, right beside the highway over the range in South Queensland, satin bower birds behave like pigeons. They fly down from the forest trees for crumbs dropped by picnickers.

At another picnic area, on the bank of the Logan River, between Brisbane and Southport, magpies take full advantage of the boom in the tourist trade. When we paused there for a morning cup of tea one perched on the table and sang for his breakfast.

And at Surfers' Paradise sophisticated seagulls don't wait for the tide to provide their food. They hover gracefully over rubbish tins on the roadway that borders the beach. Evidently they've developed a taste for smoked oysters and tinned salmon.

IT was obliging of the Russians to turn on the satellite for my holidays.

For one thing, I had a clear view of the western and southern sky, uninterrupted by blocks of flats.

For another, you need time and attention to devote to new-fangled notions like artificial moons. It was a long time, so I realised, since I had looked at the sky at all.

During the week when it was the chief topic of conversation I was talking to a mother, who disliked the implication that space travel might become a reality in her children's lifetime.

"Wouldn't it be awful if one's daughter fell in love with someone from Mars," she said anxiously. "Do you think there are people on Mars?"

"All the best space-fiction says so," I told her, "but the men are interesting rather than attractive. They are either green or 100ft. tall, or otherwise peculiar."

She seemed relieved.

ONE of my chief hobbies on holidays is reading the notices in rented flats and places frequented by travellers.

For instance, there is the familiar one which begins: "The management takes no responsibility for valuables lost . . ." When it reads "The management takes ABSOLUTELY no responsibility . . ." you sense that the management may be disagreeable.

"All breakages must be replaced" is standard and creates little interest.

This year in a motel I saw a notice calculated to inspire sympathy for those who cater for the travelling public.

It said: "A special favor—please do not tie the curtains in knots."

ABOUT the racing system—I was coming to that.

I have tried it only once—so far—and don't propose to describe it here. I have given several verbal explanations, and noted three types of reaction.

From friends: An air of tolerant patience. They are accustomed to recurring bursts of enthusiasm on changing subjects, and to bearing with me till another comes along.

From acquaintances who do not care for racing: A look of glazed boredom.

From punters: A sympathetic smile. They know all about systems.

"But," I said to one of these, "I won £2."

"That was once," he said sadly. "If you wish to take up gambling I can only say that you may find it more rewarding to lose money systematically. Some people do."

A postscript: The system is said not to work for the big races, so it's no use for the Melbourne Cup. Don't ask me why. I'm new to the mysteries of the turf.

IN Queensland people are recalling that the late Inigo Jones prophesied the 1957 drought.

After driving through miles of dry and burnt-out countryside I shall refrain for a long time from complaining about rainy days.

The other night I looked out the window to see light rain falling on the heads of the crowd leaving the picture theatre.

I know some canefields and some rosebeds where it would be much better appreciated.

WRITING to a daily paper a resident of Forbes, N.S.W., reported that she searched without success at several shops for a bodkin. The shops, she said, overflowed with washing-machines and radiograms but—"no bodkins." One salesgirl asked, "What is it?"

She doesn't wish for diamonds, nor hanker for the moon,

It's a simple little thing she's asking for. The shops were overflowing, stuffed with goods on counters showing, But she couldn't buy a bodkin any more.

The thought is one to haunt you with a touching, dim refrain,

It set the housewives searching through their store,

If you've ever owned a bodkin, why, you always own a bodkin,

It's the kind of thing you keep for evermore.

It lodges mid old buttons, tangled tapes, and reels of thread,

In confusion that its seeker would deplore.

Unvalued it may languish—till a lady cries in anguish

That she cannot buy a bodkin any more.

They travel in 'Terylene' . . . England's new man-made fibre that alone, or blended with wool or other fibres keeps your clothes immaculate whether you travel to town or Tokyo. 'Terylene' actually helps clothes resist wrinkles . . . keeps them looking fresh after hours of sitting or sight seeing . . . 'Terylene' helps reduce dry cleaning bills because spots and marks sponge off; and even if soaked by rain, trousers blended with 'Terylene' retain their tailored 'crease' and skirts stay crisply pleated. Look for the 'Terylene' label whenever you buy men's, women's and children's wear; but be sure the garment you choose is made from fabric blended with no less than 50% 'Terylene', to ensure an immaculate, "just-pressed" look wherever you go.

'TERYLENE'
Polyester  Fibre



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

87% OF ALL ILLNESS ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH *

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity)

*How safe
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**Protect yourself
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LISTERINE**



**Antiseptic Listerine kills germs
by millions instantly!**

Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour later. Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzae, Streptococcus pyogenes, Pneumococcus Type II, Streptococcus salivarius and other "secondary

invaders" can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine gargle. Gargle Listerine for a few seconds three times a day and you fight 87% of all illnesses.

Easy, safe treatment

All you do is gargle undiluted Antiseptic Listerine three times a day . . . it's as easy as that! And



Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.

The Listerine treatment is safe, too . . . it doesn't burn or sting. More important . . . for your kiddies' sake, Antiseptic Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

Keep Listerine handy and guard against Winter Ills!

Non-antiseptic drops, aspirin or sprays often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does — germs that cause so much wretched misery. Listerine costs you so little compared with the protection it gives.

Antiseptic Listerine contains proven germ-killing ingredients

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not.

Double protection

Because Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces, it keeps your breath sweet and pleasant for hours . . . you don't risk offending!

BUY ANTISEPTIC LISTERINE AT ALL CHEMISTS TO-DAY!
Available in 3-oz., 7-oz. and 14-oz. bottles. 50-990-1

**ANTISEPTIC
LISTERINE**

- Hepatitis
- Pneumonia
- Poliomyelitis
- Influenza
- Scarlet Fever
- Common Cold

TELEVISION PARADE

• Channel 9, TCN, is the first of Sydney's TV channels to admit that Saturday night is the dreariest night of the week for televiewers, and do something about it. A live variety show from 10 to 11 is the first shot in their campaign towards brighter Saturday nights.

UNTIL now all channels have adopted an "early to bed" policy for Saturday night, and except on rare occasions every channel closes down by 10.30 at the latest, sometimes as early as 10 o'clock.

TCN's first variety show is scheduled for Saturday, November 2, from 10 to 11 p.m. Two more are listed before the end of the year — one on Saturday, November 30, and another on December 28 at the same hour.

Viewers' reactions to the brighter Saturday nights could add to this list considerably.

TCN's new policy is a tonic for viewers and a good start towards a much needed improvement in Saturday night programmes.

Comperes of the new session is George Foster, and the first show has an impressive line-up of artists, headed by Bob Gibson and his band.

Artists to appear include singers Nola Lester and Alwyn Leckie, comedian Red Moore, Neapolitan tenor Frank Brossetti, Chinese ventriloquist and magician Cecil Parkee, the South American Calypso Trio, the acrobatic Nicoli Brothers, and a line-up of gorgeous showgirls from the Tivoli Showgirl quest finalists.

I'm told that the theme of the revue is woven round Sputnik, and I suspect that viewers will board a time-machine for a trip round the world in outer space.

Gravel-voiced John Harper of 2KY, making his TV debut, will do the commercials. I can't imagine anything better to bring viewers down to earth.

★ ★ ★

JUNGLE - HAPPY televiewers have a wonderful time on Friday nights. They live dangerously from 7 to 8 in the peculiar jungles inhabited by Ramar (at 7.00 from Channel 7) and Jungle Jim (at 7.30 from Channel 9).

After a time back in civilisation they can plunge off again with that rational and adventurous couple, Armand and Michaela Denis, on Channel 2 at 8.30 p.m.

This is splendid TV. It was photographed in Africa and won the British National Award for the best documentary and factual television for 1954-55. A recent episode showed an amazing film of a herd of African elephants searching for water during a drought.

Ramar and Jungle Jim, while entertaining, would be drummed out of any competition for factual awards.

Ramar surpassed himself not long ago. His bit of jungle was inhabited by a white girl who was addressed, in the Indian manner, as "Mem-sahib," orang-utans



MICHAELA DENIS with two pet cheetah cubs captured in Kenya. Armand and Michaela Denis (*Wild Life* series, Channel 2, ABN Fridays at 8.30 p.m.) can't resist pets.

from Bornco, African rhinoceroses, and American hunters talking with pseudo-English accents. The whole thing was enlivened by a very noisy recording of Australian kookaburras.

★ ★ ★

SURE to gain a high popularity rating with viewers is another new TCN show, "Your Hit Parade."

It is a live show, with a team of four singers and six dancers, lasts for half an hour, and is on every Thursday night at 9.30 o'clock.

Hits in the first show are "I'm All Shook Up," "Love Letters in the Sand," "Won-

By NAN MUSGROVE

derful, Wonderful," "The Girl With the Golden Braids," "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," "Gonna Find Me a Blue Bird," and "Freight Train."

It will also include a novelty number not on the Hit Parade. First of the novelties is a recording done by Moriarty and the Goons. Goon fans will dote on it. It's called "You Gotta Go 'Ow'."

★ ★ ★

ONE of the things I'd like to see is some news that would stop news-readers Brian Wright, of Channel 7, and Chuck Faulkner, of Channel 9, from inflicting on viewers the happy smiles they use during news sessions.

Between them they seem to share Sydney's most macabre sense of humor.

They read out a collection of headlines full of calamities, national tragedies, and untimely deaths, punctuating the space before they give the details with those smiles.

I live for the day when the TV channels have enough money to fine the producer £5 for every minute the news-reader's face is shown. Voices and pictures would be what I would enjoy.

CLARK GABLE, the ageing King of Hollywood movies, objects to TV. He refuses to appear either in "live" or in specially made movies, and says if people want to see him they'll have to pay to do so at the pictures.

Gable, now frankly resorting to the dark greasepaint to hide his sagging neck and chin muscles, doesn't think he is too old or unattractive to be a big TV draw; he simply believes that the TV screen is too small to present an important motion picture.

He says the recent spectacularly successful showing in America of one of his films, 17-year-old "Boomtown," in which he starred with Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, and Hedy Lamarr, proved this.

"The movie was far better than you would know from seeing it on TV," Gable said. "When they put these movies on TV they cut to make way for the commercials and to fit them into their time schedules."

Gable is practically alone in his stand against TV. Other Hollywood stars feel differently, especially about the commercials. Julie London, a world-famous singer of blues and ballads as well as a movie star, just loves them.

She is paid 3000 dollars (£A1345) an appearance for some commercials about artificial finger-nails. These gold-plated commercials are looked at, and stop viewers from channel-switching when the advertisements begin.

Miss London's latest job seems to mark the beginning of a new phase in American TV.

Producers are coy about the total cost of the commercials, but do admit that the one and three minute "spot" advertisements in which she appears cost more than the show they are used with.

Naturally, Miss London doesn't object to TV appearances at all.

From saris to jodhpurs for the Princess

By BARBARA WALLIS,
staff reporter

● Surrounded by boxes of flowers, 14-year-old Indian Princess Shameen sat on the floor of her Australian grandmother's home in South Yarra, Victoria, dreamily admiring a bunch of white narcissus, a flower she had never seen before.

THE Princess and her mother, the widowed Begum of Palanpur, were staying with the Begum's mother, Mrs. Leigh Falkiner, during a brief visit to Australia.

The Begum had not seen her homeland since she left, as Joan Falkiner, in 1939 to marry the Nawab of Palanpur, whom she had met in Europe.

"Here the flowers are so beautiful," said Princess Shameen in her soft, slightly accented English.

"At home there is nothing like this. There the flowers are colorful and exotic to suit the climate, but these are so delicate."

Dressed in Western jodhpurs and sweater, the teenage Princess combines a coltish grace with the gentle charm of the Indian woman.

Princess Shameen's main ambition in Australia was to see the large country properties about which she'd heard so much from her mother.

"The cities here are not so different from those in Europe," said the Princess, who has accompanied her parents on trips there, "but the countryside is really new to me."

At Wanganella, Victoria, where her mother was born,

she was able to indulge in her favorite pastime, horse-riding.

The Begum and her daughter live part of the year in a two-storied house in the grounds of the palace at Palanpur, about 400 miles east of Bombay. When the Begum first married she and the Nawab lived in luxury in the palace.

But recently, when the Indian Government purchased the palace for Government officials, they moved into the comfortable house in the



JODHPUR-CLAD Indian Princess Shameen at the home of her Australian grandmother, Mrs. Leigh Falkiner, of South Yarra, Victoria. Princess Shameen, a keen horsewoman, spent much of her short stay in Australia riding horses at Wanganella, her mother's childhood home.

palace grounds which had been reserved for guests.

Most of the year, however, the Begum and Princess live in Bombay, where Shameen attends a day school for 800 girls at Kutch Castle.

The young Princess is particularly interested in science, but has not yet made up her mind how long she will continue her studies.

The Nawab died three months ago, and both the Begum and her daughter are still in mourning, so have brought few brightly colored clothes with them.

The Begum was wearing an Indian handloom silk suit in

black, with a small white hat she bought in Bombay.

"In India I wear a sari most of the time," she said.

"They're so comfortable in a warm climate and can be worn with flat sandals, but I don't find them very practical for travelling."

"I buy a few of my Western clothes in Bombay, but mostly my dresses are French, as my husband and I used to visit the South of France nearly every year."

Princess Shameen wears a sari most of the time, except at school, where she wears the Punjabi costume, which consists of tunic over long trousers.

"Most children at school wear this costume, which is more practical for sport and play," she explained.

"But schoolchildren may also wear an ordinary Western dress if they wish."

The Begum has a good working knowledge of the local dialect.

"I had some funny experiences when I first started speaking the native language," she said, "but I was particularly impressed with how quick our servants were to understand."

"I remember at one meal struggling with some very tough meat while a servant was watching."

"Eventually I said to him what I thought was, 'This meat is tough.' What I really said was, 'This meat comes from a long way off.'"

"My husband laughed and told me what I had said, but I replied, 'Never mind, the servant understood.'"

"So my husband asked the servant what I said and he answered, 'Memsahib said the meat was very tough.'"

"You know she didn't say anything of the sort," my husband said.

"I am sorry, sir," the servant replied with dignity, "that is what I understood she said."

Although this is the first trip the Begum has made to Australia since her marriage, she has often met members of her family in Europe, and her mother has visited her in Palanpur.



ABOVE: Princess Shameen, graceful in her Indian sari, at her grandmother's South Yarra home during her brief visit to Australia. LEFT: The Princess' mother, the widowed Begum of Palanpur, on her first trip home since 1939.



The Charm of Floral



Here's the perfect frock for bridge parties, luncheon with the girls, town shopping—a gay all-over floral Grafaine with the chic buttoned tab neckline and softly pleated skirt. It's an Anti-shrink Grafton, too. Proportioned to fit the mature figure 5'4" and under—only by "Adelyn".

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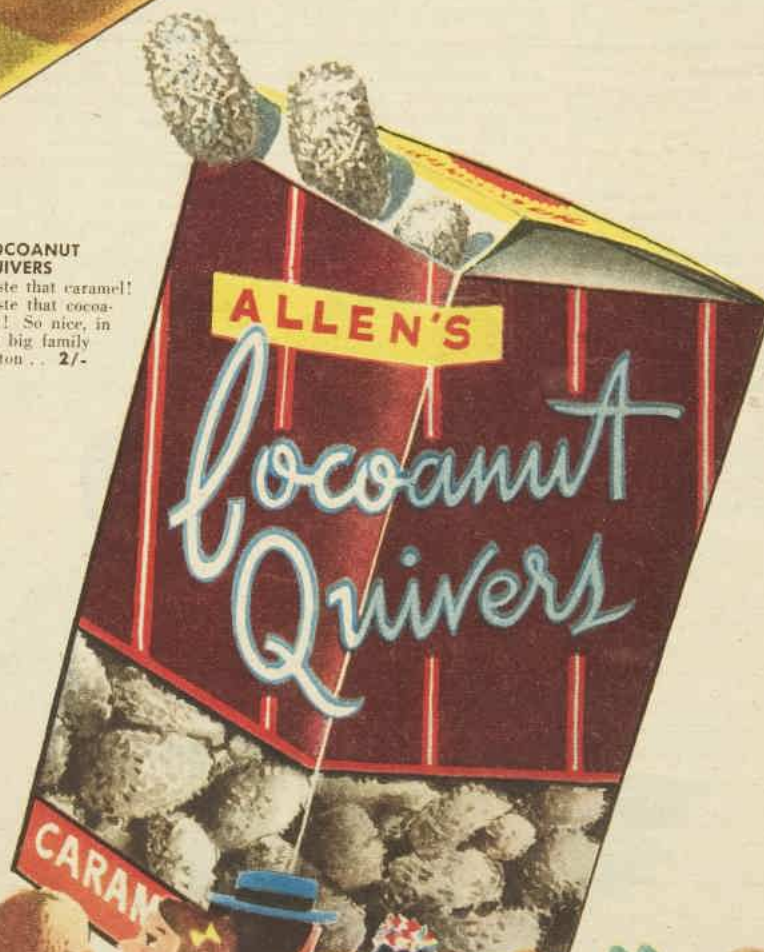
Q.T.'s
Remember to buy two or three packs of these luscious fruity drops with the pure flavours of orange, lemon, pineapple or lime ... 4d.

FRUIT TINGLES
On trying days, try fruit tingles! Delicious fizzy fruit flavours! 3d.



FOUR XXXX PEPPERMINTS
Peppermint at its best! EXTRA STRONG, to refresh the palate ... 8d.

COCOANUT QUIVERS
Taste that caramel! Taste that coconut! So nice, in the big family carton ... 2/-



EVERYONE'S SWEET ON ALLEN'S SWEETS



ALLEN'S SWEETS ARE *Good Sweets!*

POPETTES • Q.T.'s • TRUMPS • STEAM ROLLERS • COCOANUT QUIVERS • TOOTY FROOTY • FRUIT TINGLES • HAYAPAK BARLEY SUGAR • HAYAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH
MINT MINORS • IRISH MOSS GUM JUBES • BUTTER MENTHOLS • TARZAN JUBES • CURE-EM-QUICK



COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Devenish-Meares, who were married at Holy Trinity Church, Merriwa, with groomsmen Bill Clifton, Denis and Leicester Devenish-Meares, and bridesmaids Patricia Andreas, Jane Wentworth, and Elizabeth Edwards. The bride was Helen Edwards, daughter of the Ted Edwards, of Merriwa, and Michael is the son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Devenish-Meares.



SCOTTISH REELS at the Navy League Ball provided a surprise floor-show. Here Simone Firenne and Lieut.-Commander John Streetfeild-James, R.N., take part in one of the reels piped by Constable Jim McConnell, of the New South Wales Police Pipe Band.



YOUNG VISITOR to Australia, Wendy Raphael is staying at Government House, Melbourne, with her uncle and aunt, Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks, who returned home recently after a holiday overseas. Wendy has just finished school in Paris.



ENGAGED. Lieut.-Commander John Tucker with his fiancée, Audrey Symons, of Toowoong, Brisbane. John is the only son of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. J. F. Tucker, of Potts Point.



AFTERNOON RECEPTION. Watched by Mrs. Ivan Black, Mrs. H. B. Farncomb curtsies to the Governor, Lieut.-General E. W. Woodward, at the Joint Empire Societies reception held at the Trocadero.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MELBOURNE CUP fever is in the air again and racing enthusiasts are busy with preparations for the trek down south.

The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim will stay at Government House, Melbourne, and attend the races with the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks.

The American Ambassador, Mr. William Sebald, and his wife are looking forward to watching their first Melbourne Cup. They will spend three days in Melbourne during the festivities — staying with Mr. Gerald Warner, the American Consul-General.

Lord Carrington (the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom) and Lady Carrington will be staying at Koo-yong with Rear-Admiral R. S. Welby and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere will fly down and stay with the John Grimwades at Toorak; the John Goodwins, of Killara, are booked in at Menzies Hotel for ten days; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Douglass will stay at the Windsor and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun., at the Australia.

There are lots of parties lined up for locals and interstate visitors alike. After the Oaks Day races on Thursday, November 7, members of the Melbourne Club will hold their annual "at home," and the same evening Marie and Tom Carlyon have invited friends to come on to their Toorak home after the races.

LIFE is very exciting just now for pretty Irene Allison, of Cremorne—she's in the midst of preparations for her wedding to Ian Wilson at St. Andrew's Cathedral on Saturday, November 2. Ian is the principal oboist with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and early in December will leave with his wife for a concert tour of the East. Irene is the only daughter of Mrs. G. C. Allison and the late Mr. Allison.



NEWLYWEDS. Dr. John Shand with his bride, the former Robin Anderson, after their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Robin is the daughter of Mrs. Neville Anderson, of Edgecliff, and John is the son of Mr. J. W. Shand, Q.C., of St. Ives, and Mrs. E. M. Shand.



FAREWELL PARTY. The Council of the University Women's College gave a party for the retiring principal, Miss Betty Archdale. With Miss Archdale are Dr. Margaret Mulvey (left) and Miss Kate Ogilvie (right).

A HOME on the North Shore is the long-range plan of newly wed Marcia and Ken Brooks, who are now holidaying in the sun at Surfers' Paradise—on their return to Sydney they'll start hunting for some land, then organise the building. Marcia is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Allen, of Epping and Singleton.

A DATE for your diary . . . Saturday, November 2, for the American Tea and fete in the grounds of the Sunshine Home for subnormal children at Gore Hill. This is the home's first appeal for public support, and they're hoping it will be a great success.

Anne

Melbourne couturier fashions



● Red-and-black silk surah one-piece dress has a gently bloused bodice-top and a slender skirt-line. The neckline is prettily draped, and a flowing self-material panel falls gracefully to the hem-line. The deep new-again mushroom-type hat, made in black crinoline straw, is matched to the gloves. If the weather is kind, this type of dress is sure to be popular during the carnival.

● Flowing lines and billowing materials accent femininity in Melbourne couturier fashions for the November race season.

Chiffons and organzas in soft, alluring pastel colorings fall in graceful lines and are worn with elegant, toning spring hats.

Silks and cottons are in bold and delicious colors and promise to provide fashions as bright as the season itself.

Dress-and-coat combinations are in demand as reliable apparel for Melbourne's changeable weather.



● Typical of the feminine look in the summer season is this one-piece dress with its blown-against-the-body silhouette. The material is misty-green chiffon printed with pink moss-roses and their own green leaves. Pink roses accent the waistline, and pink rosebuds make the tiny hat.



● Print of blue roses on white shantung is chosen for the coat (above), and an identical print in chiffon for the dress. The unbelted coat falls in soft back fullness from a flat box in self-material.



● Black - and - white print is the chic choice for the dress and matching jacket (left). The dress is slender, the jacket swings free. Note the new look of a hat in the same material as the ensemble.

● Brige - and - white coin-spot silk shantung is chosen (right) for a sack-line skirt maker dress. The white hat with its busby-like proportions is made in french straw, with a white satin trim.



DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The beltless sheath dress illustrated here answers a reader's query for a slender, short-skirted evening dress with a high neckline.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"I AM looking for a simple style for a short evening frock to make in beige lace and would appreciate your help. I want a sleeveless sheath type with a high neckline. My size is 32 bust, 24 waist, and 33 hips. Would it be possible to obtain a paper pattern for the style? The dress is for a wedding at 6.15 p.m."

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. It has the smart timeless quality of simple lines, and would be perfect for an evening wedding. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in your size. Under the picture are

further details and how to order.

"COULD you tell me the correct colors to wear? I have blond hair."

The clue is your complexion. If it is pink and white you can wear navy-blue, black, white, yellow, and lilac. If you have a creamy skin, brown, beige, apricot, green, and pink will all be very becoming.

"PLEASE advise me on the color for accessories for a light wool suit in a bright red."

Light brown is the newest and smartest color to wear with bright red. Choose this color for shoes, gloves, and handbag, and a matching red for the hat.

"WOULD you please advise me on the latest summer footwear styles? Also, I want to buy a pair of colored shoes to wear with summer clothes. What shade would be best?"

Summer shoes have the pointed-toe look. The needle-toe pump with a narrow heel is right in fashion. Deep red is a good color to wear with everything.

"I WANT to give a white summer-like accent to a black frock. My frock has a wide bateau neckline."

I suggest a white double organdie triangular collar buttoned front and back with a black button. The buttons will fasten the peak section of the collar to the bodice of the dress.

"MY problem is an idea to make some grey-blue brocade into a dress to wear for the theatre and dinner. I have plenty of the material, but can't decide whether to have it short or floor-length."

My suggestion is a dinner-theatre suit, meaning a jacketed, street-length sleeveless dress. Have the dress made on slender lines with trouser pleats below a narrowly self-belted waistline. Have the bodice-top cut square, back and front, and finished with lin-wide material straps. At the point where the straps join the bodice have neat little self-material bows. Have a cardigan-type jacket a la Chanel, collarless, cut well away from the throat-line, and fastened with jewel buttons.

"WHAT sort of blouse other than a shirt-blouse can I wear with tapered pants?"

Tapered-leg slacks would look chic paired with a drawstring blouse.

"I HAVE some beautiful white cotton eyelet embroidery, and wondered if it would be suitable for a summer afternoon frock. Also, would it look correct over a pastel slip?"

Cotton eyelet embroidery fits well into the gentle feminine theme of summer fashions, and I think it would make a very pretty afternoon dress. I like your idea of a pastel slip. Cotton, satin, or a similar material would be best for the latter. A wrapped cummerbund matching in color to the slip would add a new and luxurious look to the dress.



"WOULD it be possible to combine 1yd. of 5in. black lace with some black silk organza? The frock is for evening wear. I intend mounting it on black taffeta and want a narrow skirt. I would be grateful for any suggestions re the style."

A slender sheath with a cowl neckline swooping low at the back would look attractive in organza. Have the sheath finished with two loose-flowing lace-edged back panels, starting from the waistline. Have the sheath mid-calf length and the panels just stopping short of the floor.

DS270—Lace sheath in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney.

"THE neckline of a late-day black crepe frock I have made is too low. Could you suggest some sort of pretty idea to fill it in?"

In Paris a deep-cut décolletage is often finished in the centre with a silk rose matched in color to the costume (in your case, perhaps accessories) with which it is worn.

Beauty in brief:

Fresh air for a healthy look

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Oxygen is a "must" for good looks at any age. There is nothing like it for putting natural color into pale cheeks in a hurry.

SO make a point of doing some deep-breathing every day for your skin's sake, and let make-up take care of the pale Italian look that is all the rage at the moment.

Always do your deep-breathing night and morning before an open window, or at least where there is a current of fresh air. Just five minutes at a time is sufficient, provided you take the trouble to breathe properly.

A good way to get out-of-condition body skin blooming again is to stimulate the general circulation.

This can be done by applying friction with a rough towel, a body brush, or, if you have one, a string glove. Work from the extremities towards the heart, paying special attention to the shoulders and the back of the neck.

All at once . . .

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WITH

All new Toni

The glamour home perm with three new waving benefits

ODOUR-FREE!

ALL NEW 'FRESH AIR' WAVING LOTION

No more stinging ammonia odours, no more stinging fumes! Costly ingredients never before used in a home perm make All New Toni's 'Fresh-Air' Waving Lotion the mildest, most effective ever created.

FRIZZ-FREE!

ALL NEW LANOLIN-TREATED END PAPERS

Wonderful to be sure that when you unwind the curler you won't find a frizz — or dry split ends! Can't possibly happen when every curl is wrapped protectively in lanolin tissue from start to finish.

TROUBLE-FREE!

ALL NEW NO-DAB NEUTRALIZER

Such a time and trouble saver! No need to go over the curls one by one. With All New Toni you just pour the neutralizer straight over the hair. Why, you'll find it's just as simple, as easy as rinsing!

Also new **END-CURL PERM**

TipToni



Here's the small size of full-head Toni to curl loose ends or very short hair. The same odour-free, frizz-free, trouble-free wave!

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Whole Head Size
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Excitingly NEW!

PEARS BABY POWDER

A miracle of softness and
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PEARS

Baby Powder

Such a comfort! Wonderful new Pears Baby Powder has a touch that's cooler, more softly soothing than anything you've known before. And because Pears is such a proved and trusted name, you'll want it at once — for baby, for all the family.



Fresh as Spring! Not sweet, never cloying, this new Pears skin care has a light, cool fragrance that's ever-fresh . . . and so refreshing. Buy gentle, pure Pears Baby Powder today, for baby and everyone you care for!



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Triple micronised to gossamer smoothness, sensational "Flatter-face" glides softly and easily over your face... to give a new flawless look, a new radiance that is so flattering and beautiful. Never cracks or flakes in the case. Four newest shades 9/9



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OSCAR AWARDS

● Take a close look at Australia's "Sartorial Oscar" winning clothes, and decide how your menfolk—husband, father, brother—measure down or up.

THE six winners of Australia's "Oscars" for good dressing have been announced by the Clothing Council of Australia.

They are:
● The Minister for Labor (Mr. Harold Holt).

● Professional golfer Peter Thomson.
● Radio and TV personality Bob Dyer.
● Brisbane businessman Harry Marshall.
● Sydney actor Bill Newman.
● Melbourne salesman John Conlan.

Australia now leads the

world with an actual award—bronze Oscars designed by sculptor Lyndon Dadswell—for what the Clothing Council claims is good dressing.

France has her "Adam's Apple" award, but it's only "an announcement," the London "Tailor and Cutter" merely nominates the world's top 10, and American stores nominate leaders in men's fashion.

Mr. Cecil Whitmont, president of the Federated Clothing Industries Council of Australia, who announced the Australian Oscar winners, was careful to point out that these were not the six best dressed Australian men, but "six men whose dress standards are representative of the best."

He said:

"Standards of good dressing for men have been laid down in the U.S.A. by our affiliated body, the American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear, and in Britain by 'Tailor and Cutter,' traditional spokesman of Savile Row tailoring.

"Australian dress standards do not slavishly copy either of



BILL NEWMAN, Sydney actor. His wife, Eunice, says it's hard to keep his wardrobe in good condition on tour.

THIS (right) is one of the six "Oscars" awarded by the Federated Clothing Industries Council of Australia for dress.



PETER THOMSON with his wife, Lois, and three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Deirdre. Peter claims to have an "international wardrobe," with suits from America, England, and Australia, and socks and shirts from many other countries.

...SIX OF THE BEST



HAROLD HOLT, Federal Minister for Labor, with his wife. The "Oscar" judges said he had "conservative, well-pressed dressing."

these, but contain the best elements of both."

None of the winners of "Sartorial Oscars" knew his clothes were being studied by the judging panel.

The panel merely received a list of names and kept those men under observation.

After the awards had been announced a spokesman for the Clothing Council said that growing interest by Australian men in clothes had so stimulated the clothing trade that men's-wear buyers now travelled more than women buyers.

He added: "We must remember that the bodgie of today is the well-dressed man of tomorrow, provided his elders don't set him a bad example of carelessness, bad taste, and dullness."

Now, something about the winners:

Mr. Holt has been noted for years for his good conservative clothes and careful grooming.

Although he is certain to be ribbed in the House of Representatives, he accepted the Oscar because he approved the overall purpose of the Clothing Council's campaign.

Mrs. Holt, who has excellent taste in clothes herself, said: "The award to my husband confirms a pet theory of mine that it is not necessary to have expensive clothes to be well dressed."

"You need a few well-chosen, suitable clothes and good grooming."

Peter Thomson's award is for his ability to dress well for all occasions.

He is the sort of man who looks smart in slacks and pullover.

When told of his award he said: "I'm really honored. This is one of the most unusual trophies I've ever won."

Harry Marshall, tall, slim, young-looking grandfather, is the sort of man who says that his wife has never seen him unshaven at breakfast, and that a new suit does as much for a man's morale as a good holiday.

As the managing director of a leading Brisbane men's store, he has a large wardrobe for every occasion, but claims that a man can be well dressed with only two suits.

He believes in dressing up—in changing his suit to go



WELL-DRESSED man of tomorrow. This nylon, aluminium, and rubber suit probably will be fashionable for Sputnik sartorialists.

to a party—because he believes a man feels in a better mood for the entertainment if he has changed.

A friend once said of Harry Marshall: "He looks well dressed, even working in the garden in khaki shorts."

Sydney actor Bill Newman's interest in clothes began only a few years ago when he helped model men's styles in a Melbourne store.

"Bill's wardrobe consists mainly of formal suits," wife Eunice says, "because his job in the theatre gives him only one day a week for leisure."

Victorian John Conlan, who is 22, and the baby among the Oscar winners, began to take an interest in clothes at 18, when he joined the Department of Labor and noticed how well his Minister (Mr. Harold Holt), dressed.

This young man's advice to young men is: "Keep a mental picture of your wardrobe when buying new clothes. Make sure the item you're buying complements something you already have."

"If you do this you'll find you can dress well on a moderate income."

Bob Dyer never does things by halves. When television came to Australia he carefully studied the new medium.

"Viewers notice and comment about such things as an old-fashioned suit, a shirt collar with tabs out of place, a clumsily knotted tie," he says.



HARRY MARSHALL, Brisbane businessman, believes women have a profound influence on what men wear and that a little prompting from wife or girl-friend can lead toward better dressing.



BOB DYER, radio and TV star, never wears the same suit in consecutive TV shows, and likes his wife to approve of a color or material before buying a suit.



JOHN CONLAN, a Melbourne salesman, allows his mother to adjust his pocket handkerchief as he leaves to play golf in a smart, lightweight tweed sports suit.

Now! In one swift beauty step

Silky waves that last from shampoo to shampoo



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Makes your hair practically curl itself

- NO DRYING ALCOHOL OR LACQUER.
- Easy, fast to use.
- Softens the hair leaves it easier to comb.
- Makes hair easier to set.
- Conditions the hair.
- Gives body to the hair.
- Holds the setting from shampoo to shampoo.
- Economical — a little goes a long way.

You don't have to mix with water... you don't rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your shampooed hair direct from the bottle, immediately after the final shampoo rinse, and comb through. Or simply damp your hair slightly and apply RINSE'N SET right away. Then comb and set.

RINSE'N SET smooths out snarls and tangles so the comb runs through like a flash. And your hair seems to want to curl... it literally pushes into soft waves and rolls into pin curls with no effort.

In handsome flask-type bottles, at chemists and stores everywhere... 5/6

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P.S. PICTORIAL-Show...

★ is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events—price 9d.



FAR LEFT: 'Varsity'. Satin gabardine blazer in green/black/white or red/black/white stripes. Also plain colours. Blazer 5 gns. Cap 22/6. Slacks in red, white or black, 69/11.

LEFT: 'Mandarina'. Black satin poplin blouse with white motif (or reverse) 54/-. Matador pants to match 57/6.

RIGHT: 'Windjammer'. Hood into-collared sportsail jacket. Pink/Red/Royal design on white or Turquoise/Black/Mexi-cocoa. 69/11. Matador pants, plain or patterned, 52/6. Shorts and sleeveless top for little sister in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14.

ABOVE: 'String Along'. String trimmed 4 gored skirt in Sportsail. All colours and white 67/6. Elastic back halter to match 39/11.

Have fun in the sun in these exciting Aywon casuals

— mix and match them in scores of attractive outfits

How can you fail to have fun in these go-togethers! It's fun to be THE attraction wherever you go, isn't it? The styles are the snappiest, sportiest, and stunningest. The fabrics the coolest, smartest and comfortablest. The colours the latest, gayest and loveliest. And, notice the look of casual elegance—that's the 'Aywon look'—delightfully impish, yet so sophisticated! See what fun you'll have choosing, mixing, matching and wearing them. Ask for Aywon separates ... at your favourite store NOW.



FAR LEFT: 'Party Line'. Full flared skirt in satin poplin. Turquoise or Mexi-cocoa stripe on white. 63/-. Tailored, backless halter in plain matching colours. 39/11.

LEFT: 'Fancy Free'. Satin poplin playsuit and separate short skirt. Black or white. 99/11 with skirt.

LEFT: 'Rope Trick'. In pink, black, turquoise, mexi-cocoa, red, royal or white sportsail. Jacket 72/6. Matador pants 52/6.

RIGHT: 'Naughtical'. White sportsail with red, black, royal or green collar. 49/11. Shorts to match 39/11. Junior Miss styles to match exactly, in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14.

Aywon

(pronounced A.I.) the most exciting name in separates.

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE just seen the play "The Shifting Heart," which is hailed as a successor to Ray Lawler's "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." While I came away full of admiration for the author, Richard Beynon, I can't help wondering when a top-line play or book is going to be written about Australians as they really are. Many of us in a lifetime never come in contact with the types portrayed in these two plays, in "The Shiralee," "Poor Man's Orange," or many others. It's no wonder that many people overseas gain the impression that Australians are a race of hoboes or illiterates. Isn't there anything interesting to write about the average Australian, who lives in a decent suburb, in a comfortable home, and who is able to speak correct English, without punctuating his sentences with slang and blasphemies? Australia is a beautiful country, with talented people. Why can't we tell people that, and not belittle ourselves all the time?

£1/1/- to "Just Wondering" (name supplied), Kingsford, N.S.W.

MEN are not very expert at psychology. I wonder why so many husbands don't realise how much a little praise, accompanied by a loving kiss, means to a wife. It makes home life seem so much more worthwhile to know that your efforts to run a happy home are really appreciated, and there's nothing more hurtful than to be taken for granted after several years of marriage.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Nolan, Cornwall, Tas.

MANY parents never ask their working sons and daughters to help with the housekeeping costs by handing over some of their pay. I wonder if they know that, far from being generous, they're letting their children down. The children miss out on the valuable lessons of economy and the need to save. I have given my mother £2 a week ever since I started work, although for two years I lived away from home and paid board to my employer. I am grateful she asked me to contribute, as I have learnt the true value of money and purchase all the things I need only after saving and careful consideration.

10/6 to "Fortunate Miss" (name supplied), Dwellingup, W.A.

THE time is rapidly approaching for Christmas celebrations, and many firms have social clubs which give parties and Christmas trees for the families of employees. Most of these families are well fed and clothed, and already well supplied with Christmas gifts and cheer. Wouldn't it be a better gesture if clubs celebrated among pensioners and children in homes, instead of double-banking on themselves? Christmas is the time when we could think of those whose lives are less rosy than our own.

10/6 to "L.W.E." (name supplied), Strathmore, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

IF women's hat manufacturers took a poll to find out what people think of their current "creations," they'd be shocked at the result. Stand in any street and observe the passing sou'westers, mushrooms, pillboxes, and so on. Then count the extraordinary number of heads with no hats. I think I know why. Most of the hats are just too hideous for words, and would look more in place at a fancy-dress party than in everyday life. It's a pity this industry is trying to commit hara-kiri.

10/6 to P. W. A. Kelso, 15 Mandolong Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Look forward to marriage

MISS Sandra Corkhill (16/10/57) is so right in her annoyance at women who run down married life to single girls. It happened to me, and, despite my love for my fiancé, I remember wondering just what was ahead of me after the wedding excitement died down. Now, after two years of marriage, I have a lovely baby and am completely happy. Yet it's amazing how many women look at me as though I'm a creature from another planet when I tell them this. I think married life contains everything any woman needs in life, and mothers fail in their duty to their children if they don't educate them to look forward to marriage.

10/6 to Mrs. Shirley M. McLeod, "Bulla Park," Bulla, Vic.

Family affairs

OUR family problem was what to do with the useless souvenirs every member collected while on holidays. The sideboard overflowed with ornaments of all types and shapes, and even those that didn't become chipped or faded, as countless coral exhibits always did, needed continual dusting and cleaning. My complaints about these ugly displays made us think of a successful solution. Now when a member of the family goes away, each one brings back a book as a souvenir. Inscribed with the place and date of the holiday, this is a lasting memento which brings pleasure to the whole family.

£1/1/- to "Duba" (name supplied), Mundubbera, Qld.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

STICKYBEAKING at lovers is generally a rather mean practice.

Nevertheless, some time ago I began to watch the meetings of Elva and Fred. Their meetings were so public that I couldn't help it.

Elva was a girl with brown hair, rather pretty. She wore blouses and skirts. She was one of the thousands of business girls who don't go to restaurants to eat the Business Girls' Lunch.

Fred was a middle-sized young man in a blue suit.

Every morning when Elva came out of the station in town he was waiting for her. They joined arms and walked off together.

In the doorway of Elva's office the first big farewell scene of the day took place.

They held hands and gazed sadly into each other's eyes. At last Elva would wrench herself away.

At lunchtime they ate sandwiches together in the park. Then they held hands in the doorway again. There was another long, reluctant goodbye.

After work Fred walked with Elva

WHITE-COLLAR LOVE

to the station, where they went through their third farewell for the day. That was the most agonising scene of all.

One morning, to my surprise, Fred didn't come to meet Elva.

She walked to her office alone, looking very unhappy.

The same thing happened every



day for a week, and I became quite worried.

I wanted to go up to her and say: "Excuse me, Elva. What's wrong? Has Fred given you the brush-off?"

But suddenly he turned up again,

and it was on as strongly as ever.

The life that is led by office lovers of this kind must be a heavy strain.

It is hard to see how Fred or Elva could have concentrated on their work.

Probably when Elva took dictation she wrote: "Dear Sir, In re your order of 10th inst. for two dozen best-quality Freds..."

And Fred made out invoices that said: "To 1 de luxe model pneumatic Elva..."

Then, just when I thought they were heading for a nervous breakdown, something romantic happened.

Perhaps Fred's boss, in despair, said to him: "Look, for goodness' sake go and marry Elva! The firm will gladly advance you expenses."

Anyway, one morning a month ago they came to town in the same train. Elva was wearing a wedding ring.

It had all turned out happily.

She still goes to her job, but I have noticed that they part in a different way outside her office. Just a moment's pause, and then a brisk: "So long, Elva!"

"So long, Fred!"

Take
De Witt's
Pills
for

SCIATICA and
LUMBAGO

Get relief quickly

ORDINARY household tasks, gardening, or any of a hundred activities may bring on the dreaded pain of sciatica and lumbago—but the real cause is often faulty kidneys!

When kidneys become inactive, your system is clogged with toxins and body waste. Knowing the cause of your pain, you may well wonder how to stimulate your kidneys to proper action again. The answer is De Witt's Pills. World famous, sure acting De Witt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing your kidneys

immediately—and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer one day longer. Buy a bottle of De Witt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper today.

Economy Size (100 pills) 8/-
Regular Size (40 pills) 5/-
New Trial Size (20 pills) 3/-

Mrs. R.O.V., Camp Hill, Brisbane, writes:—
"My husband has been suffering for the past 4 months with sciatica... and he could not work. I put him on a course of your pills. After the first bottle... he is now back at work." (Original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)



De Witt's
PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Joint and Muscle Pains

SHE HAD BAD SKIN
—Now she dances
cheek-to-
cheek



SEVEN days ago this girl wouldn't have dreamed about going dancing. Her face was covered in spots. Then a friend told her about Valderma Balm.

What a lucky break! Her skin quickly became clear and healthy. Now she's gay and popular, confident always. Are you? Most skin troubles are caused by germs which breed under your skin. That's why Valderma Balm is so effective. It contains two powerful but gentle antiseptics. These sink deep into your skin, seeking out and killing off germs.

This is because the soothing antiseptic oils in Valderma are 'emulsified' so that the Balm cannot clog the pores. Result? Irritation ends, spots and pimples are quickly healed. Valderma Balm is sold at chemists, tubes 2s. 6d., jars 3s. 6d.

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MY MOTHER SAID, I NEVER SHOULD...

BY DOROTHY HEWETT

*This week's prize-winning story
For Readers' Choice Contest see page 49*



WHEN I was about eleven years old I was a long-legged, scraggy-haired child, shy as a wallaby. When visitors came to my father's farm my sister and I used to race for the creek bed, and hide there till they'd gone.

That year my parents sold their farm and shifted to a country town. Three streets of red, gravelly roads and one asphalt, a glimpse of corrugated-iron roofs under a clump of spindly gums, and a rock hill, that was Jarrabin. There was a rickety pub and a town hall built of local granite, with columns in front, and two main stores as well as the Co-op.

My parents owned both the stores and the garage, and a good quarter of the corrugated-iron roofs straggling up the slope, and as they charged top rents, and never did any repairs, unless the Town Council summonsed them, I can understand why my sister and I weren't exactly popular with the local residents.

We went to the bush school with about forty other kids, and at night we helped my parents on the newspaper and magazine counters. They had the newsagency for the district, which guaranteed them a profit over and above anyone else. I can still see the piles of West Australians, Western Mails, Violet magazines (the old equivalent of True Confessions), the Westerns and comics . . . one in particular, "Vull the Invisible," used to send chills up my spine.

My sister and I served the local kids, and proudly rang up the change on the cash register. We felt we were living in the heart of a great metropolis. Especially on Saturday nights, when all the farmers came into town by car and truck, buggy and dray, depending on their degree of prosperity. The shop didn't shut till midnight, and my father and mother were flat out serving groceries and drapery, shoes and newspapers and confectionery.

We kids used to hang around the outskirts of all this activity watching the car headlights come sweeping up the scrubby hills towards Jarrabin, running madly through vacant allotments and undergrowth, with the headlights of cars blinding us like bounding rabbits.

The bush school stood under the rock outcrop of Jarrabin's only hill, a narrow, unpainted

To page 49

Irene held out the empty scent bottle towards my mother's outstretched hand and said, "I thought you were throwing it out."

SUCH AN ORDINARY WOMAN

LAST year, for health reasons, I spent some weeks at a small hotel on the Italian Riviera. It was "offseason" and there were not more than half-a-dozen people staying there, among them an old couple who were obviously fellow-countrymen.

As a rule, I am very satisfied with my own company when I am abroad, and I certainly had not come to Italy to meet other Englishmen, but from the first this pair engaged my interest.

I had a strange feeling that, though I was sure I had never met him before, I ought to know who the old man was. I racked my brains, but without result. He must have been extraordinarily handsome once; even now there was a fineness of bone structure, a kind of courtly arrogance about him that was impressive.

His wife was a little younger, a sweet and gentle woman, obviously devoted to him, but so ordinary in appearance and manner that I found myself wondering what had led this striking personality to marry anyone so undistinguished. I supposed she had once been his nurse or secretary whom he married, mainly for convenience, fairly late in life.

It was he who made the first move by offering me his copy of "The Times," which was flown out to him each day; his last extravagance, he said with an odd smile, as if I should know what he meant.

I learned that their name was Bannerman and that they had lived abroad for thirty years, except for a brief period during the war when they were driven out of their villa in the South of France and had to winter in England.

"We should be strangers there now, Henry and I," said Mrs. Bannerman, smiling.

"Strangers?" repeated the old man with a scornful laugh. "We should be ghosts."

I saw her put her hand out and touch his, as if in reassurance and again my curiosity was roused. I should have expected the reassurance to come from him.

I tried to find out something about them from the hotel staff without appearing too inquisitive, but the only information I got was that they had come here a few years ago and, presumably, meant to end their days under this roof. Yes, he was an Englishman, of course, and some said a great Englishman in his time; but that time had gone.

No one seemed interested in them, and the Bannermans themselves were clearly not the kind of people you could question. They offered no information about the past, and I became increasingly certain there was a story there which would explain, perhaps, what seemed rather an odd marriage.

Only forty-eight hours before I was due to leave I finally got the story. I had come into the lounge a little earlier than usual and found myself the only person there. The Bannermans, who had a private sitting-room,

never came down till dinner-time. I was sipping my cinzano-and-soda when a woman, whom I had never seen before, came in.

She was, I suppose, about the same age as Mrs. Bannerman, but she labored under the unfortunate misapprehension that an ardent make-up, tinted hair, and a vivacious manner are a substitute for youthful beauty, with the result that, whereas Mrs. Bannerman was about seventy and looked less, this woman looked older.

She broke the ice just as Henry Bannerman had done, by asking if I had an English newspaper. I told her no, the only English paper in the hotel was flown over "for a man called Bannerman."

She looked startled. "Not Henry Bannerman?"

"I believe so."

"You mean, he's staying here?"

"Living here, I understand."

She twisted her hands that were stiff with rings, and went on, "Is he alone? No, of course not. That woman's with him still."

"Mrs. Bannerman?" I felt a pulse of excitement.

"Yes. She was Kate Hart when I met her first; in those days she never imagined she'd ever marry Henry Bannerman, the most sought-after man of his time."

"I seem to know the name," I offered mendaciously, and she turned and stared, as if she had only just recognised my existence. Then she laughed abruptly.

"If you'd said that thirty years ago everyone would have thought you mad. The whole world — well, all Europe, anyway — had heard of Henry Bannerman. I suppose he's an old man now."

Her voice sounded vicious, and I realised with a shock that she had been in the running herself in those days, and probably quite near the front.

"The handsomest old man I've ever set eyes on," I told her. "You'll see for yourself in a minute. I heard the lift come down."

"Must it be them?"

"I think so. There's hardly anyone staying here."

The Bannermans came in, early for once. My companion turned and stared; I heard her catch her breath.

"I suppose men like that don't change," she said, "not even in thirty years."

I knew, then, not only that she had been in love with him, but that she was in love with him still. Only people in love fail to see the immense changes wrought by the passage of time. I felt a blazing excitement. Now, I thought, I may learn the secret behind this oddly assorted pair.

My companion shot across the room, walking with an ungainly, jerking step. I saw her approach the couple, saw Henry Bannerman look up sharply, and then nod. "He doesn't remember," I thought.

But if he looked doubtful, there could be no question that his wife knew who it was. Under a calm surface she was deeply shaken. The newcomer stopped for a minute

or two, trying to make conversation, then walked out of the room. She did not come down to dinner.

On my way up to bed I glanced at the Visitors' Book, and there I found her name—a name that I knew.

Lady Mary had been married three times, and had divorced two husbands. She was said to be exceedingly wealthy—her last marriage had been to a man half her own age. All this was common knowledge in London.

That evening I talked to the Bannermans as usual. Both preserved a surface tranquillity. Neither mentioned Lady Mary.

The next evening I established myself earlier than ever in the bar, in the hope that she would reappear. As soon as she came in, I invited her to join me.

"I'm going back tomorrow," I said.

Lady Mary sent me a shrewd glance. "You're dying to know what it all means, aren't you? Oh, well, it doesn't matter any more, and it might be a relief to tell someone, after all these years. You saw Henry last night — you'd never guess that once we were in love?"

"I always guessed there was a story," I murmured, trying as hard as I could to evade a direct reply.

But I had not guessed how melodramatic that story would be.

"More than thirty years ago," said Lady Mary, "Henry was news wherever he went. After World War I he threw up a wonderful Government appointment to work in Vienna among the refugees. Young men (it was complimentary to a man of forty and I think she meant it to be) can't realise what Vienna was like when I was a girl, the gayest, the most charming city in the world. The Treaty of Versailles changed all that."

"It became a city of mourning, a city of starvation. And there, at the height of his success, Henry Bannerman chose to bury himself. And there," she added fiercely, draining her glass and looking round for the waiter, "he made his appalling mistake. He married."

"Mistake?" I echoed, and she said contemptuously, "I don't mean Kate. You can't imagine her as the romance of a man's life. Oh, a kind creature . . ." She caught the waiter's eye and I ordered another drink.

"No, this was a girl called Nina something-or-other. You'll understand there was an immense traffic in false passports, papers of every kind, after 1918. People who couldn't produce the right document were in dreadful straits. Nina was one of them."

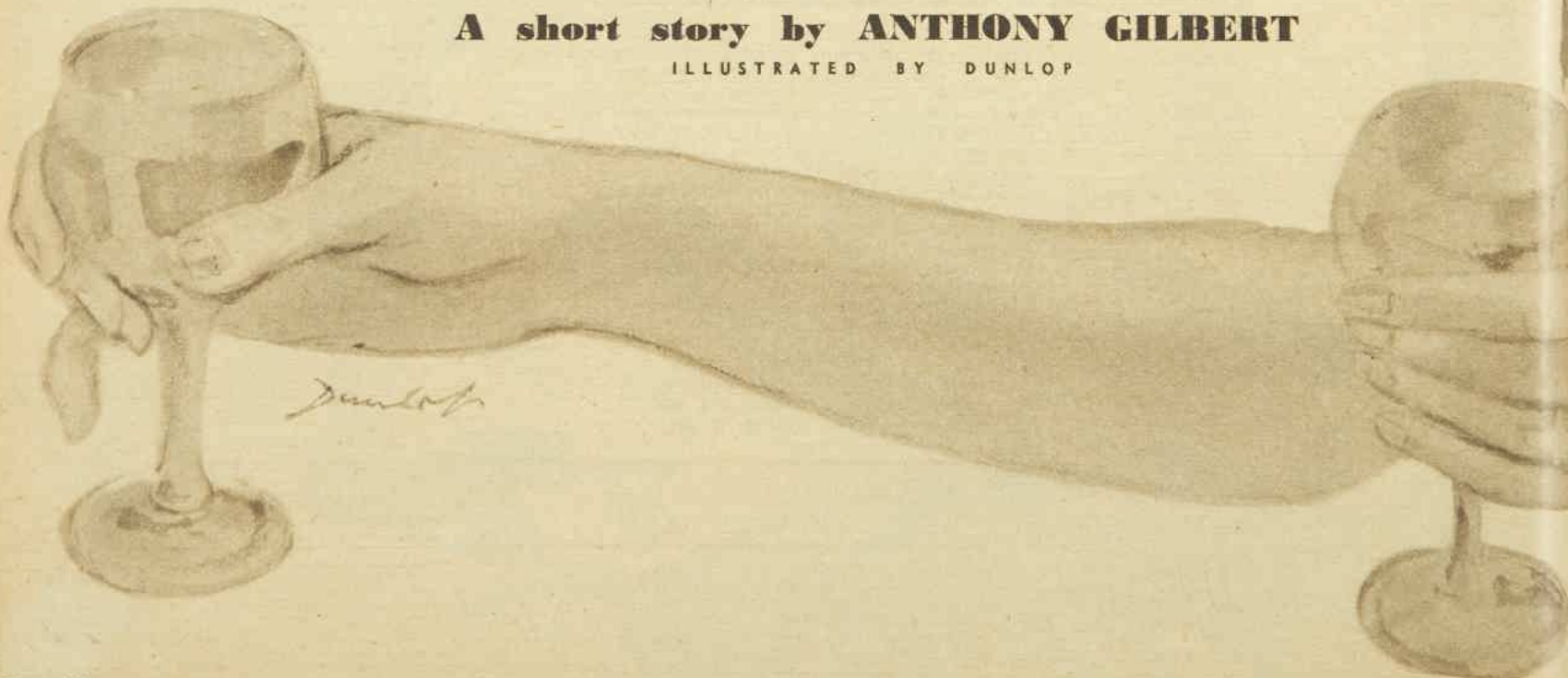
"Oh, I don't pretend Henry made that marriage simply out of pity; he was knocked off his feet by her beauty and some quality she possessed that deceived the sanest of men. Henry could have married anyone in

To page 46

As Lady Mary went back over the years to tell me the strange story, I could see a vision of the beautiful woman Nina.

A short story by **ANTHONY GILBERT**

ILLUSTRATED BY **DUNLOP**





LETTER FROM Peking

By PEARL BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

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TONIGHT, as I open my window to my narrow valley, a flurry of snow rushes in. I feel the flakes cold upon my face and the wind blows through my nightgown. Hurry into bed, let me draw the warm blankets about my shoulders. I will not remember how lonely I must lie. I will think of the comfort of my blankets. They are made of the wool sheared in July from my sheep. My sheep keep me warm and my cows give me milk and butter and cheese. My land gives me food and beauty to look upon.

As for the blankets, when I sent in the bags of wool to the factory, I asked that they be made double, and dyed a deep pink, and they came back to me the color of crushed roses. I lie beneath them with pleasure and I comfort myself with their warmth and color. My comfort and my pleasure are in such small things. It is the small things that are eternal.

Today, while the ground lies white under the snow and the mountains look twice their height, Rennie's first letter has come to me. It was the only letter the postman put in the mailbox, and so I had nothing to divert me from it. I sat down where I was in the kitchen, I let my broom fall, I threw aside the dusting cloth and tore open the envelope.

"Dear Mother—"

I kissed the words and went on. He writes as if he had left home only yesterday instead of being months away.

But where are you, Rennie? The letter is sent from a mid-western college. He does not want to go to Harvard, where his father went, he says. He wants to be only himself he says. So that is what he is, working his way as Sam said he would. It is a practical sort of letter, giving facts and no details. He is studying hard, he likes physics very much. He is rooming with a boy named George Bowen. Ah, George Bowen has a sister. Not pretty? But very intelligent and rather good-looking. Tall, it seems.

"Now, Mother, you are not to get ideas. I am through with women."

Here I pause. At nineteen my son is through with women! Oh, Allegra, you have hurt him very much. But every man and every woman is hurt by first love, except the rare ones, like Gerald and me, whose first love deepens into the only love.

"I shall be home for Christmas," Rennie writes. Now that is blessed news. That is enough to satisfy me. The boy is coming home and so we shall have a Christmas. It would be too melancholy for Baba and me to think of Christmas. He doubtless has forgotten the day and I could not remember it alone. I know that if Rennie had not sent me this letter I would have let the day slip past, pretending that it was a day like any other.

Now I shall make a plum pudding and dress a turkey and insist upon fresh oysters from the grocery store. I shall make walnut candies for Rennie and begin at once to knit him a red sweater. And his clothes not mended all these months! He must bring everything home and let me see what has happened. The house is suddenly full of light and life. I dash upstairs to Baba who is sitting placidly by the window, where I left him.

"My knees are cold," he says to me in Chinese.

"You have let the rug slip to the floor, careless Baba!"

I pretend to scold him, also in Chinese. When he speaks in Chinese he forgets his English. I tell him the heavenly news but in English.

"Rennie is coming home for Christmas, Baba. Can you hear me? Do you understand? Say it after me 'Rennie is my grandson.'"

He lifts patient old eyes to my face. He repeats in a quavering half frightened voice, "Rennie is my grandson."

"He is coming home for Christmas."

"Coming home for Christmas," Baba repeats.

I doubt he knows what it means, but he will know when Rennie himself comes in. Oh, he will know, then!

I kiss the top of Baba's head and fly off to inspect Rennie's room. I wonder if Matt can help me paint the walls? A pale yellow, I think—

The days have flown by. It is four days before Christmas and Rennie comes home tonight. Meanwhile I have had two letters written in the Peking house but mailed elsewhere, one in Manila, one in Bangkok. This little Chinese woman is resourceful. I begin to be interested in her. It seems she has friends who mail her letters in widely separate places. She does this, I am sure, so that Gerald may be safe. His letters are watched and read, doubtless, but hers she can slip into her sleeve and take with her to some family where she visits and she is not suspected.

I wonder what she looks like. I have wanted, and not wanted, to ask her for a small photograph. But she would send it if she could. She is that sort of a woman, a chatterbox of a woman, cheerful and loving, one who sets store by photographs and keepsakes and such things. She writes of Gerald and the house and what they do. She does not mention his name but we both know who this "He" is.

"He has a cold today. It is the sand that settles in his throat while he talks in the classroom. I have made hot ginger tea and mixed it with honey. He sips it and is better."

Yes, the sands of autumn storms used to make Gerald cough, and then he could not sleep well. We used to think of going to some other part of China far from the distant desert of the northwest, perhaps to one of the great cities on the Yangtse river, but Gerald, when it came to the point of decision, could never leave Peking.

"One belongs to this city as to a country," he said. "There is no other like it. I should be alien anywhere else."

So we stayed . . . And why did I never think of hot ginger tea mixed with honey? She takes better care of him than I did. But does she love him as much? I believe she loves him to the fullness of her heart, but it is a little heart—a cupful of love fills it to the brim. Is it enough for him? Perhaps it is. I have no way of knowing. She prattles on:

"The chrysanthemums are bright and healthy this autumn. They bloom against the northern wall of the big courtyard."

That is where they always bloomed. And I planted pink ones and white ones against the wall of the small courtyard outside our bedroom, but she does not mention these.

"He is working very hard just now. There are new classes and many new students. He works too hard. At night he cannot sleep. If he sleeps he mutters words I cannot understand."

Does he ever speak my name? If he does perhaps it would be too much to think that she would tell me. He is far away from me now. If we met I think he would still be far away. There are all these days between us in which I have no share. He would not be able to speak of them. I could not ask him about them and all the more because there was never reticence between us when we were together.

I fold the letters away. There is no time for all this thinking. Rennie comes home tonight. I have his room ready, the walls are pale yellow, the furniture is polished and dustless, his bed is made fresh, there are red berries in a bowl on the chimney place and wood is piled in the wide old fashioned fireplace. Snow fell again in the night and he will want to ski and so I have waxed his skis and put them in the kitchen entry, waiting.

Of course, I finished everything too early and time plodded, the clock did not move. I toyed with the thought of putting up the Christmas tree and then knew I must not, for he and I have kept up the custom of my childhood when my father



and I went up the hill beyond the sugar bush and cut the tree on Christmas Eve.

It is important now to cling to family customs. They link the present with the past and reach into the future. If Gerald's mother had been able to draw her family into Baba's house and so have given Gerald a place in the history of the clan he would not have grown up solitary. But Baba perhaps would not allow it, or she perhaps felt herself cut off by her strange marriage and so she became a revolutionist.

Revolutions are made only by those who are desolate and desperate. Now that is what I must somehow prevent Rennie from becoming. He must find his place here in the valley where my forebears lie buried. He must somehow belong to my country, or he will become a rebel wherever he goes.

I am growing too intense again. It is the strength and weakness of being mother to a son. A daughter, I think, would be always near me, within the reach of my words. But Rennie has already made his distance from me. He comes back a stranger. I must acquaint myself anew, as though we had not met before. I hope I have that wisdom.

So the anticipated evening draws near. The mountains cut off the final sunset but the sky is red above the snow. Baba feels the excitement in the house and tonight he refused to go to bed early. He asked for his best Chinese gown, a dark maroon satin with gold buttons, and he sits there in his chair by the window of his bedroom, his dragon-headed cane in his hand. The cane is not really comfortable for him to hold, and he uses a smooth malacca every day, but tonight he remembered the dragon-headed one and I had to search for it in the closet.

His white hair and long white beard make him look like an ancient Chinese patriarch, for his skin, always dark, is now leather-hued and wrinkled. Only his proud old aquiline profile declares him Scotch and not Chinese in his ancestry.

As for me, I made the pretence of last things to be done to the supper table and I came downstairs to be near the front door. I have tied a branch of mountain pine and a clump of scarlet wintergreen berries to the brass knocker. I want Rennie to come in by the front door, and I station myself here.

Through the twilight I see at last the twin glow of automobile lights. It is he. I suppose he has hired a car at the station in Manchester. He did not tell me when he was coming and so I

could not meet him. The car is here. I am suddenly faint and must lean my head against the door.

Then I heard the knocker thunder against the brass plate beneath it. Perhaps it is not Rennie after all. Perhaps it is one of our rare passersby. The door is unlocked and I tug at it, and then suddenly it is pushed in and there stand two tall men. One of them is Rennie, and the other is Sam, and it is Sam who speaks first.

"Hello, Mrs. MacLeod! I thought I'd come along with Rennie and see how my old gentleman is. You can throw me out if you don't want me for Christmas."

He shakes my hand enough to break my wrist, and his blue eyes twinkle and glow. He throws his arms across my shoulders and kisses me soundly on my cheek. And all this time, while I am stammering some sort of a welcome, I see only Rennie, standing there waiting, a slight, tall, dark, young man, smiling, and saying not a word. It occurs to Sam that he has been boisterous, for he steps back.

"Excuse me, ma'am."

And Rennie comes forward and takes my hand in both his, and he stoops and kisses me on the other cheek, so lightly that I scarcely feel the touch of his fresh cool lips.

"Hello, Mother—"

He looks down at me, I look up at him. He is not saying anything more now. I hasten to speak.

"Come in—come in. It's cold tonight. Come in where it's warm. Good ski-ing weather tomorrow, Rennie!"

They come in and Rennie stands looking around the hall and into the living-room. I have lit all the lamps and I have lit the candles on the dining-room table. The table is set with my best linen and my mother's old silver. I have put a bowl of holly on the table. We cannot grow holly here, and I bought it at a dear price at the florist shop in town.

"Does it look the same to you?" I ask Rennie.

He shakes his head and does not reply. No, it does not look the same to him because he is not the same. He is changed. And I discern in him a heartbreaking fear of me, his mother. He is afraid that I will try to make him what he was before, a boy and not a man. He is not willing even to be my son if he has to be a boy again. I understand this in a flash of pain.

"Would you like to go to your rooms?" I asked very formally, "Rennie, your room is ready, and I have only to put

In the room where Baba lay Mary lifted Rennie's hand gently to hold it to her cheek, and I knew then that I loved her as a daughter.

some towels in the guestroom for you, Sam. I'm glad you came."

Yes, I am glad. When I first saw him I was almost angry that a stranger had come with my son. But I know why he came. Rennie wanted him to come so that he would not be alone with me, his mother. He needs a man to keep him safe from me. I must be very cool and calm. I must make no demands on this tall, silent, young man. So I am glad that Sam has come. It will be easier to treat them both as strangers.

"You know your room, Rennie," I said cheerfully. "And, Sam, if you will turn here to the right."

"How is the old gentleman?" Sam asked briskly.

"He'll be delighted to see you," I said, and hoped that Baba would remember him.

"Where is he?"

"Here." I opened the door of Baba's room, and Sam went in, but I saw Rennie pass by and go into his own room and shut the door.

"Well, well," Sam shouted. He descended upon Baba and shook his hand while Baba stared at him helplessly.

"Sitting here looking like an old Emperor of China," Sam bellowed amiably. "How are you, Doctor MacLeod?"

He drew up a wooden chair in front of Baba and sat on it facing the back, his sandy hair on end and every tooth showing in his grin.

"I am well," Baba said cautiously. He looked at me, appealing, and then at Sam. "Are you my grandson?" he inquired gently.

Sam roared. "Not quite—not quite! Rennie hasn't changed that much. Don't you remember me, sir? I fetched you to the shack on my ranch. Don't you remember? Why, you and me were wonderful friends!"

Baba remembered slowly. He nodded his head. He tapped his dragon-headed cane softly two or three times on the carpet.

To page 60

Page 29



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A PART OF LIVING

By ADRIEN HILLIER

BILL switched off the radiogram and Della looked up inquiringly. "Like the new record?" she asked.

The boy nodded and she smiled at him approvingly. Thank goodness, she told herself, that they never had the usual parent-child conflicts over noisy rock-n-roll, etc. She simply saw to it that he had a well-stocked cabinet of carefully chosen records, and there was never any trouble—over that or anything else, she reflected. Logic was a quality that surmounted most obstacles, even teenage problems.

Bill looked at his watch. "I'd better go," he said, "sure you won't be lonely?"

"Of course not," she told him, smiling. Heaven forbid, she thought, that she should ever make Bill a target for her own emotions. Above the white shirt, his face looked very brown and young and sober. He hadn't been a solemn child, she remembered suddenly, but then John had never let him be solemn for long.

"Want to know where I'm going?" he asked, grinning.

"Only if you want to tell me," she replied, looking up over the paper. "You can take care of yourself—I trust you."

His smile died a little—a little disappointedly, she thought in puzzlement. "I'll tell you anyway," he said. "To the tennis club—there's a dance on." He hesitated.

"Do you think I could take the car?"

"You could," she said calmly. "You're competent, but you're under age. It's risky, but I'll leave it to you to decide."

"Then I won't take it, of course, but . . ."

"But what, Bill?"

"Never mind," he said. "See you later, mother."

He paused again at the door, rubbing his chin. "Thanks for the electric razor—is it all right?"

"Of course it is," she said lightly. "Why wouldn't it be—it's a good razor, a good skin."

She lit the fire when he had gone. It was still autumn, but around her heart there was a faint chill. The crackling wood was a challenge to memory and she saw herself kneeling in front of another fire, drying the glistening body of a little boy.

"Like a little seal, isn't he?" John had said.

"His skin's lovely," she had agreed, running her hand over the child's laughing face. "What a pity he'll have to shave one day."

"They'll be honorable scars," John had said. "He'll wake up one morning and look himself in the bathroom for ages and won't tell a soul, until he comes out covered with sticking-plaster and glory."

But instead there had been a new electric razor on the bathroom shelf—no sticking-plaster, no scars, no fuss—and no fun.

She looked at the big chair and imagined John sitting there. There had been another night, much later, playing a quiet, forced little game

"Do you think I could take the car?" Bill asked his mother hesitantly.

with a small boy, who had looked up suddenly and said in a cracked young voice: "I miss dad."

"No tears," she had told him gently, fighting back her own. "We're grown-up people, you and I, and grown-up people don't cry."

She sighed, remembering a day a long while ago when Bill had lost a beloved toy. She had tried reasoning with him, to banish his tears, until John had said, "Don't do that—he's entitled to his tears. They're a part of living."

The telephone bell cut abruptly across her thinking.

"Hello, Della," the voice was a little shrill, a little anxious. "Is Rod at your place with Bill?"

"He's not here, Myra," she answered calmly, "but what's wrong?"

"It's just that he always tells me what he's doing," her friend said tensely. "He didn't say he'd be late for dinner."

"Myra," she said, "he's seventeen—he's not a baby."

There was a small silence, and then, "He's here now," Myra said. "Goodbye."

Della replaced the receiver, smiling at the note of exasperated relief that had been in her friend's voice. At least they didn't have those moments, she and Bill. They treated each other as people, with a right to their own decisions, and it had paid dividends.

It was eleven o'clock when she heard the steps on the drive. Through the kitchen window she saw Bill take the car quietly up the driveway. Then, from the front of the house, she watched while three or four youths climbed haphazardly into her shining car. There was the sound of a boy's carefree laughter—strange laughter, Bill's laughter.

She stopped in the hallway with her hand on the light-switch. If she went out to him now she would be breaking all the rules of the game they had played—no panic, no questions, no trading on the fact that she was a parent and he her son. She took her hand off the switch, and heard above the thudding of her heart the dim noise of the car driving away.

Aimlessly she put a record on the radiogram. It was the new one—Bill liked it, he had said. She wondered suddenly if she really knew what Bill liked. She went to the telephone quickly, before she could stop herself.

"Myra," she asked breathlessly, "do you get rock-n-roll records for Rod?"

"Of course," laughed her friend. "Do you think they're good for him?"

"We have fun," Myra said, a little coldly, "all of us—isn't that good?"

Della put the receiver down thoughtfully. If you didn't do it in one way it seemed you did it in another, she told herself. She guided Bill's tastes and left the rest to him. Myra let Rod turn her home into a teenagers' rendezvous, and panicked when he was out of her sight.

In bed she forced herself to turn the light out after midnight. She kept telling herself how well he drove, how grown-up he was. Especially now they'd moved into this curiously adult world of forethought and independence.

Her nails were digging deep furrows into the palms of her hands when she heard Bill's step outside

her door. When he switched the light on she saw that his face was young and incredulous and haggard as he leaned against the door-jamb. "Did you hear the car go out?" he asked abruptly.

She nodded, feigning a yawn. "Did you have a good time, Bill?"

"You went to sleep?" he accused, and she realised that his eyes were pleading for denial.

"No, Bill, I didn't go to sleep."

"Why didn't you stop me?" he asked roughly. "Dad would have—he'd have broken my neck."

"Bill," she said, "you know he wouldn't have."

"I know," he said, "but he'd have shouted at me—stopped me somehow."

She sat up, her face as white as his. "What happened?" she asked tensely. "Tell me!"

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right now. I almost killed a man."

"Did you hit him?"

"No, but I don't know how I didn't. He was an old man—he was pretty shaky. The others went home. I took him to a place for some coffee."

"Did you give him your name?" She tried to keep her voice calm.

"Yes," he answered, "in case he wanted anything." He caught her anxious look and raised his voice angrily. "He won't go to the police. I didn't hit him, but I don't care if he does. Someone's got to tell kids what to do."

He came across and stood beside the bed. His eyes were blue and bewildered, and bright with angry tears, and she saw that there were grimy streaks down his brown cheeks.

"I don't know everything," he said. "I'm only seventeen."

"Bill," she said. "Darling . . . Go downstairs," she told him. "Put some more wood on the fire, and I'll be down to make some coffee."

In the living-room she passed the big chair and put her hand on its arm in mute apology.

"You were right," she breathed, making no effort to check the tears that ran down her face. "We're entitled to laugh and to cry and be dependent on each other. It's all a part of living."

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THE GIRL THAT I MARRY

A complete short story by D. M. ROBSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

DR. FORREST was the bachelor gay of St. Anne's Hospital. Like the extremely modern statue presented to the hospital garden by a great contemporary sculptor, who had been a patient for six hectic weeks, Dr. Forrest was pointed out to all new personnel as one of the sights.

Very obligingly, he looked the part. He was tall and dark and grey-eyed, with a smile that could melt the ice round Matron's heart.

As a colleague he was entertaining and co-operative; as an escort he was unsurpassed; and as an extra man at any party, he was the answer to every hostess' problem. Yet, strange to say, he never dallied with a nurse and no one at St. Anne's knew why.

He was one of the youngest and cleverest surgeons the hospital had ever produced and it was obvious to all that he loved his job. But in his private life, he shunned all things medical with a strength of purpose that baffled all those who knew him.

What they didn't know was that Dr. Forrest had been surrounded and smothered by the medical world since the vulnerable age of two, when his delighted doctor-mother had discovered him laboriously bandaging his teddy bear's leg. "Just like all the Forrests," she had remarked fondly. "A born doctor."

On looking back on his childhood, Dr. Forrest gloomily supposed that some boys might mistakenly have envied him. The real, dead, fully articulated male skeleton that his matter-of-fact family had given to him on his eleventh birthday; the microscope that had arrived on his thirteenth; and the anatomy charts that greeted him on his fifteenth...

As he grew older, and it became increasingly apparent that a smile from him had the most shattering effect on females of all ages, Dr. Forrest made himself a solemn promise. Never, under any circumstances, would he take out a member of the medical profession... lady member, that is.

And he kept his word. The nursing staff in the hospital just couldn't believe it at first, and the male section took some time to realise that Dr. Forrest intended to offer no competition.

They were even further exasperated when they saw the ladies Dr. Forrest did escort.

There was Karen, a blonde, who wore a tight purple suit the exact color of her eye-shadow; and Sybil, a redhead, who came to collect him at the hospital in a long, cream, American car; and black-haired Victoria, whose figure made all the medical students whistle; and Abigail, who was so plain but so very, very chic; and Jane, Michaela, and Antonia... all Dr. Forrest's Young Ladies.

Nobody watching Dr. Forrest flitting gaily on his way could have known or guessed that somewhere inside of him was a horrid little feeling of emptiness, not unlike mild indigestion. And, for no reason at all that he could think of, he often felt depressed and irritable.

The whole thing was neatly crystallised for him by the rather loud-voiced Theatre Sister. Quite unaware that he was anywhere near,

she was favoring another Sister with her views.

"And it's such a waste," she was saying. "All that charm and all those good looks and what does he do? Mark my words, he'll live to regret it. After all, he's getting on. Our Dr. Forrest is thirty-two if he's a day; it's high time he was married."

Dr. Forrest listened to these searching remarks and was obliged, ruefully, to admit that there was a great deal of truth in what she said. If he weren't very careful he would find himself on the shelf. Something would have to be done, and with all possible speed.

During the next few days Dr. Forrest discovered the incongruity of being hungry amidst plenty. Here he was, surrounded by delectable females, but there wasn't one with whom he felt he could bear to live for the rest of his days.

He was still looking rather worried, and the hospital staff was wondering what had got into him, when a police ambulance brought

A taxi knocked her over in Oxford Street. Nothing very serious, broken leg and shock. I've tidied her up and done all the necessary, and she's just come round. She's in a lot of pain, naturally, but she won't have a thing. She wants to see you, and she's working herself up into quite a state."

Dr. Forrest stared at him. "Me?" His voice was disbelieving. "Oh, come now, Bob. Who does she think you are? The cook?"

Dr. Rogers held up his hand. "Wait for it," he said. "It's you personally she wants. Not you as a surgeon. She prattles on that 'Sandy' knows you and she's quite sure you'll look after 'Tug' and 'Pookie' because 'Sandy' says you are a nice, kind gentleman." Dr. Forrest's face was a study, and Dr. Rogers went on.

"Honestly," he said. "I'm not making it up. That's what the old lady says. And she's clutching a large, brown leather handbag, and she won't give it up to anyone but you. Sister's starting to get nasty,

so, for all our sakes, come and see her."

Dr. Forrest pulled on his white coat and buttoned it slowly. "If this is one of your pixie tricks, Bob..." he said feelingly. "Where is she?"

She was a very small, very compact old lady, with a round, comfortable face which was now flushed and damp. Her faded brown eyes were wide and bright with a combination of pain and fear. She lay clutching her brown handbag, silently defying anyone to touch it.

As he stood at the side of the high, narrow bed on which she was lying, and saw the fright in her eyes, Dr. Forrest felt his irritation disappearing. She stared up at him bravely, but when she spoke her voice was thick and uncertain.

"Are you — are you Dr. Forrest?" she asked, her tone truculent with doubt. Dr. Forrest nodded and at once all her defiance and suspicion melted away.

"Oh, sir," she burst out trustfully. "Oh, Dr. Forrest. I knew you would come. Sandy's told me all about you. Oh, sir, I don't know what to do. They're all alone with no one to look after them, Tug and Pookie, I mean. Sandy's sure to be out by now. I thought I'd be back, but I didn't know this was going to happen. Please, will you send someone? They're all alone. Please, Dr. Forrest." Her voice faltered and she began to cry softly.

Dr. Forrest concealed his bewilderment and patted her shoulder kindly. "Of course I'll send someone," he said. "Where?"

Martha Griggs gulped and sniffed



and held out the handbag to him. "The door key and the address are in there. Send someone quickly, please, Dr. Forrest."

Dr. Forrest took the bag out of her hot, sticky grasp and smiled. "I'll see to everything," he said firmly. "I promise you."

Big Ben was striking eleven as Dr. Forrest drove across Westminster Bridge. In his pocket was a latch-key and a slip of paper bearing an address in Hampstead.

Dr. Rogers was vastly intrigued by Dr. Forrest tearing off to succor the mysterious Tug and Pookie. His parting remark, which hadn't been very well received by Dr. Forrest, was that if Tug and Pookie turned out to be budgerigars to give them an extra measure of seed with Dr. Rogers' love.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Forrest hadn't the least idea himself why he was rushing off like this. It all had to do with the odd way he had been feeling for days now and the there-must-be-more-to-life-than-this conviction which was obsessing him.

The house he sought was in darkness and no lights appeared when he rang the bell. He waited a minute, then he brought out the key and fitted it into the lock.

The door opened without a sound and he stepped inside, one hand

To page 34

Dr. Forrest sat up quickly as the door opened, and a voice said, "What on earth..."



Martha Griggs to St. Anne's. Dr. Forrest had had a most trying day. Four major operations since nine o'clock that morning and it was now nearly ten-thirty at night.

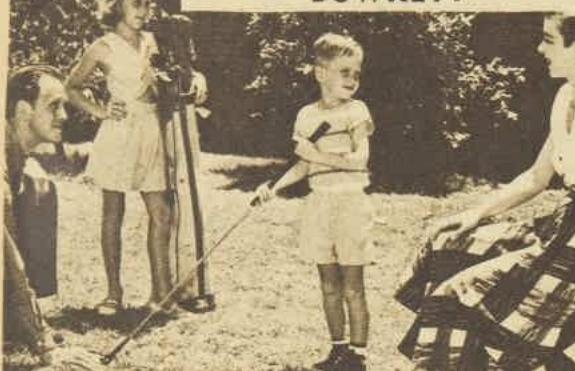
He was wearily taking off his white coat when his assistant, Dr. Rogers, came bounding exuberantly into his office.

Dr. Forrest eyed him with annoyance and distaste. "I'm going off duty," he said warningly. "Right now. So don't bring me any bad tidings. I'm not in the mood. Besides, I think I have a date."

Dr. Rogers grinned. "Sorry, but it's rather an odd case. Nothing for you to do, actually. I've done it all. She's an old girl of sixty.

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Continuing . . . The Girl That I Marry

from page 33

feeling for the light switch. He clicked it on and revealed a small, oblong hall. He closed the front door quietly behind him and crossed the hall into what was obviously a sitting-room. He switched on another light and stood in the centre of the room and looked round.

The sound he heard was very slight, barely recognisable as a footfall, but he heard it and swung round to face the door, breathing a little quicker.

In the doorway watching him, rigid with fright, were two small figures, both in blue pyjamas. Two nearly identical faces crowned with copper curls gazed at him out of terrified blue eyes.

Dr. Forrest was taken aback, but he rose nobly to the occasion. "Hello," he said casually. "You must be Tug and Pookie. Sorry I rang the bell. Did it wake you?"

He could almost see the slowing down of their heartbeats. The little boy gulped. "Hello," he said squeakily. "Where's Matty?"

"Oh, she's all right. She just couldn't get back, so I came to tell you. She was a bit worried about you."

He held out his hand to them as he spoke, and, with a scuffling rush, they ran at him, clutching at him wildly. The little girl buried her face against his leg and began to sob. Her twin grabbed Dr. Forrest's hand, and words tumbled out of him.

"We thought—we thought something had—had happened. Matty said she wouldn't be long, and Sandy went out and—and we waited and we waited, and Matty didn't come, so we went to bed, and Pookie was so hungry, and—and it was so awful."

"Never mind," said Dr. Forrest, with just the right amount of sympathy. "You're all right now."

He detached Pookie from his leg and sat down with her in a chair. "There, now," he said comfortingly, and dried the small, wet face with his handkerchief.

"You—you won't go away again and leave us, will you?" Tug asked doubtfully. "Please, will you stay with us till Sandy comes back?"

"Of course I'll stay," he promised, while swift anger rose in him at the thought of the errant Sandy. "Who is he? Sandy, I mean."

A faint, watery grin stole over Tug's face. "Sandy isn't a he. She's our sister."

Dr. Forrest's angry thoughts reorganised themselves, but with roughly the same effect. Their sister, and out till this time of night. No doubt at a theatre, or dancing. And she hadn't even waited until Matty came home. Dr. Forrest made a mental note that the girl he married would have a proper sense of duty.

"And—er—Matty. Who is she?"

"Matty looks after Sandy and us. She's really Mrs. Griggs, but we call her Matty," Pookie said.

Tug leaned against Dr. Forrest's knee. "She can make jolly good treacle toffee," he offered. Dr. Forrest laughed.

"Can she now, and that reminds me. You said you were hungry, didn't you?" Two heads were nodded vigorously. "Well," he said, "suppose you go back to bed and I'll bring you something to eat?"

Pookie slid to the floor, her eyes still full of doubt. Dr. Forrest glanced down at her with surprising comprehension.

"Look," he said gently, "I promise you I won't go before Sandy gets back. And I'll make such a noise in the kitchen that you'll be able to hear me all the time."

While he cut bread and buttered it and warmed milk, Dr.

Forrest sang and whistled loudly.

And all the time he kept thinking of new and better things he could say to the cold-hearted Sandy when she came home.

By midnight, the twins were asleep; warm, fed, and comforted, they had gone to sleep easily, trustfully.

Now he waited in the sitting-room for Sandy, his resentment against her growing with every passing minute.

He stretched himself out on the couch, his arms behind his head, turning over in his mind a selection of well-chosen phrases which he intended to use at the very first opportunity.

The room was warm and he was very tired, so when at last another car stopped at the gate Dr. Forrest did not hear it. As tranquilly as his two charges, he slept on his couch, with his face buried in the cushion.

From some far-distant place he heard a key turn in a lock, and his eyelids flickered. Then came firm, light footsteps and the sitting-room door was opened. A voice said, "What on earth . . ." and Dr. Forrest was fully awake. A quick glance at his watch showed him that it was nearly three o'clock. His anger was a real and living thing when at last he spoke.

"So you've come home," he said, his eyes studying her. She stood there in the doorway, a

gloves and taking off her coat. "And I couldn't have told Matty anything about you. I don't know you. What's your name?"

Dr. Forrest took a firm grasp on his temper, which, for some reason he couldn't account for, seemed inclined to flare out.

"Forrest," he said shortly. "I'm a surgeon attached to St. Anne's."

Sandy's expression cleared and, much to his surprise, a smile lit up her eyes.

"Oh," she murmured. "That accounts for it. I have seen you, but only when you were operating." She colored faintly. "And I've talked about you to Matty. Poor lamb, she was bound to ask for you as soon as she found out she was in St. Anne's. She would be sure you'd help her." She smiled again. "As you have done."

It was Dr. Forrest's turn to look bewildered. He frowned heavily and said, "Well?" in a "this-had-better-be-good" tone of voice. Sandy pushed her hair from her forehead and sat down on the arm of the nearest chair.

"I was out on a call this evening," said Sandy, very simply. "I've seen you many times at the hospital, but only when you were masked. That's why I didn't recognise you. But I've heard a lot about you. And I'm in the same line of business. I'm a doctor."

Dr. Forrest stared at her blankly, while his feelings underwent a violent change.



her and he held her close, his heart beating in the erratic fashion, and he could think of absolutely nothing to say. She didn't smell like Sybil, either, he noticed dreamily. No Chanel or Worth. Just good old-fashioned ether. He rested his cheek on her copper curls and let her cry.

Then Sandy raised her head and looked up at him, flushed and red-eyed. "I'm sorry," she said huskily, and sniffed. "But it's so nice to have a good cry. And I don't mind crying on you, because you know all about it. You know what it's like."

"What you need," he said in a voice he hardly recognised, "is a nice, hot drink. Hot and strong. Hop into bed and I'll bring it to you."

He went purposefully into the kitchen, his head in a whirl, and Sandy watched him go. His eyes were grey, just as she had thought. But he was much better-looking than he had said. Taller, too. He had a trick of raising one eyebrow. Sleepily, she wondered what his first name was. She must ask him.

When Dr. Forrest emerged from the kitchen some ten minutes later, bearing his strong hot drink, he heralded his approach to the bedroom next to the children's with much attendant noise.

As he soon found out, he need not have bothered.

Sandy was already in bed and fast asleep. Dr. Forrest stood at the bedside and looked down at her with an expression on his face that no one had ever seen before. Life did the most unexpected things.

There she lay, with her copper hair and her outlandishly named relations, a doctor called Sandy, who got worried and scared and who wept but only in front of another doctor who would understand.

And here he was, with his heart pounding somewhere in his throat and liking her so much that it hurt. Fondly he beamed at her, wondering how long it would be before he could tell her. Tomorrow, perhaps.

Dr. Forrest drew a long, contented breath, and slowly, with meditation, drank his own strong, hot drink. Then he switched off the lights and he himself quietly out of the house. As he drove dreamily home he wondered what her surname could be. Not that it really mattered, of course.

He did not see Dr. Rogers until nearly lunchtime the next day. They met at the entrance to the men's surgical ward. "Well?" said Dr. Rogers eagerly. "Were they budgerigars?"

Dr. Forrest looked at him, one eyebrow raised. Then he grinned. "No," he said simply. "They might just possibly turn out to be my brother-in-law and sister-in-law."



tall, slight, copper-haired girl, surprise, bewilderment, and fright written plainly across her tired face.

He blinked and his eyebrows twitched together in a frown. "To the best of my knowledge," he informed her bitingly, "I have never seen you before. So how were you able to tell Matty about me?"

The girl drew in her breath sharply.

"Matty," she said. "Where is she? What's happened to her?"

Dr. Forrest rose to his feet slowly. "She's in St. Anne's Hospital. She was knocked down by a taxi in Oxford Street."

The blue eyes watching him so fearfully grew dark. "Is—is she—all right?"

"She's broken her leg," he replied coldly, "but her main worry was the children. I can't say as much for you."

The girl put her hand up to her head, her eyes bewildered.

"I don't quite understand what you are doing here," she began, and Dr. Forrest's expressive eyebrows rose.

"Doing here?" he answered crossly. "I came because Matty asked me to. She must know you very well. And when I found two terrified children alone in the house while you were out having a good time, well, I—"

"I wasn't out having a good time," interrupted the girl, wearily, putting down her

With quite different eyes he looked at her, a strange sensation growing inside him. It was all extremely odd and he felt amazingly light-headed. With an effort, he made himself speak.

"Was it—was it a difficult case? The one which kept you so late?"

Sandy nodded tiredly. "A first baby, and all nice and complicated when I didn't expect it to be. And, of course, they were awfully late sending for me." Her voice shook a little.

Dr. Forrest looked at her with complete understanding. "Did you lose the baby?" he asked gently.

Sandy raised her head and he could see that her eyes were full of tears. She gulped and shook her head. "No, they're both fine. But everyone was so scared and then so thankful and grateful." She took out her handkerchief and scrubbed at her eyes.

Hardly realising what he was doing, Dr. Forrest got up and pulled her to her feet. "There now," he said, in much the same tone of voice he had used to Pookie.

"I don't know why I'm crying," said Sandy chokily, "except, perhaps, because I was so scared, too, and then it was all right. It was so wonderful." She dropped her head against Dr. Forrest's chest and cried wholeheartedly into his white shirt.

Dr. Forrest's arm went round

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W.W. 6/11/57

ASSIMILATION Club breaks color bar

Color prejudice between aborigines and white people affects only adults in the northwest New South Wales city of Armidale.

WATCHING the city's children in school playgrounds, classrooms, and out of school I could see that they don't care about the color of their friends.

Small girls, one dark, one fair, play hand-in-hand, and boys of all sizes look up to their school sporting heroes—many of them of aboriginal blood.

Yet some of the white children must wonder why their darker-skinned friends are

often forced to live in shanty homes of packing cases and scrap iron, earth floors, and only candlelight—on what used to be the city "dump."

And some of the aboriginal children, seeing their mothers trying to clean their poor homes, must wonder why their mothers are shunned by many townspeople.

The children accept the adults, but the adults don't accept the adults.

This state of affairs, though not nearly as bad in Armidale as in other Australian cities, is being tackled by the Association for the Assimilation of Aborigines.

The association was formed about a year ago, and its latest project is a Wednesday Club for white and colored women—providing an opportunity for the social contact that was not possible before.

Gradually the shy, soft-spoken part-aboriginal women are realising that the people in the association are friends who have a sincere desire to better conditions for them.

Leader of the club's hostesses is Mrs. John Le Gay Brereton, wife of the Lecturer in Zoology at Armidale University.

Mrs. Le Gay Brereton, mother of three children, is an American who came to Australia during the war, married, and stayed.

She believes the colored women's extreme shyness is due to a sense of inferiority.

"Naturally," she said, "when a woman feels unsuitably or shabbily dressed she feels ill at ease. When she has been snubbed once she doesn't want to risk it happening again."

"There have been so many rebuffs that the shyness is ingrained deep in many of these women."

In an effort to improve these conditions the club runs a clothing sale each week of little-worn and fashionable clothes; teaches the women and girls how to apply make-up; teaches them to use a sewing-machine; and is encouraging them to bring their babies to a clinic run by Mrs. Stewart Neeley, a nurse.

"Quite a number of people were against the idea of the baby clinic," Mrs. Le Gay Brereton said.

"They said 'it's the very thing we're fighting against—segregation,' because there's already a baby health centre in Armidale."

"But we know the aboriginal women haven't enough confidence to go to this clinic."

"They will come to us, because they know that we're their friends. Later, as they gain confidence, we'll send them to the health centre."

The club also has organised a children's art group, supervised by Mrs. S. Gabriel, a former commercial artist.

One of the association's earliest projects was to assist in the building of a home in



HAIRDRESSING expert at the Armidale Wednesday Club, Mrs. F. D. Atkinson, prepares to give young Laurel Moran a hair trim. The club is run by the Association for the Assimilation of Aborigines.



FRIENDLY BOUT at Armidale Police Boys' Club between Brian Kelly (left) and Ray Kelly. The boys are not related. Club boxing instructor Mick Bowers believes Ray will be Australian middleweight champion within a year.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 6, 1957

-OF AUSTRALIANS

By
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

East Armidale for an aboriginal family.

The whole project was organised by Father F. I. Kelly, and the Roman Catholic Church donated the land.

It is hoped eventually to house all the aboriginal families adequately. The association realises that only when living conditions improve will the families be accepted.

Ald. J. Carey, Mayor of Armidale and Lecturer in Education at the Armidale Teachers' College, put this into words:

"The community of Armidale is tolerant towards the aborigines, who are living as a segregated group.

"But I feel better living conditions are necessary before the aborigines themselves feel they can take their proper places in the community."

Three of Ald. Carey's five children go to school in Armidale, and work and play with children of mixed blood.

The story of assimilation is not always happy. There is the case of the half-caste girl who married a white man.

They were happy and had three children, but then the wife died.

The husband felt he couldn't look after the children adequately, so he handed them over to his wife's mother.

The grandmother's skin is dark, the three grandchildren are so fair that now they have grown up they pass as white.

But they will not speak to their grandmother if they pass her in the street.

"Of course it hurts me," she said, "but I can't blame



them. They must lead the best life they can."

Mr. Ken Jones, Armidale businessman and Police Boys' Club president, claims that the P.B.C. took the first step towards assimilation.

"We began eight years ago," he said, "and from the start we had boys from aboriginal families.

"They've been accepted without reservation."

At present the city has mixed feelings towards assimilation. The majority is "for" and wants to help, but the minority wants aboriginal families put on to reserves.

But a dark-skinned woman told me: "We don't want to be herded into reserves. We want to be accepted as part of the community — not for our own sakes, perhaps, but for our children."

YOUNG PUPILS at St. Mary's School have a problem solved for them by Mother Celestine. The boys are six-year-old Robert Moran (left) and Richard Carey, 6, son of the Mayor of Armidale, Ald. J. Carey.



UNAWARE that she has lost a shoe, Margaret McKenzie (right) sleeps under the "guardianship" of Margaret Atkinson and Robert Le Gay Brereton. **BELOW:** Tea-time in the club with, from left, Mesdames L. Goddard, C. Long, E. Widders, J. Le Gay Brereton (with son Robert), M. Catmore, and T. W. Smith.



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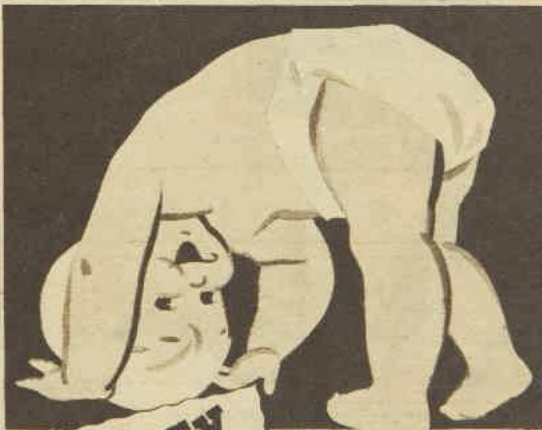
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"THE DOLL" HAS GONE TO GERMANY



TALENTED Marea Wolkowsky and her husband, Curt Prerauer. They are making Australia's voice heard in Europe: Marea through opera; Curt by his translations and radio talks on Australia.

German theatre and radio audiences will soon see and hear Ray Lawler's play, "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," thanks to the translation by Curt Prerauer, husband of Australian opera singer Marea Wolkowsky.

BETWEEN them, Curt and Marea are making Australia's voice heard overseas: Marea by stage and radio performances, and Curt by his translations and radio talks on Australian subjects, ranging from The Centre to Melbourne's Olympic Games.

In a letter to her mother, Mrs. C. Wolkowsky, of Mosman, N.S.W., Marea said: "Curt translated 'The Doll' in the amazing time of only 13 days, because German theatres and radio stations are clamoring to perform it as soon as possible."

"In the words of 'The Doll,' it was a fair cow of a job, but how worth while."

"Imagine if the translation had got into the hands of the sort of 'Aussie-specialists' who usually translate 'gumtree' as 'rubber-tree.' But what a play it is!"

Both Marea and Curt are Australians, Curt by naturalisation, and Marea, whose father was an original Anzac, by birth.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolkowsky have not seen their daughter and son-in-law since they sailed for Europe in 1950, but Marea writes daily and vividly of her career overseas.

It's a career which began early, for even when she was 12 months old Marea could sing in tune.

In 1938, when she was 16,

visiting artist Alexander Kipnis heard her voice and commented: "Whoever teaches Marea will be known as the teacher of a famous artist."

So Marea took lessons from Curt Prerauer, a refugee from Nazi Germany, and formerly a choirmaster at the Berlin Opera House.

When she was 20 they married. Curt was in the Army, Marea was working as a secretary by day and teaching Morse Code to servicemen in her spare time.

At London's Covent Garden Opera House, Marea was engaged by Erich Kleiber for Alban Berg's "Wozzeck."

Later she studied at the Berlin Academy under Freda Leider, the Wagnerian dramatic soprano, who helped her

with the interpretation of Wagnerian roles.

Freda Leider said Marea's voice much resembled her own, but that the Australian had naturally what she herself had taken years of study to achieve.

And a German critic commented: "Marea is a great credit to her country, which is an El Dorado of voices."

In September, at the Wiesbaden State Theatre, Marea will sing Brunnhilde in Wagner's "Götterdämmerung."

Though Marea has appeared all over the Continent, in Italy, Austria, Spain, France, Holland, and Switzerland, the Wiesbaden engagement is a climax in her career.

Jubilantly, Marea wrote home:

"Being engaged to sing the big German operas in the leading theatres in Germany is about as easy for a British singer as selling ice-creams to Eskimos. Artistically, there is no higher honor."

Only one other Australian, Marjorie Lawrence, has ever sung this part, and no Australian before Marea has sung it in Germany.

Before she opens at Wiesbaden, Marea will make radio appearances in Austria singing Australian songs over Vienna radio. Songs comprise two by Arthur Benjamin, an aboriginal lullaby, "King Billy," in native dialect, by W. G. James, and "The Locomotive Song," by Alfred Hill.

Though Marea and Curt are happy in Europe, they miss Australia.

They had a taste of it recently when Marea spotted a tin of kangaroo-tail soup in a store and brought it home

for dinner. But letters from Sydney and batches of The Australian Women's Weekly arrive constantly.

"There's always a queue waiting for the Weekly," Marea told her mother.

"There's the next-door neighbor who can't read much English but likes the pictures and the conductor's wife who gives supper-parties with the Australian recipes, and the woman in the delicatessen who can actually read them."

"The Weekly brings home so close. Can the sun really have been as bright as that?"

Curt, delivering lecture talks, illustrates his commentary on Australia with color photographs from the paper.

Acclaimed a star



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Picture by Dr. Allen Keast, of Sydney.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

One of my worries with "Here's Your Answer" is teenagers who write with questions and ask for an answer "next week." I cannot answer as quickly as many of you would like, and answers "next week" are impossible because of the technicalities of printing the paper.

DO remember this when you write and you'll avoid disappointment.

"I AM 18 and have been going with a man of 28 for six months. When we first started to go out I thought I loved him. He has told me that he loves me. This I know is true. But now my love for him has failed. My mother has told me he is too old for me. Some of my friends have also told me this and that I should go out and meet more boys of my own age. One of my friends has introduced me to her brother, and now I feel that I love him. But I don't think I shall ever love anyone, as I am shy and can never make a conversation when I am introduced to a boy or a girl. I want to train as a nurse and don't want to marry before I have done my training. All of this has got me worried and I can't study for worrying. Shall I tell this man that my love for him has gone or let him think I love him?"

"Worried Lover," Qld.

Tell the man you don't love him, and you'll feel much better about everything. Your next step is to make the arrangements about your nursing training. You'll find when this is settled, and you can see ahead clearly, that even your contacts with strangers are much easier to handle.

You are very wise to want to train as a nurse before marriage. It is a wonderful profession for a girl and one at which she can earn her living at any age or stage of her later life.

"I AM 16 and for the past year I have been corresponding with a boy from interstate. Mum and I have had an argument as to whether I should send him a present for Christmas. I said yes, she said no. Should it be an expensive one? If so, could you give me some idea?"

"Blue Eyes," Vic.

I agree with your mother—I don't think you should give him a present. I think a Christmas letter of good wishes would be much nicer. In my

opinion, present-giving at Christmas should be strictly a sincere, not a conventional, gesture. Not only this, you must remember that many people think that receiving a gift places them under an obligation. Do you think your pen-friend would appreciate a gift from you if he hadn't already

sent you one? I'd forget the present idea.

"I AM 16 and passionately in love with a boy I met a few weeks ago. We desperately desire to get married, but our parents will not allow it till we are both at least 20. Should we elope or wait until we are both of age?"

"Troubled Heart," Tas.

You have no problem. You must wait until your parents consent to your marriage. You cannot elope. No one will marry you without signed parental consent before you are 21. That is the law of the land.

I'M glad that M.G.M. are gradually making available on LP some of their older soundtrack packages because my multi-record 78 sets have almost "had it." One of the best in my opinion, "Words and Music," has recently gone on sale. The film, if you remember, recounted the life story of the famous song-writing team, Rodgers and Hart. After Hart's untimely death Rodgers joined forces with Hammerstein and they wrote "Oklahoma!", "South Pacific," and a string of hits.

IF your budget won't let you run to a Long Play record

this week, you might care to investigate an Extended Play 45 r.p.m. record called "Theatreland Successes" (SEDO.5531). It offers twelve melodies from "Student Prince," "Vagabond King," and "South Pacific," stylishly performed by the Drury Lane Theatre Orchestra. Yes, your favorites are there — "Some Enchanted Evening," "Only a Rose," and "Deep In My Heart, Dear."

THERE'S talent-a-plenty on M.G.M.-OI-7512—Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Betty Garrett, Ann Southern, Lena Horne, and June Allyson. It seems only right that such top-

notch performers should be given standout material, and the songs they do on this 10-inch platter are all pips.

You'll hear "Manhattan," "Johnny One Note," "There's a Small Hotel," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "Where's That Rainbow," "I Wish I Were in Love Again," "Where or When," and "Thou Swell," so you can see that you don't even have to be a film fan to enjoy this thoroughly pleasing disc.

BALLETOMANES are well catered for with "Sadler's Wells Ballet Silver Jubilee" on OCLP.1070. The Royal

Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, under Robert Irving, pays tribute to Sadler's Wells by playing extracts from ballets which were originated by that dance group.

Many of them may be unfamiliar to you, but the music is consistently entertaining and, of course, in many contrasting styles. The composers represented range from Purcell to Prokofiev, from Liszt to Bliss, and among the ballets are "Horoscope," "Cinderella," "Comus," "The Prospect Before Us," "Apparitions," and "Adam Zero."

—BERNARD FLETCHER



A word from
Debbie . . .

WATERMELON-SEED necklaces (painted seeds, strung together) are the rage with overseas teenagers. They're colorful and easy to make. If you don't live where watermelons are ripe yet or plentiful you can make them from pumpkin or marrow seeds.

Get the seeds, wash them, and spread them out to dry. (See there's no sticky on them when you put them to dry or they won't paint evenly.) When they're dry, paint them.

You can use nail-polish for the pinks and reds, white, purple, green, or gold; or the colors from a paint box (cheap chain-store type). If you use paint-box colors you have to cover the color when it's dry with a coat of clear lacquer.

With your painting done, you string the seeds into necklets or bracelets, make earrings (you can buy the screw-on clips), decorate the front of your flaties, stick them along grosgrain or velvet in a pattern for a hair-band, or sew the decorated grosgrain down the seam of your slacks. They look dreamy.



For soft, smooth skin
like theirs... use

Pears

Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness — that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

Why Pears is so pure

Each tablet is matured for a full fourteen weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, completely pure. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too!



Pears... so pure you can
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Pears lasts longer because it's thoroughly matured, contains no moisture, never goes soggy. Even the last little fragment can be used — it fits neatly into the hollow of a new cake and becomes part of it.

Wonderful new
Sunsilk Shampoo
is another product
of the famous
House of Pears.
Have you tried it yet?



THE BRAND WITH A PEDIGREE



Hawaiian Cruise Shirts
for Men and Boys,
as illustrated, are
obtainable at all
leading retail stores
throughout Australia.

TOP DOG
D.Y. *Sanforized*
SHORTS
..for MEN and BOYS
EVERY GARMENT GUARANTEED

Made from best quality **BRADMILL Sanforized Drill** — will not shrink



With self belt



With shirred back



Extended band
with hip straps

3 styles
for men

3 styles
for boys



Extended band
with hip straps



With self belt



With shirred back

Available in Blue Grey, Fawn, Brown, Light Grey, Khaki, Grey, Green, Blue, also Navy & White

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Nov. 4

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a little windfall.</p>	<p>★ A little windfall in the shape of extra money could cheer you, or you may discover that you can stretch what you have to cover one or two luxuries.</p>	<p>★ It's hard to get ahead of the domestic game. If you save in pocket you pay in extra work or effort, but it's worth while at present to clear the decks.</p>	<p>★ If you are capable of loving with wisdom, understanding, and sympathy, your love affair will come through with flying colors, all the stronger for the test.</p>	<p>★ Whatever your purpose, avoid the limelight. Voluntary workers, those planning end-of-the-season parties or any other social stunt, should stay in the background.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in romance.</p>	<p>★ Friend husband may have useful suggestions for your new project. Management of joint finances to the satisfaction of everybody could be ticklish.</p>	<p>★ Since your home is the scene of many of your activities and interests, try to create an atmosphere which cheers the family and welcomes visitors.</p>	<p>★ Just love isn't enough. Those who add friendship, comradeship to love will be contentedly happy in the security of their affection. Remember you are partners.</p>	<p>★ Draw into your orbit those who are inclined to stand aloof from social life. You can make some wonderful friends by coaxing them to become interested in your group.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in boundless vitality.</p>	<p>★ Full of clever thoughts, you solve knotty problems. Cut corners on the job only if you have had long experience. If doubtful, find out from those who know.</p>	<p>★ Are you considering the household's health? Are meals balanced so that best nourishment is achieved? Do you require from the children high standards?</p>	<p>★ If the horizon appears bare of candidates for your affection, look around for neglected possibilities. At staff-club activities you might discover a congenial friend.</p>	<p>★ More work than fun, but connected with a project dear to your heart. You may be obliged to carry your associates on the wave of your enthusiasm.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in social activities.</p>	<p>★ A time for decisions with effects on your career. If married, you may choose between a job or no job. If single, the question of payment for the job may arise.</p>	<p>★ Take a look at pictures in magazines and other publications and you'll see how charming and dramatic housework can become. Make the charm reality.</p>	<p>★ Every dance or party you attend, every outing with the group or sporting club could bring a new and exciting element into your life. Be at your best.</p>	<p>★ Have fun now, for you will soon be serious. Play the game, and resolve, whether young in years or heart, to create a dramatic but lasting impression.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in your own backyard.</p>	<p>★ If a home-body you discover that your abilities have full scope in the domestic sphere. Some hastily shift furniture, wash curtains, or make new bedspreads.</p>	<p>★ Many a Leo home won't recognise itself when you get through. Your sign chooses the best that can be afforded. One new item may give the lounge a lift.</p>	<p>★ If you are wondering how to make your friendship grow without obviously chasing him, ask him, with the rest of your crowd, to a record session or sing-song at home.</p>	<p>★ Look around for an activity which you can maintain through summer. If it needs organising, start now. Get friends, thinking along similar lines.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in an announcement.</p>	<p>★ Some have an attractive opportunity offered, but there may be several drawbacks, such as long travel or inconvenient hours. The change is well aspected.</p>	<p>★ Parents of school-age children may be making dresses for a special occasion. Others are renovating wardrobes with a view to approaching holidays.</p>	<p>★ If you don't like fishing, don't accept the invitation and expect the boys to bait your hook. If you're a poor swimmer, just look glamorous. Don't cling like ivy.</p>	<p>★ Correspondence with social affairs, telephoning, or sending out notices can become a burden. Don't postpone it. Otherwise, a surprise invitation.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in finding a bargain.</p>	<p>★ Thinking along practical lines, you have a keen eye for a bargain. Agreements involving money or exchanges of services are likely to be advantageous.</p>	<p>★ Quite a few of you may be shifting into new quarters, from a flat to a suburban home, or from house to flat. There may be financial advantages in either case.</p>	<p>★ Those who go out with a boy because he is a free spender will betray their true sentiments. If he cultivates you for social advantages he just isn't worth having.</p>	<p>★ You may be too busy to bother about social activities; some private scheme may swallow up your time or you might have a part-time job thrust upon you.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in your own quick wit.</p>	<p>★ Organise your financial basis now. It may remain put for at least a year, and unless you are reasonably contented with your work your health will suffer.</p>	<p>★ Whether home is a refuge, or whether you rush off to a lively social week, home will look good to you because it's yours. Spend thought on a few minor changes.</p>	<p>★ Love comes to Scorpio sometimes quietly. At other times like a cyclone to alter your life. Which-ever way it is for keeps, so look before you leap.</p>	<p>★ Some are shaking off responsibilities. You come out into the open and announce what you will do and what you will not do in a forceful manner.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a hidden place.</p>	<p>★ Trained nurses, institutional workers, and social welfare workers are likely to be successful, many receiving promotions. Otherwise, a chance at a rare and unusual job.</p>	<p>★ Start now to create some wonderful home-made Christmas presents. Originality, the adaptation of articles seen in shops, a novel twist, will raise your popularity.</p>	<p>★ The course of true love rarely runs smoothly. Strong characters may clash, interfering older people may make trouble, little jealousies may cause heartburning.</p>	<p>★ If your little world has hurt your feelings you may take a few days off to assert your independence. When you return to the fold you're appreciated.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in popularity.</p>	<p>★ Be quick on the uptake. You must understand a situation through intuition in order to function on top gear. Only through expert management can you win.</p>	<p>★ While it is pleasant to have casual visitors it also means interruptions. The inconvenient guest who lingers but will not leave must be gently faredwell.</p>	<p>★ If friendship blossoms into love, that's fine. But love may just as easily turn into merely pleasant friendship through the passage of time or changing ideas.</p>	<p>★ Kick up your heels and be gay. You're apt to carry the world on your shoulders. Community welfare is fine, too, but you need more time for amusement.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 18</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in displaying your abilities.</p>	<p>★ Take care not to tread on the toes of top brass. Should you be blamed or criticised, don't let it worry you. It's only a temporary trouble.</p>	<p>★ Entertaining people you hope to impress may be carried out either at home or elsewhere. You'll have to choose between extra work and less expense, or vice versa.</p>	<p>★ If about to tell the world you're engaged, the chances are it's hardly news to your friends, but they'll give you a party, anyhow. You'll both be in the public eye.</p>	<p>★ Nearly all will be on parade. Don't grow nervous if asked to make a speech. Don't show you're ever-anxious to be a star. Be yourself.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a severe test.</p>	<p>★ Exam candidates will be busy. Those intent on improving their qualifications for higher responsibilities are also under smiling stars. Others make work plans.</p>	<p>★ If a parent, insist on quiet times when children are studying for examinations. Tense children must be given extra care with appetising meals and a calm home.</p>	<p>★ Summer holidays are a time for love. Plans for outings with your crowd should be made now. If fancy free, you might meet your fate at the beach or on a cruise.</p>	<p>★ You need not be shaken out of a rut. If you go on mechanically doing the same old round, you'll be dull and bored. Sample a new group, new sport, pastime.</p>

"look how **big** our bank balance is . . .
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By joining a National Savings Group at your place of work you can save regularly from every pay without having to go to the bank. All you do is tell the pay office the amount you want to have banked for you regularly each pay day and this sum is placed to your credit in your own savings bank account without further effort on your part. If you haven't a Savings Bank account, one will be opened for you at your request. It's amazing how savings grow to a really substantial total under this simple, regular plan. National Savings Groups are conducted in factories, offices and shops throughout Australia in conjunction with ALL savings banks. Don't put it off—join now!

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Worth Reporting

ACCORDING to the Americans, there's no one like a nagging wife to boost sales.

Most firms in the United States offer gifts to their salesmen to encourage hard work.

And to a man they have the underhand habit of sending these lists straight to the woman of the house.

"A wife's nagging sends the salesman scurrying to top his quotas faster than a pep talk from the boss," said one executive.

"You'd be surprised at the pressure women can put on men to get out and sell. A wife sees something on the list she wants and she doesn't stop nagging till she gets it."

And when we saw a sample list we didn't blame the wives.

Pick of the gifts on offer included a dishwasher, a milk stole, a car, a plane, custom-made luggage—and a trip round the world.

Good enough to set Australian women on a nagging campaign?

AS an additional aid to identification, applicants for passports are asked to mention any distinguishing marks or peculiarities they may have.

Sometimes this practice brings fascinating results.

We heard the other day about one woman who, justifiably, thought her long, luxuriant hair was exceptional. So she stated that she had hair below the knees.

But the passport writer had difficulty in deciphering the woman's writing.

After a lot of thought he compromised by putting in the inscription "hairy knees."



"All those people watching! ... how do I look? ... my lipstick on straight? ... is my hair ...?"

"In the soup" over food in England

TRAVELLING overseas is wonderful, according to a friend of ours in London. But she says there are drawbacks.

"I have just moved again," she wrote plaintively. "One day I realised I could be polite about the food in That Place no longer."

"I'd just begun on my soup when I noticed that lots of the little black things in it had wings."

"So I handed the plate back to the proprietor without a word and went on to my plate of soggy pie."

"Then I happened to look into the kitchen. Instead of throwing out the contents of the soup container the cook was methodically scooping off any other winged objects and flicking them on to the floor."

"That was just too much."

A search for sane drinking

AFTER completing a worldwide survey into the distribution of alcohol, a South African visitor is convinced that the most liberal liquor laws in the world produce the most civilised, sanest drinking.

He is Mr. J. A. H. van Niekerk, director of the Brewers' Institute of South Africa, who is making a flying survey for the Government, and called to take a look at how Sydneysiders drink.

"Place blanket restrictions on the sale and distribution of liquor, and you'll find a community develops all the evils you're trying to avoid," he said.

Mr. van Niekerk visited 17 countries, and found the most civilised drinkers were in parts of Europe.

"But then they had a big start on countries such as Canada, South Africa, and Australia, for they've been drinking sanely for centuries," he said.

"New York, where you can drink pretty well round the clock, except for a couple of hours when they want to sweep the bars out, is also highly civilised."

Mr. van Niekerk thinks Sydney beer is "a very pleasant brew," and that Australian wines are "first class."

EVERYONE is space-minded these days. One Brisbane three-year-old stood by patiently while his family was satellite-searching.

Then he tugged at his mother's skirt. "Mummy," said he, "are we watching for the moon to have a baby?"

Snowy River men inspired musical

PERTH may see the world premiere of "Song Of The Snowy," a new musical with an Australian theme written by Edmond Samuels, of Sydney.

A shortened version of the musical was broadcast last year.

The musical, which opens on a King's Cross espresso-bar scene, tells the love story of a Snowy River Scheme engineer and a girl skier at Cabramurra.

One of Mr. Samuels' ideas for the musical is a ballet illustrating a migrant's escape via concentration and displaced persons' camps to a new life here.

Another is a bright, jazzy opening number called "Doing The Woolloomooloo."

Carl Randall, "Annie Get Your Gun" producer who also staged "The Highwayman" in Melbourne, will produce "Song Of The Snowy."

At present he is in Perth working on the Boxing Day production of "The Highwayman."

He will also rehearse "Song Of The Snowy" there, although Mr. Samuels has not yet decided where next year's premiere will be held.

"I'd like it to open in Perth," he said. "The city has so few premieres."



new baby things?
NO, LUX-WASHED
MANY TIMES

HERE'S WHY the makers of fine baby wear say . . .

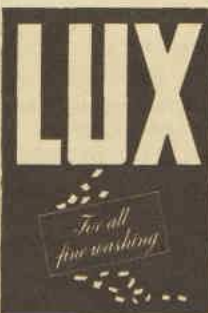
"Wash baby things in Lux because it's so safe"

MOTHER'S lost count the number of times she's washed baby's cosy night things (yes, even the blanket) yet they still have that new-from-the-shop look. Lux washed, of course! That's why baby's nighties, nappies — all her clothes stay caressingly soft and sweet after every washing.

LEADING MANUFACTURERS say "Never risk damaging baby clothes with bar-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods. Use Lux to keep all baby's things fresh and fleecy."

Lux washed garments won't chafe baby's tender skin. Transparent Lux diamonds are made from purest, baby-mild soap. No purer washing product than Lux exists — anywhere. Its gentle cleansing lather gets everything clean so safely, leaves every fabric — wool, cotton, towelling — soft and smooth.

Boon for dishes too! For as little as a penny a day, you can wash-up the pleasant way — with Lux.



LUX IS SO SAFE . . . YOU'LL WANT TO USE IT ALWAYS

U.445.WW143g

Page 43

BOOK NEWS

By HELEN FRIZELL

• "101 NIGHTS," by Ray Ollis.

WAR fiction based on the exploits of 101 Squadron, Bomber Command, with whom the author served, describes mass raids over Europe, bravery and tension among crews, and work done by the "Specials," German-speaking wireless operators. A recent security release enables Mr. Ollis to write of these men who intercepted ground-to-air instructions by Germans, and in the same tongue directed German fighter aircraft off course. When dealing with facts, or describing action in the air, Mr. Ollis writes vividly and well. Some of his characters, however, are too melodramatic to convince.

—Published by Cassell and Company Ltd.

• "THE MUSES ARE HEARD," by Truman Capote.

THE all-negro cast of Gershwin's opera "Porgy and Bess" had an alarming travelling companion when author Capote accompanied it on a visit to Leningrad. Talking little, missing nothing, Capote's recorded impressions of conversations and incidents during the eight-day tour add up to irony. Americans and Russians both strove to convince each other that they were cultured, but the Russians with their deadly seriousness, and the cast with its flamboyance, could rate equally the Russian phrase "nye kulturni," or uncultured.

—Published by Heinemann.

• "CANTON AIRLIFT," by Andrew Geer.

KNOWLEDGABLE about the East and its chicanery, author Andrew Geer provides rugged reading matter in his account of tough pilots and their flights with refugees during the last days of China's civil war. Smuggling, romance, and conflicting loyalties centre on Jeff Jordan, airways manager, whose business is affected by war and unrest.

—Published by Collins.

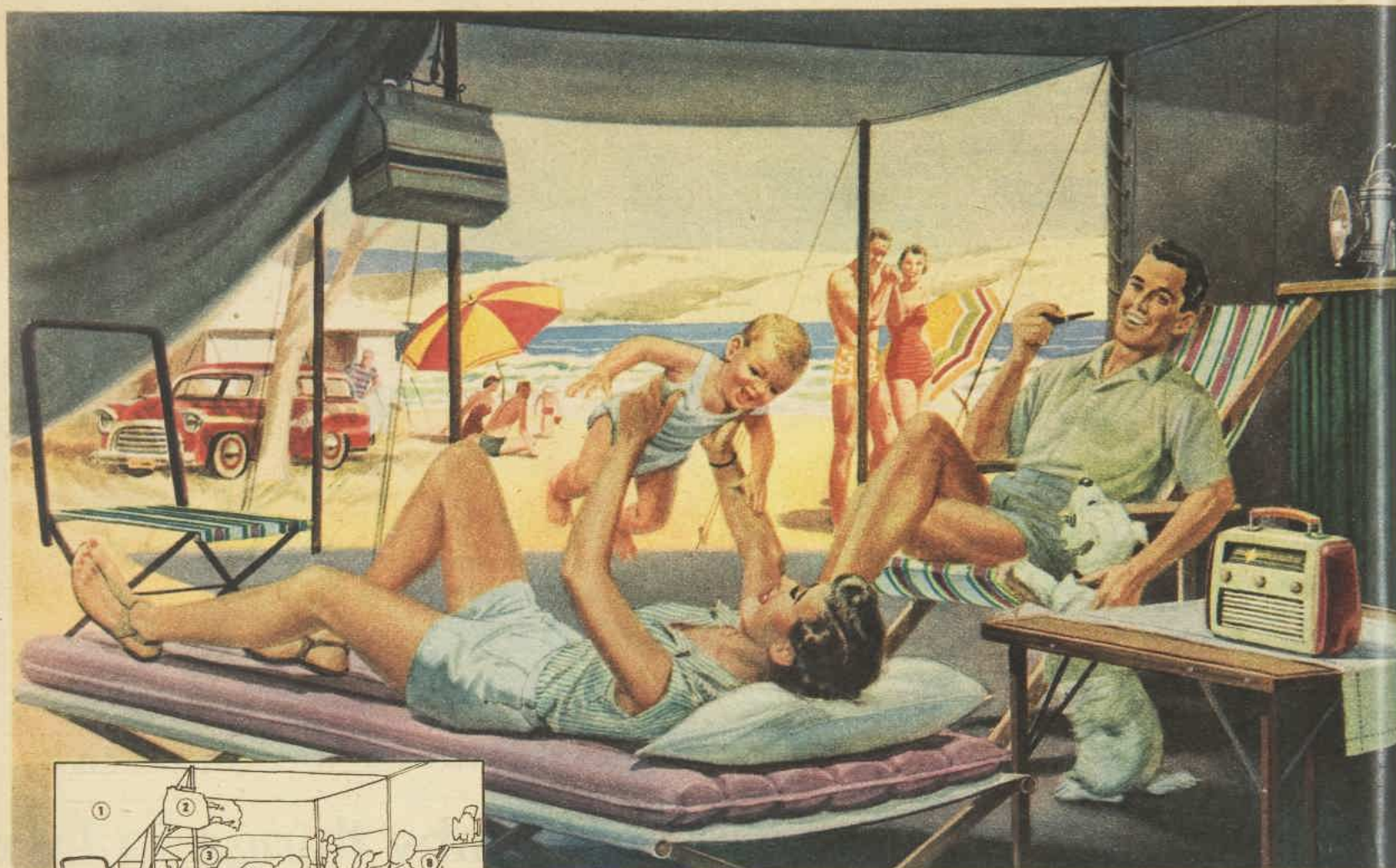
Relax... enjoy a real

Outdoor Holiday

Carefree... friendly... comfortable



NOW YOU
CAN TAKE
ME TOO!



Check these comfort-makers:— (1) Cool, airy tent, proof against any kind of weather. (2) Good, strong waterbag—canvas, of course. (3) Gay canvas shade to protect you from the sun. (4) Handy canvas chair folds away to next-to-nothing. (5) Stretcher for that afternoon siesta. (6) Folding table. (7) Portable radio to give you round-the-clock enjoyment. (8) Comfortable deck-chair, made of high-quality Australian canvas.

THIS is the life! You, relaxed in a deck-chair, in the cool comfort of your tent... listening to your portable radio... surrounded by your family, by golden sand, sea, by friendly people: and not a care in the world! And at night: you, dancing under the stars, or fishing by flashlight, playing a game or just lounging and chatting.

Free as a bird

This is *your* family holiday. Children and pets are welcome! You go where you like (cover five or six beauty spots on one holiday). No reservation

worries, no large hotel bills, no tipping. You eat when you wish (delicious meals cooked over the open fire!), dressed for complete freedom and comfort (what a blessing for the kiddies!).

Enjoy all the holiday comforts under canvas

Your roomy tent is cool and airy during the day, cosy at night. Be sure it's made of sturdy, Australian-made canvas, and your tent will laugh at any kind of weather. Folding canvas chairs and table, comfortable canvas stretcher-beds—your whole holiday-home goes

along in the car. Remember to take along a good supply of "Eveready" flashlights and fresh "Nine-Lives" batteries for fun and safety at night. Most important: your portable radio, your camera—and you're all set! All over Australia there are resorts offering toilet and shower facilities—plus golfing, fishing, hiking, canoeing! Trace your route on that map today... pick out the spots you've always dreamed of going to. See and *really live* in the wide, open spaces — and have a wonderful, glorious holiday!



Look for this sign when you buy canvas

It means that the Canvas Goods Manufacturers' Federation of Australia have approved the strength and workmanship to make it up. Imbued with the Federation of Australia's interests of better material



Check these features for comfort, safety, entertainment:— (1) Heavy duty canvas tent keeps you cozy. (2) Car trouble? Your "Eveready" flashlight shows where it is. (3) That "Eveready" bicycle lamp and tail-light set is a *must* by law. (4) Comfortable stretcher-bed ensures deep sleep. (5) Portable radio for dancing under the stars (with "Eveready" battery for first-class reception). (6) Hold it! A perfect picture with "Eveready" Photoflash Batteries. (7) "Eveready" flashlight for night fishing. (8) Your flashlights have more power with "Eveready" "Nine-Lives" batteries.

YOUR portable radio brightens your holiday life with music, news, the features you don't want to miss! So get it off that power point and into the great outdoors where it belongs. Power your portable radio with fresh "Mini-Max" batteries — those mighty midget batteries pack far more power, last longer, too. They give you loud and clear reception wherever you go.

"Eveready" flashlights for safety

Keep an "Eveready" flashlight in your car for emergencies. You'll need an "Eveready" Hand Lantern around your holiday "home" at night — you'll find it one of the most useful items of your outdoor equipment. For the clearest, whitest light, put in "Eveready" "Nine-Lives" batteries — they last longer, have 20% more power.

"Eveready" flashlight type No. 3755 — "Masterlite", a de-luxe prefocussed flashlight in modern square design. Look for the Trade Marks "Eveready", "Masterlite", "Nine-Lives" and the Cat Symbol.



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act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive, free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

- (1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you daily need to renew your body tissues.
- (2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and diuresis, and
- (3) help regulate your body functions.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

are used by more than a million people, they are harmless and safe for the most delicate persons and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

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Continuing . . . Such an Ordinary Woman

from page 27

those days. There was scarcely a woman who wasn't prepared to throw her heart at his feet.

"But he chose to marry Nina—I must say she was the most beautiful creature you can imagine—wicked, yes, but beautiful, too, and I suppose at that time Henry only saw her beauty and the need she had of him.

"There's no question why she married him. She wanted a British passport, and if she could get a rich husband with it, so much the better. I could have forgiven her," the old voice trembled, "if she'd even tried to keep her share of the bargain. Nina was never in love with him—I know that, though I don't understand it—but she didn't even try to keep faith.

"Within a few months her behaviour was the talk of the place. There was a scandal so shocking that Henry did what I'm convinced nothing else could have made him do; he threw up his work and took her away. But wherever they went it was the same story. Her nostrils curled. 'She didn't even try. Henry was nothing to her, just someone who'd been useful. I wonder how he endured it.'

"Didn't he think of divorcing her?" I suggested.

She made a wide gesture that almost overturned her glass. "That shows how little you know of him. Henry considered that a sin. With him, marriage wasn't just an incident, it was for always. He was tied to this creature for the rest of his life. Well, he brought her to the South of France and it was while they were there that it happened."

She paused dramatically to give me an opportunity to say, "What happened?"

"The thing that changed four lives—irremediably. It was in the South of France that we met, Henry and I, and the spark was ignited between us at that first meeting. We knew we were meant for each other. I'd been through a wretched marriage myself, but I was luckier than Henry, I was free.

"I wanted him to get a divorce, but he said it was against his principles to abandon Nina, unless she asked for her freedom, and I knew she would never do that. She had his name, his money . . . Well, there it was. We were madly in love, madly, I tell you, and that woman stood between us. I knew nothing could unite us, except her death."

I felt my pulse quicken with interest; now, at last, the mystery surrounding this unusual pair was going to be solved.

"Kate was staying at the same hotel," Lady Mary continued. "Frankly, she was a fish out of water. She came from a country parsonage and had earned her own living since she was eighteen.

"Some old woman to whom she'd been nurse-companion had recently died and left her a little money, and instead of putting it into a house or a business or something sensible of that kind, she decided to spend it all on a holiday abroad. She had no savoir faire—poor Kate.

"She never made any secret of the fact that she was in love with Henry from the first minute. You might have thought sleeves were invented for no other reason than to pin your heart on to them. Everyone saw it, of course; the way she followed him with her eyes, blushed if he spoke to her . . .

"Oh, he did speak to her?" I could not help interrupting.

"Henry was the kindest of men and, of course, she was English like ourselves." Hearing that was like listening to a ghost from a past that's so

dead it is like a fairytale, something that never really happened.

"I used to talk to her, too, sometimes," Lady Mary continued, "that's how I learned her story. I even tried to give her a hint. 'Don't be too obvious, Kate,' I said. 'People aren't kind about that sort of thing.' But she was an extraordinary creature. She just stared.

"Then she said, 'Oh, but it can't hurt him. Even if he notices it, I mean, and I don't suppose he does. Don't try to spoil the first real happiness I've had since my father died. I've always wondered what it must feel like to be in love with all your heart and now I know, and though nothing can come of it (even Kate had the sense to see that) I wouldn't be without the experience for the world. I'll never be absolutely desolate again. Anyway, I'm leaving soon.'"

"She can never have dreamed then what the future held," I offered, rather banally, as my companion paused.

"No one could have dreamed . . . Even now . . . Well, I didn't say any more. What was the sense? As she said, she wouldn't be there much longer. Then, one evening, when I went into the lounge before dinner, I saw Nina there alone. She was asking the waiter if he'd seen her husband. He should be here, she said, in that arrogant way of hers. I could have twisted her beautiful neck and enjoyed doing it. To speak of Henry as if he were her possession.

"Well, she ordered drinks for them both and went over to a table a little way off. There was a mirror near me and in it I watched her idly, having nothing else to do, and suddenly I saw her take a phial of tablets out of her bag and put some into her drink. That didn't surprise me. A lot of people were taking drugs just then. You won't remember, of course, you must still have been at school, but during the years after World War I drug-taking caused scandal after scandal.

"Well, as I say, I wasn't in the least surprised," Lady Mary added venomously. "Then, while I watched, I saw her change the position of the two glasses. It was done so quickly, so casually, I was scarcely sure that I'd seen it.

"But it had happened, and I thought I knew at once what she was after, for I'd noticed Henry was getting desperate about the situation. She wanted to go out alone that night, and she meant him to be in such a state that he couldn't prevent it. I hated her then so much . . . The old lady's hands curved like the talons of some bird of prey.

"What happened next was perfectly instinctive. A minute later I was at her side, saying, 'Did you get your message, Mrs. Bannerman? They were looking for you at the desk. Someone said it was urgent.'"

I could not imagine what was coming next. I kept an eye on the door, fearful that the Bannermans would come down and I should not hear the end of the story.

"What happened then?" I urged.

"She got up and—I wish I could say she bounced out of the lounge, but it wouldn't be true. She walked more gracefully than anyone I'd ever seen. You could hate her, but you couldn't help admiring her. There was no one else about, so I put out my hand and changed the glasses back. There

was nothing to show what I'd done, and a minute later I was back at my own table. I finished my drink and went out. Kate was standing outside, so I said, 'Oh, Kate, I want to go for a walk; come with me.'"

"Was she surprised?" "I don't know. I didn't stop to think. The important thing was that she came. We talked for several minutes, and then I saw the Bannermans coming towards us. Nina gave me a scornful look, and I heard her say something about people who couldn't even get a message right. I don't know to this day where we went. It was quite late when we got back, and we went straight upstairs.

"The next morning I was having my breakfast in bed when the door burst open and Kate flashed in. She looked quite desperate; for some reason, she made me think of a house that's been set on fire. 'What on earth . . . ?' I began. She grabbed my tray. 'You must come down,' she panted. 'The most appalling thing has happened.'"

Vanity keeps persons
in favor with them-
selves who are out of
favor with all others.
—Shakespeare.

"Do be careful," I said. 'You've upset the coffee.' She didn't take the least notice. 'It's Henry . . .'

"What about Henry?" I'd never heard her use his Christian name before; that alone marked her out from the rest of us.

"He's . . ." She choked; she really couldn't speak for a minute. Then she said something incoherent. I caught only one word, 'Murder,' and pushed my tray aside. 'What are you talking about?' I said. 'Kate, pull yourself together. Who's murdered?'

"She said again, 'Henry.' I could not believe it; there are some things so bad they can't be true. I caught her arm and shook it. 'Tell me at once,' I commanded.

"It's Mrs. Bannerman," she gasped. 'She's dead, and they're going to arrest Henry for murder.'"

"What did she mean?" I asked Lady Mary.

"I asked her that, and all she said was, 'It's his wife. She died last night, an overdose of sleeping-tablets, and they are saying Henry gave them to her.'"

"I couldn't take it in, not at once. 'How can she be dead?' I asked stupidly. 'We saw her last night.' 'I know,' Kate replied. 'But—I keep telling you—she's dead, and the doctor says it was an overdose.'"

"I lay back against the pillows. 'Well, everyone knew she took drugs,' I said. 'Now she's taken one too many.'"

"No," panted Kate, still looking like a mad thing. 'It wasn't one of those she usually took. Can't you understand? It was some stuff Henry had—but which he never used. Everyone knows that. So, can't you understand? They're saying that he gave it to her in a drink or something.' Kate stopped, still gasping like a fish.

"It's nonsense," I said sharply. 'If Henry wanted to get rid of her, he could have brought divorce proceedings.'"

"You know he never would. He doesn't believe in divorce. But, of course, he didn't do it."

"Of course he didn't," I agreed. 'Who's suggesting Henry is responsible?'

"The police, of course." That shook me. 'You mean, they're here?'

"Yes," Kate said. 'Henry's

dazed. I don't think he can quite take it in. He can't deny that he had the tablets, and—it was a new bottle, and several are missing. He swears he didn't do it, naturally . . . ' "He didn't do it," I said. But I was pretty shaken myself. It had never occurred to me that Nina was so wicked that she would try to take his life along with everything else. 'It's suicide, Kate.'

"Kate shook my hand off her arm. 'That's nonsense,' she said flatly. 'That woman has never given anything away since the day she was born. Are you suggesting now that she gave away her life? No one will believe that.'

"No," I said. And then I told her what had happened. 'Naturally, I never supposed for a single moment it was a fatal dose,' I wound up. 'I meant her to have a dose of her own medicine. They say ill deeds come home to roost . . . ' I was rambling to myself rather, the whole thing was the most tremendous shock. You can understand that, can't you?" Lady Mary said, her voice trembling.

"I can, indeed!" I replied sincerely. 'I take it her original idea was to make it look as if Henry had committed suicide. You said that he was getting desperate . . .'

"It only shows how little she knew him. Henry would never have done such a thing; any of his friends could have told you as much," Lady Mary said. "What did they say when you told them?" I asked.

"Kate was behaving like a mad thing; she was quite hysterical. 'You must come down at once and tell them,' she said. 'It'll be all right. No one will accuse you of murder. You didn't know . . .'

"Murder!" That brought me up short. 'Who said anything about murder?'

"But suddenly I saw the whole situation in a new and most sinister light. Kate couldn't see it like that, of course; she was only thinking of Henry. She didn't even try to see it from my point of view, because I had no proof that my story was true, and Henry wasn't the only person to have that particular kind of sleeping-pill in his possession. I used them myself.

"The police might argue that I'd got her out of the way on false pretences—which was perfectly true, you see—and then doctored her drink myself. And I couldn't prove I hadn't. Everyone knew how things were between Henry and me. Nothing stood between us except Nina, and nothing could help us except her death, and now she was dead. 'You see the appalling predicament I was in, don't you?'

"Yes," I said soberly. 'They could have said that if you only wanted to prevent him taking the doped drink you could have upset the glass and got another from the barman.'"

"Kate couldn't see that," she continued. 'She said, 'They'll believe you, Mary, and, even if they don't, they can't do anything. If you can't prove that your story's true, the police can't prove it's false. You'll get the benefit of the doubt.'"

"She expected me to come straight down and tell the police what I'd just told her. She couldn't see that if I did that I might make Henry the centre of yet another scandal. They might still arrest him, as accessory before the fact."

"But, if he was so well known," I argued, "wouldn't they have realised he would never be party to a plot of that kind?'"

"People who knew him would have, but this was the police. Besides, there are always those who are glad to see an incorruptible person pulled down.

To page 47

Continuing . . . Such an Ordinary Woman

And then afterwards, when we got married—oh, the story would have followed him all his life. His only chance was to protest his innocence."

"Did Kate see that?" "Oh, Kate was beyond reason. You mean you're not going to do anything?" she said.

"I've got to think what's best for Henry," I told her.

"You mean you'll let him suffer for something you did?" Kate said. "Oh, I don't blame you, even if it's absurd to call it murder, a woman like that. You see, she betrayed herself there. Even Kate wasn't sure that she accepted my story, and she knew me. Can't you imagine what the world in general would have thought?"

"So you didn't tell?" I could not imagine for the life of me how the story was going to end.

"Kate said, 'I shall go down at once and repeat what you've just told me.'"

"I shall deny it," I told her calmly. "It'll be a question of your word against mine."

"Everyone knew Kate was crazy about Henry. It was the sort of story a crazy woman might invent. Even he wouldn't believe her. Suddenly she was quite calm."

"I see," Kate said, "you don't really love him, after all. You only love yourself, and he's just an extension of that self. I wouldn't hesitate for a moment if I were in your shoes. I'd be glad to do anything to help him; I'd be grateful for the chance. Can you believe that?"

"I got rid of her presently, once she realised I meant what I said. She had made me feel perfectly ill. I rang down to the management and asked them to get me a doctor. When he came he said I was suffering from nervous exhaustion and should stay in bed for a day. But I couldn't."

"The hours stretched on like an eternity. It was very quiet. I couldn't imagine what was happening. Mind you, I kept on telling myself that even if Henry were arrested, he was in

no real danger. Everyone would say it was simply that Nina meant to ruin him, even after her death.

"No one had come near me all day. By the evening I couldn't stand the suspense any longer. I had to know what was happening. So at last I got dressed and went downstairs. The first person I saw was Henry, sitting in the writing-room writing a letter. My heart leapt with relief, and I went straight over to him. 'Thank heaven it's all right,' I said. 'I've been worried; Kate told me. Thank heaven!'"

"I couldn't say anything else. You see, I knew if they hadn't arrested him already they weren't going to press the charge. Henry said, 'Did Kate tell you? It's odd; I'd never thought of her as being cast in the heroic mould.'"

"I stared at him. 'Kate a heroine?'"

"Yes. It must have taken a good deal of courage to admit the truth. They might so easily have thought it didn't happen quite the way she said."

"What did she say?" My mouth was so dry I could hardly shape the words.

"It seems she was waiting in the lounge for you last night—you went for a walk together, didn't you?—and she saw Nina put some tablets into a drink she'd ordered and then switch the glasses. It never occurred to her it would be a fatal dose—she knew I was going to meet someone rather important and she supposed Nina wanted to make me look a fool—so she invented a telephone message to get Nina out of the way, and when she'd gone Kate changed the glasses back."

"I couldn't believe my ears. I clutched the edge of the table. 'Kate said that?'"

"Yes. She told the police, knowing what the consequences to her might be . . ."

"And you believed her? Henry, you're mad."

"He put a hand on my arm and held me sharply. 'Of course I believed her. What

from page 46

are you trying to say, Mary? Kate is incapable of deception."

"'Incapable of deception?' I repeated. 'Let me tell you, Henry. . . And then I stopped. Because, what could I say now? Tell him the truth?'"

"You think he wouldn't have believed you?"

"It wouldn't have mattered. All he'd have seen was that I'd held my tongue while he was in danger of arrest, while Kate took the credit—no, he wouldn't have seen it like that, of course—accepted the responsibility, he'd say—to save him. Not that she was ever in any danger, of course," she added scornfully.

"Kate could easily have proved she'd never had any of the tablets in her possession. It was different for me. I had them. And it was to my interest that Nina should die. It was different for Kate. Why, Henry hardly thought of her as a person. Oh, no. She got the credit of saving him at practically no cost at all."

"Did you tell him that?"

"It wouldn't have been any use. He was simply obsessed by the notion of what she'd done for him. He wasn't thinking of me, or of Nina's wickedness in trying to poison him. But I should never have thought Kate would have been so sly."

"Did you ever tell him the truth?"

"How could I? Kate had tied my hands absolutely. If I'd told him he might have thought I'd held my tongue because I was afraid of the consequences."

I risked a dangerous question. "Would that have been true?"

She said in a high voice, "I thought of Henry—only of Henry—from first to last."

I saw that, whatever the facts, Lady Mary believed this.

"And afterwards?" I hinted. "Kate's story was accepted at the inquest, and she left the

hotel the next day. She was going in any case, so that didn't occasion any talk. I went myself at the end of the week. I thought it was best. Now that Henry was free, I mean. I travelled for the next six months—travelling was easy in those days. When I got back to London I rang Henry up, and he told me."

I waited, but she didn't go on. "Told you?" I prompted at last, sure of the answer.

"Told me he was marrying Kate. 'My life belongs to her,' he said. 'I owe her my life.' Of course, he was sorry for her, and I suppose he felt he owed her something. It's Kate who surprises me. She must have known Henry wasn't in love with her, but she accepted his sacrifice without a qualm. They were married very quietly a few weeks later, and he disappeared from public view. What I feel worst about," she went on fiercely, "is the waste of his life. He could have done so much. Of course, Kate has always been jealous of me in her heart. I knew that when I met her again."

As she finished speaking the Bannermans came into the bar and settled at their usual table. They were talking and I saw him glance across the room. Then his eyes came back to his wife; he touched her hand, and in that gesture there was such confidence that I winced for the unhappy woman at my side.

"Jealous?" I murmured. "Do you really believe that?"

An instant later I regretted my cruelty. She had seen that movement of confident love and recognised it as easily as I. Her whole face seemed to alter; she snatched up her bag, aware, as I was, that despite wealth, three marriages, and a title, at the end of her life she had nothing at all to bring her joy. I saw her get up and walk out of the room.

She passed quite close to the Bannermans' table, but neither of them looked up. I am quite sure that neither of them even saw her go.

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weatherboard building with two schoolrooms. The little kids, my sister among them, were lumped together in one room, the higher classes, 4th, 5th, and 6th, in the other. There was even one highly respected row who did 7th and 8th classes by correspondence, with supervision from the head teacher.

We called him Hoppy. His life must have been hell. Winter and summer he taught those rows of bush kids in that narrow little room. Partly by persuasion, partly by brilliance, and mainly by sadistic use of his cane, he had the highest standard of primary-school passes in the State.

I can see him now with his clumsy, thick body, his rasping, sarcastic voice, that could become surprisingly gentle, his head reminiscent of a thwarted Beethoven. He was lame in one leg, and when the pain cut into his old wound the swish of the cane brought out great welts on bare knees. That is, on everyone's knees but mine.

My mother visited the school, and demanded that I shouldn't be caned, under any circumstances. I don't know if she realised what she did to me. Every day we lined up to pass from the verandah to the schoolroom. Swish, swish the cane descended on the scratched knees of my classmates, and as I passed in the stony, satirical silence, how I longed to feel the sting of the cane on my legs, the sting that would make me one of them.

At playtime I always lingered behind after all the other kids had gone. Once they asked me out to make up a basketball team, and for a couple of minutes, streaking through the playground with the ball under my arm, I had a taste of glory.

I was a good runner, but I knew nothing of the mechanics of the game, and when I disrupted everything by shooting at the wrong goal I was dropped like a hot potato.

In the afternoons, when the bell rang, the girls ran home giggling at the boys, arms entwined in the age-old custom of little girls, heads bent, whispering together, chalking hearts

Continuing . . . My Mother Said I Never Should from page 25.

and initials on walls, treasuring grubby notes.

But all those long, summer days I trudged home alone down the gravelly road, between the rows of peppercorns, kicking up the dust in a golden haze as I went. With each week my schoolcase grew heavier, my heart lay like lead under my white pinny.

It was my sister who finally brought a friend home. She seemed like a lovely treasure to us as she stood grinning in the kitchen at the back of the shop . . . a sturdy, brown-skinned little girl, with velvety brown eyes and a broad nose.

How we loved her . . . Irene McKenna . . . we dragged out our collection of dolls and books to show her, we tried on each other's clothes and hair ribbons, we dressed up in my mother's old high-heeled shoes and discarded dresses. We loved her for her careless good humor, her sparkle, her sense of high adventure and self-confidence.

Irene could never be intimidated by the grown-ups. She was always complete mistress of any situation. She had the rarest kind of self-reliance, which got her out of all kinds of scrapes without a scratch. It was always Irene who hung by her toes from the topmost branch of a yolk gum, it was Irene who was caned for giggling in school and bore it with a grin, it was Irene who asked my mother's permission to go on picnics, to stay up later than nine o'clock.

And finally, one Saturday afternoon, she brought her elder sister, Edna, to play with us. Edna was twelve, short for her age, with a dusky skin thick with freckles, and deep, melancholy brown eyes. Where Irene was all sparkle and cheeky wit, life and a brood of younger brothers and sisters had already taught Edna to go quietly.

She counselled us with wisdom and a kind of grim, unchildlike maturity. She acted as a brake on the wild schemes of Irene; in fact, she spent most of her life keeping Irene within the bounds imposed by society.

Towards my mother she adopted a flattering, humble whine. She sensed that this was the way she was expected to behave. But away from the shop she was like a wise old mother to the rest of us. Very early she taught us that, to avoid too much trouble, it was much better to pretend to be somebody quite different.

But Irene taught us no such thing. She stood up to life and took the battering it gave her with a grin. All through that winter she skipped along the road to school beside us. I can still see her with the frost nipping her brown cheeks scarlet.

The days when, laughing without malice or shame, she told us about her old black Nana, who lived in a camp outside Kunji, and smoked a pipe. And all the while Edna, trying to shut her up, grinned with admiration at the challenge thrown out to Jarrabin and to us.

"Yeah, she's an ol' black gin. She usta come an' see us, but she's gettin' old now. She's Dad's mother. You've seen me dad, haven't y'?" He works for the oil company. He's half abo, me dad. Next month he says we're gettin' in the truck an' goin' t'see Nana."

"Do you like going to see her?" I asked timidly.

"Yeah. She gives us lollies an' tells us beaut stories, don't she, Ed? We stay at the camp an' don't come home for about a week. We love Nana."

She went dancing down the road, the mist around her shoulders. We envied Irene her black Nana. She seemed infinitely preferable to any Nana we'd heard about. To us Irene was the salt of the earth, the good, brown Australian earth, with gumleaf and glitter and scent in it.

It was inevitable that the joyful winter must come to an end. The children of Jarrabin were divided into groups as rigid as those that divided their

parents, groups that took their cue from their parents.

Edna and Irene were high on the list of unsuitable children to play with. They were the lowest of the low in Jarrabin society, where the divisions were as clearly marked as Toorak and Fitzroy.

Their mother was a thin, red-headed woman with skin as white as milk; their father, a big, thick-shouldered truck-driver, proud of his aboriginal ancestry. They rented an old unpainted weatherboard down near the railway siding. Near them the navvies and their families had put up homes of discarded sleepers and clay daub.

Sometimes Edna and Irene took us to play with the navvies' kids in the scrubby bush beside the railway line. We were never lonely any more, either in school or out of it. The navvies' kids were our mates, they stuck by us, they protected us, they taught us their ideas of honesty, toler-

ance, and courage. We grew in stature beside them in the bush and gravelly roads of Jarrabin.

Sometimes Edna and Irene took us home for bread and jam. I can still see the smiling woman with hair like flame, and the brown baby nuzzling at her breast, a breast as dazzling white as milk! I can see the warmth of the kitchen stove reflected in her eyes, and the beautiful picture the little sucking babe made in the firelight. I tried to share it with my mother. Her eyes narrowed, she got that pinched look around her mouth I'd learned to dread.

"Did their mother sit there and feed the baby in front of you?" she asked.

I nodded my head dumbly.

"You can have Edna and Irene here to play if you like," she said. "But you mustn't go to their place any more."

But, after all, it was quite a simple incident that lost us Edna and Irene forever. My mother was sorting out her chest of drawers one Saturday afternoon . . . laddered stockings, powder bottles, broken strings of beads stacked in heaps on the bedroom floor. Every now and again she'd select a gift for Edna and Irene from the most worthless heaps.

Edna accepted them with apparent humility, Irene with a sparkle of mischief in her eyes. A tiny scent bottle, almost empty, tied with satin ribbon, gleamed at her feet. She picked it up and put it in the pocket of her pinny. My mother's sharp eyes bored into Irene's pocket.

"What is that you've put in there, Irene?"

Irene thrust it back at her. "Here," she said. "I thought you was throwin' it out."

"There's no need to make up lies about it, Irene," said my mother coldly. "I'd call it stealing."

"Oh, Irene, how could you," said Edna, "when Mrs. Coglin's been so kind to us. You'll promise you won't do it again, won't you, Irene?"

We stood there in an agony

To page 50

READERS' CHOICE CONTEST

• "My Mother Said I Never Should" is the third to be published of six prize-winning stories from our recent short-story contest held in conjunction with the International Correspondence Schools.

These six stories are the background for our interesting Readers' Choice Contest, for which cash prizes amounting to £85 will be awarded.

This is what you have to do:

Read "My Mother Said I Never Should" carefully and the three which will follow week by week until the issue of November 27.

When you have read the six, vote for the story you consider the best. (The first, "Tail of a Wallaby," appeared in the October 23 issue; the second, "The Ghost That Went Walkabout," appeared last week.)

In our November 27 and December 4 issues we will publish a voting coupon with the six stories listed. Simply indicate on the coupon which story you think the best and write and attach to it a 50-word letter giving the reasons why.

Readers' votes will win an additional £100 for one of the authors. Each author has already won £50 prize-money. Phyllis Rose, author of "Tail of a Wallaby," also won an extra £100, the special award for an author who had never before had any work published.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.

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**GET THE FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE
AND SAVE UP TO 2/2**



**stops TOOTH
DECAY BEST**



KEEPS CHILDREN'S TEETH HEALTHY

Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter — brighter — and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM IS AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST — AMERICA'S LARGEST — THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING DENTAL CREAM

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 6, 1957

Page 49

Thank You -
beautiful women all
over the world, for
making Lustre-Creme
the fastest-selling
shampoo of all!



Hollywood's favourite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars... it never dries, it beautifies!

Elizabeth Taylor

starring in M.G.M.'s "RAINTREE COUNTY"
in M.G.M. Camera 65 and Metrocolour



Tubettes 1/3, Small Size 2/-, Large Economy Size 3/6

BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY
SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

Also available in creamy satin-soft lotion
form in leakproof Bubbles... 1/3 each

Continuing . . .

My Mother Said I Never Should

[from page 49]

of embarrassment. A slow, red flush crept up my cheeks as I heard my mother lecturing Irene on the evils of stealing. A sixpenny scent bottle, I thought bitterly, and she has to make all this fuss.

"Say you're sorry, Irene. Go on, say it," Edna was shaking her. "She's sorry, Mrs. Coglin, really she is, but she just won't say it."

We stood in silence, longing for Irene to save herself from a fate we knew, sure as death, was rushing towards all of us . . . knowing that she wouldn't, and knowing, too, that, if she did, some of the glory of her would run off for us forever.

Whichever way things went we'd lose her, and we stood there sorrowfully, loving her, with our hearts as heavy as cunchees out of the creekbed.

"If you say you're sorry you can keep it," my mother said with cunning. But Irene flung the scent bottle at my mother's feet and sped, like a shaft of sunlight, into the clean, sweet air of Jarrabin.

"You'd better go home, Edna," said my mother, her mouth as hard as iron.

Edna turned and went without a backward glance. She knew when she was beaten. We stood dumbly in the kitchen, and our grief was too great even to cry.

"You can't have Irene and Edna back to play," said my mother, turning and thrusting her broad hands viciously into the flour bin. We could see the ugly red flush on the back of her neck. "I can't stand stealing. All niggers are the same. Give them an inch and they'll take a mile. The minute your back's turned they're shoving things in their pockets. Don't ask to have them again. I can't stand liars."

Then, conscious of the misery in the room, she tried to soften the blow. "We'll find some nice little girls for you to play with."

We wandered out into the yard and sat among the discarded packing-cases and petrol drums that littered the place. The sunlight was cold and thin as our hopes. A chill wind sawed at the boughs of a broken gum by the picket fence.

We still played with Edna and Irene at school, but it wasn't the same. We couldn't join the gang of kids at the railway yard. We had to come straight home. Edna and Irene couldn't call for us at the shop or come round to our place.

My mother started asking the daughters of the local aris-

ocracy in to play, providing little afternoon teas and a dolly teaset, a gramophone with lots of children's records, and other bribes guaranteed to make us popular. It worked, of course, and the bank manager's daughter, the doctor's daughter, and the agent's daughter all came around to play in the dim rooms behind the shop.

We found ourselves quite popular within a limited section of Jarrabin society . . . the section that did not live on a landlord-tenant basis with my parents. Cunningly we were weaned away from Edna and Irene and the navvies' kids. To make the break more complete, that summer I began to grow up.

I fell violently and secretly in love for the first time, with Duncan Walters, the son of the stationmaster. Duncan used to pass me notes under the desk. He left school and went to work as a grocer's assistant at the Co-op. I used to walk down to the corner every night and hang about the door, watching for his red hair and white apron to bob up behind the counter.

All that hot summer I nursed a secret passion for Duncan. I used to spend hours dawdling among the midges, waiting for Duncan to notice me, but he never did. He had left all that kid stuff far behind.

Arm in arm we strolled to school with the bank manager's daughter. Irene and Edna stopped waiting for us at the gates. Edna was the last to let us go. Irene gave us away as soon as she sensed which way the wind was blowing. We were hurt by her desertion, but we knew, as well as she did, that the betrayal was ours.

The town settled back into the red dust of summer, and my mother decided the time had come to move on. Her children needed a better education, better opportunities than Jarrabin could give them.

And she needed to lay the ghost of a boozy old father, who'd been the biggest soak and sponger in the district. I always felt that the ghost of that bleary old man, weaving through the red dust of Jarrabin, was the motivating force behind all my mother's restless energy and determination to be somebody.

The first winter grass was springing up, green as paint, between the railway lines

the navvies' camp. We had lived a whole year in Jarrabin. I was twelve years old, and I know now that I was just as lonely, just as unhappy as I'd been when we first arrived.

The only happiness I'd known in that town was last winter, when we'd been mates with Edna and Irene McKenna. If only I could go back to last winter, I thought, kicking moodily at the tussocks of dry grass left over from the summer.

Then I saw them, running barefooted over the grass towards the bush, the navvies' kids with Irene McKenna in the lead, springing through the gum saplings, as brown and shining as she was herself.

"Irene, Irene," I whispered. I hid behind the clump of sighing she-oaks. For one brief instant I caught a glimpse of Irene's laughing face before she disappeared among the thin trunks of the trees. She hadn't seen me; she wasn't coming back. She would never come back.

"Irene, Irene!" I wailed. The trailing strands of the snapped wire on the railway fence stopped me as I ran forward. I stood, leaning against the rusting fence post, smelling the fresh green of the grass, the new cut logs for winter fires on Jarrabin's hillside.

I could see, through my tears, the last of the navvies' kids disappearing into the scrub, their laughter seeming to float back at me, mocking as kookaburra's laughter.

"Irene!" I called. "Irene, come back!" But she was too far away. The tears dripped between my fingers, glistened for a second on the strands of the wire fence, and dropped slowly, bitterly, into the green grass of Jarrabin.

I never saw Irene McKenna or Jarrabin again. We left at dusk, piled into the back of the car amongst the luggage and blankets. As we passed the graveyard, where my grandfather and all his roistering memories lay safely buried under the Jarrabin earth, my mother straightened her hat.

I caught my breath. Against the pale wash of the night sky her profile was silhouetted clearly, or was it just a trick of the light . . . the deep, melancholy brown eyes, the slightly flattened nose, the faintly dusky skin.

"We'll find some really nice little girls for you to play with in Perth," my mother said, turning her back forever on the wire fences of Jarrabin.

Somewhere a dingo whined hoarsely out of the night, the she-oaks' sigh was lost in the shunting trains at the siding.

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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

SMART floral transfers in gay colors of red and green featured on Iron-on Transfer No. FP203 are suitable for decorating clothing or any household linens. Price, 2/6. Also available is the pat-

tern for the attractive bib-front apron shown at right. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust, the pattern costs only 2/-.

Order from our Needle-work Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



Three clever ways
to vary a simple recipe

For "Party-Time" Entertaining



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AEROPHOS
ENTOLETED
FOR PURITY
DATE STAMPED
FOR FRESHNESS
EASY-TO-MAKE RECIPES
ON EVERY PACKET

CHOCOLATE SANDWICHES

Cut first piece through centre and then into 6 squares. Join the layers with thick chocolate icing mixed with chopped dates.



BRAMBLE CAKES

Cut second piece into 6 rounds with a 1 1/2" cutter (use left-over pieces for trifle). Brush with lemon-butter coloured red and roll in coconut.



NUT FINGERS

Cut third piece into 8 fingers 1/2" x 3 1/2". Coat each finger with mock cream or white icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.



It's easy to be a Smart Cookie
with Mother's Choice Flour

FOLLOW this June Clyde's 'kitchen-tested' recipe for the *easiest* cake you ever made . . . a cake that's a dream with cream, nice with any sort of frosting . . . a cake you'll want to whip up often for Sunday night suppers or for 'rush' afternoon teas . . .

Then use the lavish but simple finishes we've illustrated to create from it three excitingly different 'party-time' surprises. First the basic cake is baked in a pan 11in. x 7in. and when cold, should be cut into three, so that each piece is about 3 1/2in. x 7in.

And don't forget that for "party-time" entertaining, or any entertaining, there's nothing like KINKARA tea to make your guests feel welcome.

See how they enjoy the first fragrant, flavour-filled cup . . . how they come back for more.

KINKARA tea is money-saving tea.

too, because weight for weight it gives most cups per pound, as well as most enjoyment.

—it's the most!



June Clyde's BASIC ONE-MIX CAKE RECIPE Yankee Doodle Cake

- PLACE in bowl 2 cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour sifted with 1/4 level teaspoon salt.
- ADD 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup soft shortening, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup milk.
- BEAT 2 mins. on Speed 2 of Mixmaster or with wooden spoon.
- COOK in greased 7" x 11" pan, in moderate oven, 30 mins.
- COOL in pan standing on cake cooler for ten mins. then turn out.

AVOID SHRINKAGE!



When a dress shrinks (even a little) you lose your comfort—you even lose your money if you can't wear it. Don't let this happen to you. Whenever you buy a dress, always look for "Sanforized" on the label . . . then you are sure it will fit through countless washings.

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The "Sanforized" trade mark is applied to a fabric only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked through the service of the owner of the trade mark, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., to insure maintenance of its established standard.

CP4-16

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER



WILLIAM POWELL, who played the butler Godfrey in the original film, and . . .



CAROLE LOMBARD, who took the part of the zany sophisticate Irene Bullock.



IN A SCENE from Universal-International's technicolor remake of "My Man Godfrey" are, from left, Martha Hyer, Jay Robinson, June Allyson, and Jessie Royce Landis.

Comedy hit back in new guise

★ Filmgoers with long memories will soon have an opportunity to judge for themselves whether two of today's top stars possess the magic of such toplineers of two decades ago as the late Carole Lombard and William Powell.

WHEN June Allyson and David Niven agreed to play the star roles of "My Man Godfrey," they knew that comparisons with the performances of Lombard and Powell in the well-loved 1936 original would be inevitable.

William Powell and Carole Lombard both won nominations for 1936 Oscars with "Godfrey."

David Niven, his career now at a new high point after "Around the World in 80 Days," appears to have things a little easier than his co-star.

To the role of the butler he will bring not only very much the same kind of polished worldliness that was Powell's specialty but he even has something of the outward appearance of his predecessor.

The story concerns a zany social family from Long Island, who employ Niven, an Austrian nobleman down on

his luck and who has become a tramp, as butler.

One of Niven's most spectacular and resourceful feats in this role is to secure for the head of the house, June's father, the loan of half-a-million dollars.

When June decides she wants to marry David and is prepared to fight for her right to happiness, the main opposition comes from her sister (Martha Hyer), who considers him impossible as an "in-law" until she finds out about the title.

Zany family

In the original version Martha's role was played by Gail Patrick.

Jessie Royce Landis has the part of the mother, the zaniest of the entire zany family.

This role was played by Alice Brady in the original, with the late Eugene Pallette playing the father, the only conventional character of them all.

The big question to older filmgoers is how will little

It's new . . . it's the bandage and the antiseptic combined in one!

Amazing new **ANTISEPTIC**

HEALEX

THE BANDAGE YOU SPRAY ON

**A COMPLETE FIRST-AID
FOR ALL MINOR INJURIES**

You press the valve—past—the bandage is on and the wound is protected—completely. With HEALEX it's as simple and easy as that. No need for iodine or other antiseptics, no searching for ointments, adhesives, no messing with old-fashioned, bulky fabrics because when you spray on Healex you apply, in the one simple action, the most effective antiseptic and bandage there is.

It's a transparent, almost invisible, watertight dressing that effectively SEALS OUT dust, dirt, germs, doesn't fall off, doesn't wash off—even in the bath—doesn't get in the way of work or play—yet just peels off when healing is under way.

And HEALEX will stay on—even elbows, knuckles, knees and places that were impossible to bandage effectively before.

NOW is the time to have Healex in your home—BEFORE THE ACCIDENT HAPPENS. Get HEALEX SPRAY BANDAGE TODAY from your Chemist!

Each can contains nearly 200 applications—your year's supply of bandages and antiseptics.

★ **COSTS LESS THAN 1d. PER BANDAGE!**

● **HEALEX IS COMFORTABLE, FLEXIBLE**—gives with the movement of joints—won't fall off.
● **HEALEX IS WATERPROOF, DURABLE**—won't wash or rub off, isn't affected by swimming, washing, household chores.

● **HEALEX IS TRANSPARENT**—lets you see the wound heal.
● **HEALEX CONTAINS ITS OWN ANTISEPTIC**—no other dressing necessary.
● **HEALEX effectively SEALS OUT germs, dirt—yet LETS THE WOUND BREATHE.**

DAD!
Healex is ideal for shaving nicks. Doesn't show, doesn't soil collars. Stops infection.



A PETER BARRY PRODUCT

Hollywood colors

'My Man Godfrey'

June (who has been playing nice girls since she made "Music for Millions" with Deanna Durbin in 1944) handle the role the late Carole Lombard, that flawless and sophisticated comedienne, made virtually her own.

Carole had the essence of glamor and personal magnetism. The one thing no one ever accused her of being was "a nice girl."

This will be June's second revival role this year.

Earlier she was seen in the old Claudette Colbert part in "It Happened One Night," released this time under the title "You Can't Run Away From It."

June is 33

Clark Gable played with Claudette in the original film, which, like "My Man Godfrey," was made in the boom film period of the 'thirties.

In the remake, Jack Lemmon played the old Gable role opposite June.

Both of these revivals have placed June, who is now 33, though she often doesn't look it, in more sophisticated roles.

Voted in 1947 by American college girls as "the screen's most lovable girl," June has reached the point where she must either leave behind the Mary Pickford characterisations for good or quietly fade off the screen.

That Hollywood doesn't want this to happen is indicated by the standing of her most recent co-stars, Rossano Brazzi and David Niven, both of them top box-office names.

June and her husband, actor-singer-turned-producer Dick Powell, are now together again after a short separation some months ago.

When the scandal magazine "Confidential" attacked June and linked her name with other men, Powell stood staunchly by her side.

Certainly in real life June is most attractive to men, as was proved by the number of her escorts during the months of her separation from her husband.

Hollywood friends of the couple attributed the temporary break-up of the marriage to the fact that June had been overworking.

In quick succession she had made "You Can't Run Away From It," "The Opposite Sex," "Interlude," and then "My Man Godfrey."

Certainly during the making of this last film June lost weight, was away ill for a week, and as a consequence had to have her entire wardrobe refitted.

"The whole separation trouble started," one of her friends said, "when June took the pressure from the set home with her."

Met on set

The couple patched up their differences when June followed Dick out to Honolulu, where he was directing "The Enemy Below," and spent two weeks with him during shooting.

Dick and June first met when they co-starred in "The Reformer and the Redhead" and another film made that year, "Right Cross."

IRENE BULLOCK (June Allyson) and Godfrey (David Niven), the cultured tramp who turned out to be an Austrian count, in a hilarious scene from the new CinemaScope version of the popular 1936 original.



They both started their film careers as dancers and singers, though it's a long time now since Powell deserted acting for production and direction.

It was he, incidentally, who directed June in "You Can't Run Away From It."

The film in which June made her movie debut was "Girl Crazy," with Mickey Rooney as the star.

The Powells live in a rambling ranch-type house in a canyon between Hollywood and the Pacific. They have their own private lake and a

good-sized orchard of mixed fruit trees.

They have been married for 12 years, and have two children, a son, Ricky, who is now seven, and an adopted daughter, Pamela.

What the film-makers haven't yet been able to do successfully is to capture on the screen June's real-life quality of womanly allure.

It is paradoxical that in a profession whose members desperately cling to their youth, June Allyson doesn't seem able to shake hers off.



DAVID NIVEN displays the same polished worldliness as his predecessor in the role. This is June Allyson's second break away from her "nice little girl" characterisations.

Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!



You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

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FLORAL FRAGRANT — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

IT'S SAFE — Sanpic is non-poisonous . . . perfectly safe to use anywhere . . . to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

ECONOMICAL, TOO — With Sanpic Concentrated Disinfectant you need only use a little at a time—in fact, a teaspoonful or so is all that is necessary in most instances.

Floral
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Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant



TODAY *You* CAN HAVE THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

NOW IN AUSTRALIA THE POWDER DETERGENT THAT HAS SWEEPED THE WORLD!

Surf is here! Surf, the miraculous new powder detergent that created a sensation in England, America, Canada, France, Sweden, Holland. In country after country, women found—as you will find—that Surf washes clothes thoroughly clean, amazingly clean, THE WORLD'S CLEANEST.

SURF'S MIRACLE ACTION GETS CLOTHES CLEANEST. Surf acts like a magnet! It takes a grip on dirt, draws it out of the weave and holds it clear of the clothes. You actually see the dirt fall out. Then, with only one rinse, you'll find your clothes thoroughly clean—and not even a trace of scum on the rinsing water. Surf gets your whole wash clean, clean, the World's Cleanest.

**No soap, no soap powder, no other
washday product known — WILL WASH
YOUR CLOTHES AS CLEAN AS SURF!**



**WORLD'S
CLEANEST WASH**

In washing machine or copper, Surf gets clothes cleaner than any other washing product you've ever used. Surf leaves clothes completely free from dirt—even the greasiest overalls! And Surf removes dulling soap film, too. Once you've tried Surf, no other standard of cleanness will do!



**WORLD'S
WHITEST WASH**

Your sheets, pillow cases and towels will gleam on the line when they have their first Surf wash. Surf gets whites more sparkling white than any other washing product known. Hard to believe? It's a fact. Try Surf and prove it!



**WORLD'S
BRIGHTEST WASH**

Forgotten how bright your prints and coloureds really are? Then give them a trip through Surf! See how much brighter they look—because they are so much cleaner! And with all its unbeatable washing power, Surf is safe—even with delicate fabrics.

DRAMATIC PROOF! SURF GIVES THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH* ... washing machine or copper!



Ordinary
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Miraculous
SURF

Put a load of clothes into Surf and, while you watch, you'll see the dirt falling out, streaming out, darkening the water. Take out a glass of this washing water. You'll find it nearly black with dirt that has been drawn out of the clothes by Surf's miraculous cleaning action. That's how Surf gets your clothes so amazingly clean. And the miracle isn't over yet. After the whites have been washed you can put your boileable coloureds into the same water because it's impossible to boil dirt back into the weave. You'll find your coloureds come out the WORLD'S CLEANEST, too.



**NO MORE
WASH-UP SCUM WITH SURF!**

Surf's special detergent action cuts under grease, lifts it up and dissolves it completely away. No streaks left on glassware—no greasy scum around your sink either. Dishes drain dry—sparkling clean!

**SURF ELIMINATES
DRYING-UP!**

* Same wonderful results even in hard water



**DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY BACK**

Guarantee

Surf will do everything claimed for it in this advertisement. If you're not completely satisfied, return the unused part of your Surf packet to J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 4326, Sydney, and you'll have double the price you paid for Surf refunded to you.

Home with the Damones

● Although lovely Pier Angeli was born in Italy she is more typical today of the average young Hollywood actress than many of her American counterparts.

PIER and her singer husband, Vic Damone, live in an old two-story house in exclusive Bel Air.

Their next-door neighbor is Dean Martin, and the two wives are constantly crossing between their properties to spend a quiet hour chatting or borrowing a cup of sugar, just like housewives all over America.

From the street their house looks just like all the others. Spacious, well-kept lawns, just enough shrubbery around the house to take away any look of bareness, and a trim coat of fresh paint.

Caring for the outside appearance is the task of a gardener who comes three times a week to cut the grass, trim the bushes, and tidy the grounds.

Washing the many windows, keeping the house in constant repair, and assisting the maid in the difficult cleaning tasks inside and out is the job of another fellow who comes once a week.

The inside of the house is taken care of by a combination maid-cook-nursemaid, who does the cleaning, cooking, and minding of the Damones' two-year-old son, Perry Rocco Luigi.

The interior decoration is a

combination of early American, French Provincial, and modern periods. The early American is seen in solid maple chairs, tables, and other occasional pieces patterned after the furniture used by early settlers.

This is one of the most popular types of furniture in Hollywood.

The Provincial, or French Provincial, as it is usually called, is more decorative and delicate. Though sometimes in one of the darker woods, it is most popular in its typical ash-grey.

Many modern-day stars feel the Provincial is too dainty for today's living. Others feel the "modern" is too "cold" after it has been in the house for a while.

This group, the in-betweens, have turned to the early American style with its home-spun warmth and comfort.

The Damones have successfully combined all three styles in their home.

In the spacious den there is a huge piano and a large television set. Another television set is in Pier and Vic's luxurious bedroom, and a third set is packed away in a

closet. In their fanatic addiction to television, the Damones are typical of the rest of the movie colony—and of America itself.

They seldom leave the house once they have returned from a trip or Pier comes home after a hard day at the studio.

The house has three bedrooms, three bathrooms, a large den, a dining-room, a kitchen, a covered patio containing lush foliage, and a large swimming-pool.

At weekends the Damone family takes up residence on the patio around the pool. Here they cook barbecue meals, with Damone doing most of the cooking, as is the custom at American barbecues.

To visitors driving by the trim house, it looks just like any of the others on the street.

It could be, too, except that it is lived in by two Hollywood celebrities.



MOST FORMAL room in the Damones' attractive timber house is the period dining-room.



PIER ANGELI and husband Vic Damone give baby Perry a hand on to the back patio of their nine-roomed home.



TELEVISION in their bedroom is one of the Damones' extravaganzas. They have two other sets, one in the den and another portable set which they use when travelling.



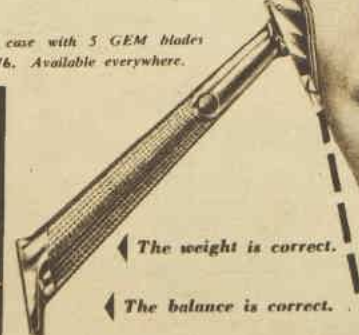
DRESSING PERRY is one of Pier's pleasures when she has a day at home. The huge toy (foreground) is made of felt.

Now! Gem let's you shave more naturally-closer, smoother than ever before!

THE NEW
'NATURAL ANGLE'
RAZOR GLIDES
NEAR-VERTICALLY
DOWN YOUR FACE!



In travel case with 5 GEM blades
PRICE 10/6. Available everywhere.



◀ The weight is correct.

◀ The balance is correct.

OLD WAY:
Ordinary round-top razors have no special angle of shave. Curve of razor-top prevents really close shaving.



* It's here! GEM's new "Natural Angle" Razor! New "Flat-top" design means the razor-head lies flat against the face, so the blade glides through your stubble at the natural, near vertical angle of 15°.

It shaves closer. Your finger-tips tell you your face is smoother.

Feel it. The balance and weight are correct. See how fast it loads! Click it open . . . insert the blade . . . snap shut. Blades last far longer because there's less wear on the cutting edge when the blade meets the stubble at the natural angle.

For a smoother face every day—
shave the "Natural Angle" way—

IT'S THE NEW WAY TO AVOID 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW



Christmas
won't be
Christmas
without a Big Sister Plum Pudding



This is the way a pudding should taste! The choicest fruit, tender flavoursome candy peels and grand old rum and brandy keep 'Big Sister' Plum Pudding moist and mellow. At all grocers, vacuum-packed in 1-lb., Family Size and big 3-lb. tins.

**...and Rich
 Fruit
 Cake**



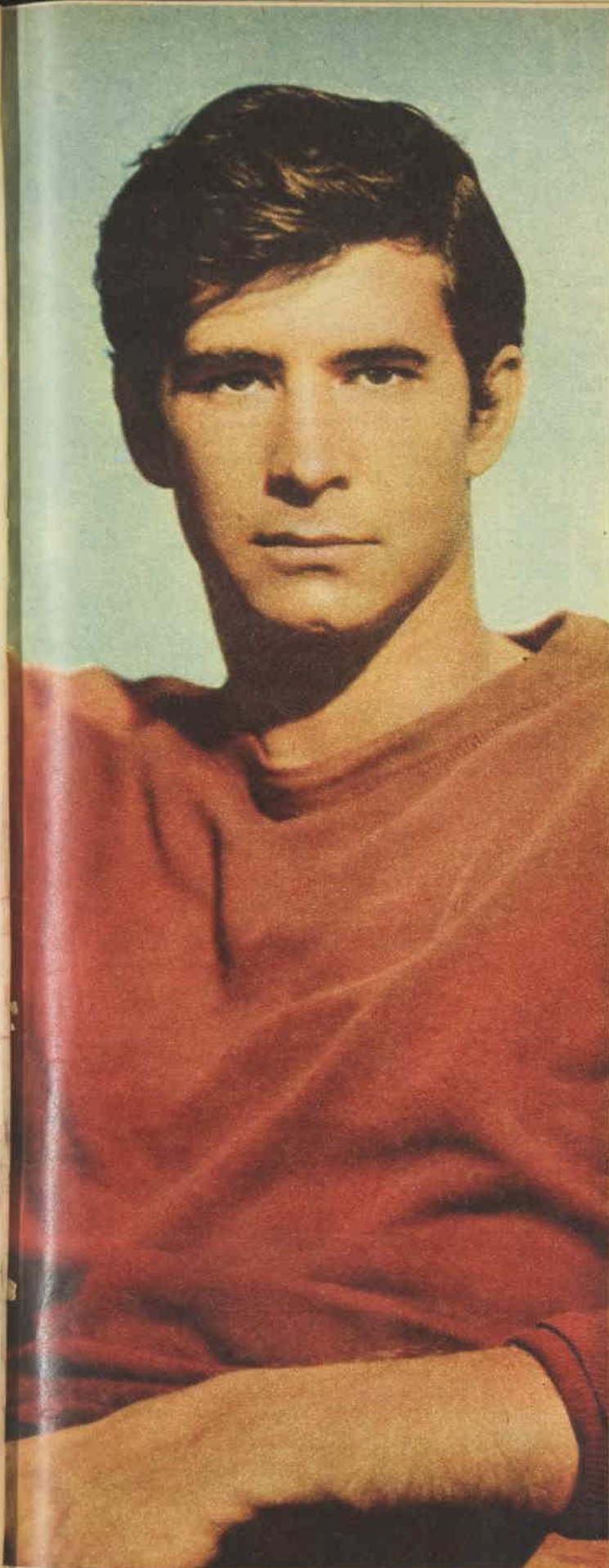
Why make and bake when you can serve "Big Sister" rich fruit cake? It's full of goodness and delicious to the last crumb. Sealed in 2 and 3lb. gaily wrapped cartons. Also in re-usable decorated tins!

Big Sister

Home baked in the ovens of

LILLIS & COMPANY LIMITED, SYDNEY Makers of Fruit Mix, Citrus Peels, Red Cherries

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 6, 1957



ANTHONY PERKINS

● Tall, shy, and charming, 25-year-old Tony Perkins is hailed as the one promising actor capable of becoming a box-office personality big enough to take the place of Hollywood's ageing stars. Film fans will see him soon in the Paramount picture "Desire Under the Elms," with co-star Sophia Loren.



SOPHIA LOREN

● Lovely, statuesque Sophia is one of the most popular European stars ever to go to Hollywood. Expecting her to be temperamental, Americans found her instead gracious and friendly. Sophia recently married film producer Carlo Ponti, who guided her from obscurity to present stardom.

FILM FAN-FARE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

I am
Indian Tea...
my quality
begins
with the
seed



taste Indian Tea
and you have tasted the world's
most popular tea

PS 17-5

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VARICOSE VEINS

Send for new
FREE booklet

Featherweight Lastonet Nylons give healthful support to Varicose Veins and are invisible under your ordinary stockings. LASTONET - (combined elastic nylon) stretches in any direction, lightly massaging the leg as it moves, and letting the air circulate freely.

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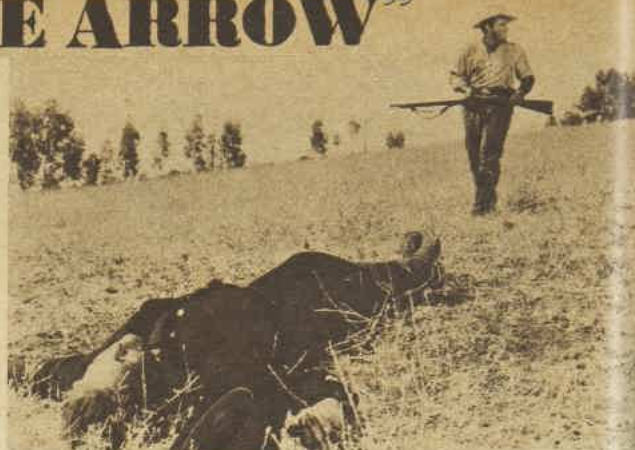
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In my country they have
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With such men to
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"RUN OF THE ARROW"

★ Powerful actor Rod Steiger makes his bow as a romantic hero in R.K.O.'s outdoor drama "Run of the Arrow," which is filmed in R.K.O.-Scope and technicolor. Rod plays a tough Civil War rebel who, after the South's surrender, joins the Sioux nation to carry on his war against the United States. Mexican actress Sarita Montiel plays the Sioux girl who saves Steiger from death and later becomes his wife.



1 SHARPSHOOTER Steiger wounds Yankee soldier Meeker in what is the last shot fired in the Civil War. Disgusted with the South's surrender, Steiger heads west to join the Sioux, who are still fighting the U.S.



2 CAPTURED by a renegade Sioux band, Steiger is made to play the Indian torture game "Run of the Arrow." Sarita saves him from death.



3 APPEARING before Chief Blue Buffalo, Steiger announces he has survived the Run, and claims the traditional right of friendship. Declaring himself against the U.S., he is taken into the tribe and allowed to marry Sarita.



4 AGREEMENT with Sioux chief gives U.S. Army right to build fort in tribal territory. Steiger, sent as a Sioux scout, recognises his enemy, Meeker.



5 VIOLATING Army agreement, Meeker orders fort built in Sioux buffalo country. After Steiger, sent to negotiate, is kept prisoner by Meeker, the Sioux attack. Steiger is released in the fighting and, in turn, captures Meeker.



6 BACK at the Sioux village Meeker is tied to a stake and about to be skinned alive for his treachery when Steiger, unable to watch his enemy's suffering, shoots him between the eyes.



7 REALISING that despite his old bitterness over the Civil War the U.S. is his country, Steiger farewells the Sioux, and leaves with Sarita to guide to safety whites who have survived the raid.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 6, 1957

"Hollywood stars believe in **LUX TOILET SOAP...** I've used Lux for years."



Jane Powell stars in "The Girl Most Likely", an R.K.O. picture in Technicolor and R.K.O.-Scope.

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JANE POWELL

... because Lux is so mild and gentle ...
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The Lux Talent Scout didn't waste much time spotting lovely Marie Louise Browne, a 20-year-old Brisbane receptionist. Marie Louise has a charming smile and a clear olive complexion: "With my dark colouring, clear skin is most important," says Marie Louise. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my complexion smooth and flawless."



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Perms up to 15 curls
for only 5/6



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NEW WIDE LOOK Beautiful new hair style that goes way out at the sides. To keep that smooth but puffed-out look, you'll need the soft perming of Tweeny Twink curls at the sides—maybe six at each side.



PONY TAIL CONVERTIBLE By day, let it be a pony tail that takes naturally to sun and sports; by night, twist it into a beguiling little chignon or French roll. But first, make it infinitely manageable with several Tweeny Twink curls.

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Twink—the home perm with special oil conditioner for silky-soft waves without frizz

T7.WW144p

Continuing . . .

Letter From Peking

from page 29

"Sam," he said cautiously.

"It's Sam."

"Right!" Sam cried with delight. "Why, you're in fine shape. You've been taken real good care of—"

I longed to leave them and slip away to Rennie's room. If I were alone with my son surely there would be one good moment of embrace—just one, and I would ask no more. But Sam was watching me. When I stole towards the door he stopped me.

"Ma'am," he said, "you won't misunderstand me when I say it's better to leave Rennie to himself for a while. He'll come back to you in good time, but it'll have to be his time."

"I feel it," I said, and sat down and waited.

And Rennie's door opened at last and he came in. He had changed his clothes to brown slacks and a tweed jacket that I had never seen before. His black hair was brushed smooth and he wore a red tie. I saw him as a man, a very handsome man, and, though young, he had reserves of power somewhere. Would I ever know him again and, if so, then how?

"How are you, Grandfather?" he said, and he came to Baba and knelt at his side as a Chinese grandson might have done and took Baba's hand.

Baba stared at him reflectively.

"Are you my son Gerald?"

"Only your grandson," Rennie said.

They looked at each other and, face to face, I saw the resemblance between them for the

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

first time. Rennie's profile, changing with manhood, takes on the Scotch lines and not the Chinese.

"My grandson," Baba repeated, and suddenly he leaned forward and kissed Rennie on the forehead. I had never seen him kiss anyone before. Rennie was moved and put Baba's hand to his cheek.

"I'm glad I came home," he said. He turned to me and I saw tears in his eyes.

We had a merry evening after that. Those two young men made a chair of their crossed hands and they carried Baba downstairs and he sat at the table with us. Then, for gaiety, I ran upstairs and put on my wine-velvet dinner gown, which I had not worn since Gerald and I parted. The last night in Shanghai we went alone to dine at the Astor Hotel and afterwards to dance, and I put on this one festive gown that I had saved through all the war.

We danced cheek to cheek, forgetting the crowded streets outside and determined for a few hours to mingle with the European guests gathered in the hotel, most of them ready to sail away forever from the country they loved, but to which they could never belong. And we knew, Gerald and I, without ever saying it, that he would stay and I must go. I am sure he knew.

For a moment tonight I was about to take the gown off again, and then I would not. Everything I was and owned must become a part of this

house, this valley, and I have no other country than my own. So I went downstairs and the two young men stood up when I came in and each of them looked at me with surprise.

I was suddenly a woman and they had not realised it before. Well, I was glad that Rennie saw me as someone else other than mother, for perhaps he will not fear me so much. As for Sam, it does not matter what he saw.

I PUT Rennie at the head of the table and I sat at the foot with Baba at my right, so that I could cut his meat for him. The soup was hot in the Chinese bowls I had once bought in New York because they were like the ones I had in Peking, only the ware is not so fine, and we began our evening meal. And Rennie was suddenly quite gay, too, and he began to talk, and Sam was as suddenly silent and almost shy.

"I'm going to teach Sam to ski," Rennie said. "He's lived in such flat country that he doesn't know what it is to ski down a mountainside."

"There are extra skis in the attic," I said.

"I don't know as I want to come down a mountain," Sam said. "It takes nerve, the kind I haven't."

"Of all the kinds of nerve you have," Rennie said, "you should be able to summon another. I've seen you come down out of the sky in that single-engine plane of yours at a speed that ought to make you ready to ski down Everest itself."

"I don't carry the engine on my feet," Sam said.

They were hungry and they ate heartily and I sat and watched them. It was good to have guests at the table. I had sat alone so long. I took pride in the roast lamb and the peas and the small, browned potatoes and lettuce salad. And I had remembered the apple pies that Rennie loves, served with cheese slices and hot coffee.

"I don't remember your being such a good cook," Rennie said, throwing me a smile.

"This is a special effort," I said.

"I wouldn't like to have to eat as good a dinner every day," Sam declared. He had recovered from whatever shyness he had and was himself again. I saw him let out his belt a notch or two, hiding this from me politely. Rennie's good manners are as natural to him as breathing. He absorbed them in Peking from the most mannerly people in the world, and, though he tried to be rough and rude when he left China, he was old enough now to dare to be himself, or very nearly. He was still cautious with me.

When dinner was over the knocker clanged again. We left the table, I forbidding any help with clearing. Time enough for that later, I told Sam, who began at once to stack dishes. Baba was lifted into the living-room and put in a chair by the fire and I had sat opposite him and Rennie and Sam had pulled up the yellow satin sofa and were facing the chimney piece when we heard the clangor.

Rennie turned to me. "Do you expect someone?"

"No," I said. "I cannot imagine who would come at this hour."

He went into the hall and opened the door and Bruce Spaulden stood there, holding

To page 61

in his hand a bunch of pink roses wrapped in cellophane. Rennie stared at him. They knew each other, for Bruce had brought Rennie through tonallitis, but they stared at each other as strangers.

"No one is ill here," Rennie said.

"Rennie!" I cried. "For heaven's sake—"

I went to the door myself and Bruce held out the roses and I took them.

"Come in," I said. "We are sitting around the fire."

He came in and Rennie stood watchful and silent. I put the roses in an old grey pottery bowl that had stood on the table since I was a child. Before I sat down I saw that Baba had fallen peacefully asleep, his head thrown back and his eyes closed.

"Ought we to take him upstairs?" I asked Bruce.

"He looks comfortable," Bruce said, "and he couldn't be more soundly asleep."

We sat down and Rennie was silent between the two men and I caught him looking at me strangely now and again. I felt suddenly happy as I had not been for a long time and soon we were all talking, and Bruce got up and went to the pantry and made some hot coffee, for he will not drink anything else, but Rennie fetched the wine that I keep in the house and poured out glasses for himself and Sam and I wanted nothing and so we sat down again and the talk flowed triangularly between the two men and me. Rennie sat silent and watching.

I really belong here, I kept thinking. It is here I was born, and if I were not so lonely I could forget Peking and at last perhaps I could even forget Gerald. I have not laughed for a long time but I found myself laughing, laughing at the three men.

Each in his way was playing for my attention, Sam very brusque and Western and masculine and Bruce dark and caustic and wary, and Rennie, the young man standing aside from the fencing between the two older men, but watchful and tending the fire. The talk rained but it was all for my

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 60

ears, the fencers preening and displaying themselves before my eyes. I felt a tenderness, amused, unspecified, but valid.

"Revolution," Sam declared, "is an inevitable process. We do not grow by accumulation, as barnacles do. We burst our skins, like snakes, we cast off the old encasements, and emerge afresh."

I was amazed to hear him speak without a trace of his harsh Western idiom. The ranchman's drawl was a shield. I had never seen the real man before.

BRUCE drew upon his pipe, slowly and deeply. Twin jets of smoke feathered from his thin nostrils. "There never was a revolution in man's history that paid its way. The end is always lost in conflict and confusion, out of which evil men rise to power."

"You can't hold back revolution for all of that," Sam insisted. "Endurance has its limit. Explosion is inevitable. Look at China—"

He turned to me and the winds of Asia rushed into the warm closed room. I was swept across the sea again. By force of will I refused to go.

"Let us not talk of China," I said. "Let us never talk of China. Who knows what is happening there?"

Rennie looked up from the fire and the iron poker dropped from his hands. His eyes met mine. I knew I should have to tell him.

The life went out of the evening. I could not listen now to the argument between the men. They continued, their eyes covertly upon me, demanding attention which I could not give. . . . How can I tell Rennie about his father?

"Come into my room, Rennie," I said when the evening was over. I was casual, I made my voice cheerful. "You and I have had no chance to talk. Let's light the fire and settle ourselves."

We had said goodnight to Bruce at the front door and

then to Sam at the head of the stairs. Bruce held my hand for a moment, and I could not be warm. "Thank you for the pink roses," I said stupidly.

"When I think of roses I think of you," he said under his breath. That was much for him to say but I could not muster a smile in reply. My heart was already hammering in my breast. How can I tell Rennie so that he will not hate his father?

"Sit down, Rennie," I said. I sat in the old rose velvet armchair that had once belonged to my Boston grandmother. He sat down in the wooden Windsor opposite me. He had lit the fire in my room and the logs were dry and already blazing.

"I can't get used to the way you look," I said. Indeed I cannot. His face has lost its boyish roundness. The cheekbones are defined, the jaw is firm. I should be hard put to it to say where Rennie came from, were he a stranger to me. Spain? Italy? Brazil? North India? Yet he is my own son.

"Tell me what you like best at college," I said.

"Math. Math and music."

I have forgotten to say that Rennie has always loved music. This perhaps is my gift to him. Many hours of my own youth I spent at the old square piano downstairs in the parlor, but since I came home I have not been able to play. I have not even given Rennie lessons as I might have. Living on the brink of final separation from Gerald I have not been able to endure music. Yet I have never forbidden it to Rennie and he has played when he wished.

"It's a good combination, Rennie—the combination Confucius required for the civilised man. The superior man, the gentleman, must know the disciplines of mathematics and music."

"They are allied," Rennie said. "They demand the same precision and abstraction."

I am awed by his growth in mind as well as in body. "Shall you go into music for livelihood?" I inquired.

"I want to be a scientist. Science combines the abstract and the precise."

"Your father will be pleased."

To this Rennie did not reply. He never replies when I mention his father.

"And what about George Bowen's sister?" I inquired, half playfully. Now this would never do. I was avoiding the opportunity of his silence. I did not care about George Bowen's sister.

Rennie did not look at me. His eyes were fixed upon the fire. "What about her?"

"Well, is she pretty?" "She is not pretty. She's beautiful."

"Dark or fair. Short or tall?"

"Tall, fair, and calm."

"Not like me—"

He cast a quick glance at me, measuring, comparing, and looked again at the fire. "No."

"Do you like her very much, Rennie?"

"I don't know. I don't want to know, I suppose. I'd rather not be hurt again."

"There's plenty of time," I said.

"Yes."

Here fell the next silence and I would not let myself be a coward about it.

"Rennie, I want to talk about your father."

He lifted his head at this, reluctantly interested.

"Have you had a letter?"

"Not recently — not from him. But I did have a— a special letter."

"Why didn't you tell me when it came?"

"You were too young," I said. "You wouldn't have understood. You'd have blamed him."

"What has he done?"

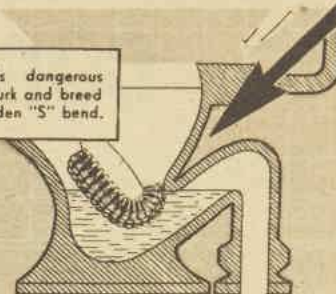
"Wait," I said. "I must explain."

And so I began at the beginning. I told him how we

To page 63

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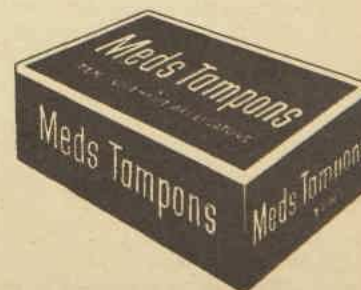
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Bring your family to the breakfast table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes — every morning. Enjoy them yourself, mother! — if anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's you. Remember, Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve.



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

first, Gerald and I. I told him how we fell in love. I couldn't tell him of our first night together. That belongs to Gerald and to me, a treasure locked in memory. I told him of Peking and how in those years the love we had begun here in this narrow Vermont valley deepened and widened into a life complete in companionship.

"There are a few such marriages, Rennie," I said. "My mother told me I could never be happy with Gerald, but she was wrong. I was happy and so was he. We delighted each in the other. The ancestors did not matter. Well, the truth is that perhaps they mattered very much. They added their peculiar and fascinating variety. I remember your father and I talked about them sometimes. I remember your father said once that our marriage was all the more complete because the responsibilities for it rested solely on ourselves. Our ancestors would not have approved."

Rennie is too quick for me. "What is it that you really want to say?"

"I want to tell you first that what has happened is not the fault of your father nor is it mine. If the world had not split apart under our feet we would still be living in the house in Peking and not here."

"And why aren't we?" he demanded.

"You know," I said. "You know and you needn't ask. It is because of me. It is because I am American and because your father is half American. And there is no fault in either of us for that. It is the split in the world that has driven us apart, as though a tidal wave had rushed between us on a beach and swept us in opposite directions."

"He could have left China," Rennie said.

"He could not."

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 61

"And why not?" Rennie insisted. I saw by his bitter face that he was angry with his father.

"I defend your father," I said. "He is not here to speak for himself. And besides, if you must blame anyone, blame Baba. He married your Chinese grandmother without loving her and that was the primary sin."

With this I got up and I fetched the picture of his grandmother and I told him about her and how the story of Han Ai-lan was imbedded in the story of her country and in the times in which we live.

"She who knew she was not loved by her husband gave her life instead to her country and to what she thought was her duty. And her son — your father, Rennie — ate the sour fruit, and your teeth, Rennie, are set on edge."

"Did she love Baba?" Rennie's voice was low.

"I am sure she did, for if she had not she could never have given herself so utterly elsewhere. She did not expect to love him but she did love him and was rejected by him. There is nothing so explosive in this world as love rejected."

"My father has rejected you," Rennie said brutally.

I denied this and passionately. "He has not rejected me. He cannot reject me as long as we love each other. Love still works in us its mercies."

He saw me, I believe, as someone else than his mother. He saw me as a woman in love and he could not reply. He has never seen a woman in love and his eyes fell before mine.

"It is time for me to show you the letter," I said. I

rose and I opened the locked box and took out the sealed letter and gave it to him. He broke the seal and opened the letter and read it. I sat in my chair and waited. He read it twice, thoughtfully. Then he folded it and put it back into the envelope and placed it on the small table beside him.

"Thank you, Mother," he said.

"I have given permission to the Chinese woman," I said. "I have said that I understand."

I have said that I want him to be comforted in his house . . . So I will also show you her letters."

Now I opened the drawer of my rosewood desk and gave him the letters from Mei-lan. He read them, his face impassive. He read them quickly and folded them and handed them back to me.

"She has nothing to do with me," he said. "And I cannot understand why he has let her come into our house."

His voice was so hard that I could not bear it. "We do not know how much he was

compelled once he had made his choice to stay in Peking."

"Ah," Rennie said, "I still ask, why did he make that choice if he loved us? I shall keep on asking. For me there is no answer."

"You do not love your father enough to forgive him," I said. "Perhaps that is true," Rennie agreed.

He got up suddenly and walked to the window and stood there looking out into the night. The light of the lamp shone through the glass upon the falling snow. The fire burned suddenly blue and a log fell into the ash.

He turned to face me. "Mother, I have something to tell you, too. All that business

of Allegra—it very nearly drove me back to Peking. If I am to be rejected because my grandmother was Chinese, I thought, I'd better go back to China. But I'll never go back now. I'll stay with you. This shall be my country. I will have no other."

I cried out, "Oh, Rennie, Rennie. Don't decide so quickly. Don't decide against your father!"

"I am not deciding against him. I am deciding for you," Rennie said. And he stooped and kissed my cheek, and went away.

I shall not follow him. I know my son. The decision has not come quickly. He has been tortured by indecision, he has been torn between his two countries, between his father and me. And he has chosen me and mine. Oh, Gerald, forgive me! I pray that you will have other sons. Indeed, I do so pray. If I have robbed you of the son that is ours, can I help myself?

It is Rennie who decides his own life. And he has as much right to decide as I had when I followed you to Peking and as you had when you would not come home with me. Yes, this is home at last, this Vermont valley, these mountains, the house of my fathers.

When Rennie left me I sat a long time before the dying fire, a weight gone from me. I am no longer alone in my own country. My son is with me. I shall be happy again some day.

Even yet there has been no thought of cutting myself off from Gerald. Months have passed after that gay Christmas Day. Rennie is nearing the end of his college year. Sam has been twice to see me. He urges me to divorce Gerald,

To page 76

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

A FEW days ago, my 15-year-old son informed me that three of his school friends had had a competition to guess my age. These guesses were 38, 40, and 35. As my age is well over 40 I felt wonderful.

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. R. Radford, 41 Arabella Street, Longueville, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

HAVING been president of a society for a few years I did not seek to be re-elected until one member said:

"We are hoping to see you die in that chair."

£2/2/- awarded to "Beverley," Finch Hatton, via Mackay, Queensland.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

How to keep clothes party-fresh year after year!

"I've found that clothes stay new-looking so much longer when I wash them in VELVET,"

says MRS. J. BRENNAN of Garland Street, Naremburn, N.S.W.

"Like most bigish families we're 'hand-me-down' experts," laughs Mrs. Brennan, "but I couldn't keep the kiddies' clothes so fresh and colourful without my Velvet. Baby frocks and woollens once worn by 8-year-old Josephine are still good for little Theresa . . . and goodness knows how many times they've seen the inside of a wash tub. Same with the boy's clothes . . . Velvet gives them as many lives as a cat!"

Mark is four today . . . and three brothers, three sisters and bright-eyed Mrs. Brennan help to blow out the candles. They'll soon be singing "For he's a jolly good fellow"—and that's when Mrs. Brennan deserves to take a bow too, for with Velvet's extra soapy suds to help her sail through her big wash, she's the "jolly good fellow" who made this party possible!

Specially selected, fine, soft oils—including coconut oil—give Velvet a lather un-matched for gentleness. Its exceptional purity makes Velvet pleasant to use and harmless to the most sensitive skin.

Velvet

Fast and thrifty for dishes . . . kind to hands and clothes!



"What beautiful hands you have Mrs. Brennan!" "Well there's the reason Aunt Jenny. Right there on the kitchen sink—Velvet. Even after a huge wash-up my hands feel soft and nice, not a bit dry or rough. Velvet's a wonderful friend, Aunt Jenny!"

HOME-OWNERS REALISE A DREAM

Complete Home Section

QUITE the happiest experience in building a house comes with the discovery that the home you have planned in your dreams not only looks lovely but is everything you want it to be.

This is what happened to Judge and Mrs. C. V. Rooney, of Rose Bay, a Sydney suburb, whose attractive dusty-pink home, shown on these pages, is the complete answer to the owners' dreams of domestic beauty and comfort.

"I always wanted a house just like this," said Mrs. Rooney. "It's wonderful to have it at last."

The house is colonial in design and is situated on a hillside that commands magnificent, sweeping views of Sydney Harbor. The colonial style of architecture was chosen by Mrs. Rooney in consultation with architect John Ley for two reasons.

First, the design lent itself readily to the natural shelf-like site; and second, this particular layout seemed the best sort of frame for the elegant furnishings that Mrs. Rooney had collected over the years.

Some people might regard such a plan as ambitious, but in this house it succeeds admirably. As it stands, the house is one architectural and decorative entity.

The color scheme of antique-white, subtle grey-green, gold, and yellow used in the fabrics, furnishings, and carpets in the lounge, dining, and kitchen areas of the house is both tranquil and gay. Grey-green flock wallpaper is in keeping with the period atmosphere of the living-rooms.

The house has a provincial-style kitchen, which was designed specially to harmonise with Mrs. Rooney's collection of copper cooking accessories.



VIEW of the elegant lounge-room at Judge and Mrs. C. V. Rooney's home at Rose Bay, Sydney. The Adam-style fireplace is at the left. This part of the house is a symphony in misty grey-green and gold.

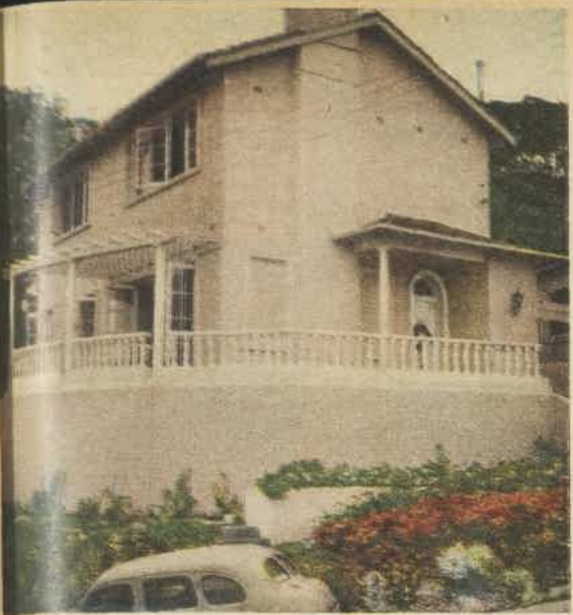


THE BALCONY (above) is an alluring area of white and sunshine-yellow that invites you to come out and get some sun. This gay and lovely scheme gives a lasting impression of sunlight.

RIGHT: Three shallow steps lead from the lounge into the dining area, with its walnut table, Hepplewhite chairs, and Adam sideboard. The sunroom is beyond the plantation shutters.



Lovely colonial residence has superb harbor views



EXTERIOR brickwork (above) in a color-wash of dusty-pink is accentuated by garden color and greenery. Below is the sunroom, with its color scheme of primrose, pale grey, and yellow. The island cupboard in foreground divides off the attractive kitchen.



Table setting in cheerful checks

● This check tablecloth with its matching napkins embroidered with the Italian words "noi due" (we two) is a charming setting for any table for two people.

THIS setting is simple and quick to make. It is also easy to wash and iron, and would make a gay and welcome gift for a bride.

For the best results, use material that is checked in sunny colors. A handy size for breakfast linen is 15in. by 36in., which is the size of the set pictured.

If you buy 1yd. of 36in. material the left-over pieces will be sufficient to trim the napkins.

However, if you want a somewhat larger cloth, measuring, for example, 36in. by

36in., you will need to buy 1½yds. of material in addition to 1yd. of contrasting material for the napkins.

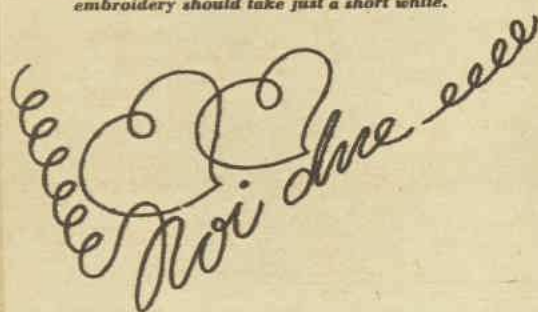
Make the napkins 10in. by 10in. to allow for the 2in. binding.

Here are the directions for making:

Hem the edges of the cloth. Bind the napkins about 2in. wide with the same material used for the cloth and mitre the edges neatly.

Trace the design from the sketch below on to one corner of each table napkin and embroider it in a stem-stitch.

TRACE the design from this sketch on the corner of each table napkin. The embroidery should take just a short while.



GAY check cloth which would serve equally well for luncheon or breakfast is simple to make and easy to launder. The embroidered napkins provide a colorful Continental touch.

New answer to Australian road problems



You can traffic-test any of these Volkswagens today — just call into your VW distributor.

TRAFFIC congestion mounts with every new car registration. Shortage of loan funds is taking its toll of city and country roads.

Facing these problems squarely Volkswagen engineers have taken the initiative and produced vehicles which can take the hammering of the worst roads; manoeuvre with ease in peak-hour traffic; park in small spaces; reduce petrol consumption.

Volkswagen achieves all this, with no loss in passenger or transport loads, legal cruising speeds, and safety. Revolutionary design is the reason!

Now — read these pen sketches of the vehicles in the Volkswagen fleet — discover why there's a Volkswagen for your motoring need.

1. **Volkswagen Kombi Van:** A light delivery van which can be converted into a passenger carrier by installing seats for up to six, which are an optional extra available at a cost of £68. Price £1,226 including sales tax.

2. **Volkswagen Family Sedan:** Torsion bar suspension on all four wheels. Rear engine air-cooled — no radiator repairs! Finest visibility all-round. Only £971 inc. sales tax.

3. **Volkswagen Delivery Van:** ¾ of vehicle is load space — 170 cu. ft. Payload of 1,830 lbs.; floor entirely flat. Price £1,196 inc. sales tax.

4. **Volkswagen Pick-up,** welcomed by cost-conscious businessmen, hauls 1,764 lb. payload at 50 m.p.h., averages 30 m.p.g., 65 sq. ft. of tray space — more tray space than bulkier, less manoeuvrable, less economical trucks.

Price £1,141 inc. sales tax. (Tarpaulin and bows, £38 extra.)

Volkswagen Micro-bus: Carries nine people in great comfort. 30 m.p.g. Space for 16 average-size suitcases. Air-conditioned; full view windows. Price £1,371 inc. sales tax.

All VW's have a built-in heating system — at no extra cost!

Volkswagen did not enter the Australian market until it had set up first class service facilities. Now it has distributors in each State, and over 160 service agents throughout the Commonwealth. Unique service booklets quote service prices in advance — workshops are completely equipped. Mechanics work with VW designed tool-kits; spare parts are cheap, and always in full supply.



VOLKSWAGEN (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

Distributors in all States and a Commonwealth-wide network of service.

**Enjoy the luxury of wall-to-wall
Sunray carpet—only 36'6 sq. yd.**

Save! It's easy to lay it yourself.

Underfelt is not necessary

(just £29/4/-

for a room 12' x 12')



**Here's what you look for
and find when you buy Sunray**

If it's beauty you're after
... Sunray's for you. Sunray is a deep, rich, luxurious carpet, available in nine glorious 'Permadyed' fade resistant colours.

If it's comfort you're after
... Sunray's for you. Sunray's pure Latex base makes it damp and draught resistant, saves work — gives cushioned comfort underfoot!

If it's admiration you're after (and who isn't!)
... Sunray's for you. Your friends can't help being impressed with Sunray wall-to-wall elegance.

Your rooms will look larger, your furniture more attractive, your home more expensive looking!

If it's value you're after ...
Sunray's for you. What other carpet could you buy that needs no underfelt, is easy enough to lay yourself, will carpet a 12 x 9 ft. room for only £21.18.0? (Note! Slight price variation in Queensland).

Sunray is still available in 3 widths: 3 ft., 6 ft. and 9 ft. Broadloom. It is mothproofed with the newest scientific discovery 'Dieldrin'.

*Sunray carpet, manufactured by the Tufton Corporation Ltd.
is obtainable in furniture stores throughout Australia*

Sole Selling Agents: R. E. CUNNINGHAM PTY. LTD. all States.

Sunray
BY TUFTON

YOUR HOME MEANS MORE WITH TUFTON CARPETS ON THE FLOOR

5590

Page 67

delicate sprays of
hand-embroidered...

'Lily of the valley'

bewitch Balmoral's

spring lingerie



Here's Balmoral's Spring lingerie enchantment! Flower-fresh nylon slips, hand-embroidered with delicate 'lilies of the valley.' The half-slip — bouffant with a lining of permanently stiffened nylon taffeta! Save on cost! Underline your new Spring fashions with Balmoral lingerie. Buy it in Ivory, Blossom Pink, Whisper Blue, SSW-OS — at your favorite store! 'Lily of the Valley' Slip 85/- 'Lily of the Valley' Half-slip 89/11

Balmoral

Matching Brief 19/11
Pantie 21/-; Night 69/11
Shortie Jama 65/-

IF UNOBTAINABLE, WRITE BALMORAL MILLS, MELBOURNE, N.11, FOR NEAREST STOCKIST

She keeps home fires bright and shining

● More than 2000 bottles of a home-brewed polish for fuel stoves have been sold by farmer's wife Mrs. Alma Mitchell, who lives with her family in a northern district of Victoria. She invented the polish last January after 18 months of experiment.

EACH week Mrs. Mitchell sends about 100 six-ounce bottles of her home-made stove polish to country housewives in places as far afield as Kalgoorlie, W.A., and Toowoomba, Qld.

A lively brunette, Mrs. Mitchell looks after her four children, keeps her home spotless, assists her husband with the morning and evening milking, and mixes, bottles, and packages her stove polish herself.

When photographer Sam Blakeway and I arrived at her home she was taking a batch of cakes and scones from the impeccably polished fuel stove in her comfortable kitchen.

"Twice a week I polish it," she said. "And you can see how it stands up to heat. Look at the white paint around the chimney—not a speck of dust."

Mrs. Mitchell began her unusual home industry about two years ago when she decided to experiment to find a polish that created no dust and stayed black when the stove was hot.

"I knew nothing about chemicals; it was all a matter of trial and error," she said. "I started by using the chemicals in existing stove polishes and mixing them with other things—all of them household items."

"My husband used to go nearly crazy with the smells, but I used to tell him, 'I'm only trying. I've got to mix these horrible smells until I strike the right combination.'"

After 18 months, Mrs. Mitchell found the right chemical combination, had it tested in Melbourne, and patented two of the essential ingredients.

Local storekeepers sell the polish over the counter.

Other buyers obtain theirs through the mail—in response



MRS. MITCHELL hard at work in the canvased portion of her side verandah that serves as a workshop. Wearing black gloves, Mrs. Mitchell spent many hours here experimenting on her stove polish before it was finally perfected.

to three or four small advertisements in newspapers.

"I had no idea the polish would create such interest," Mrs. Mitchell said. "I thought some of my local friends would be interested, because they were aggravated by the same problems as I was, but I had no idea it would grow into such a big enterprise."

The first person to try Mrs. Mitchell's stove polish was Mrs. Harry Jackson, a neighbor.

One night after the Mitchells and the Jacksons had been to a dance, Mrs. Mitchell produced her bottle of

at it and thought, 'This polish had better be good.'

"The first coat I put on came off, of course, lifting the rust with it."

"That is one of its virtues—it takes off rust and all the other stuff."

"The second lot of polish put on began to take effect. I lit a fire—the heat baked on to the stove—and polished it with newspaper better than with a cloth."

"The result was amazing. Needless to say that stove-keeper has stocked the polish ever since."

Mr. Mitchell started a project of his own—breeding greyhounds—about the same time that his wife started experimenting with the polish.

"I used to tell my wife I could make more money from my greyhounds than she could from her stove polish, but now I'm not so sure," he says.

Mrs. Mitchell mixes each bottle of polish individually. She answers every registered letter and has a suitcase full of letters praising her invention.

Local townspeople want to start a factory, but she believes the venture is a little frightening for a farmer's wife whose present workshop is a canvased-off portion of her verandah.

Mrs. Mitchell called her polish 213.

"It was named after the number of the house my son lived in in Albury," she says. "But actually I got mixed up—the number of the house was 312. However, it was too late to change the name after we had the labels printed."

By
BARBARA WALLIS,
staff reporter

polish to try on Mrs. Jackson's stove.

In spite of protests from Mrs. Jackson that she would get dust all over her dress, she demonstrated how clean and effective the polish was.

"That was the first trial outside my home before I had it patented," Mrs. Mitchell said.

Her husband, Roy, a typical sun-tanned Australian farmer, whose family has been on the land for 100 years, is an eager salesman.

Roy did some pioneering when he tackled the job of selling the polish to a cynical storekeeper, who laughed at the idea of a housewife producing a new stove polish.

"He took me out to the back of the store and showed me a rusty old stove that hadn't been lit for 20 years," Mr. Mitchell said. "I looked



YOUNGEST CHILDREN of Mrs. Mitchell, Helen, aged 10 (left), and six-year-old Jeanette watch their mother take a cake from the stove that inspired the invention.



FAMILY GATHERING. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell have tea with their family. Children are Helen (seated at left beside her mother), Doreen, Jeanette, and Grace.

Easily made cane bookcase

● Cane blends very well with modern furniture and decoration schemes and can be used to make tables, lampstands, and other items of furniture that will fit happily into a contemporary bedroom, living-room, or dining-room.

SHABBY old pieces of furniture can be covered with cane to make sparkling items for the home.

On this page are two ideas for cane-covered furniture that you can make at home easily and economically. One is a bookcase with a flap-down writing-desk (optional), the other is a smart cocktail bar.

Instructions are given for making the bookcase. The handyman can easily copy the simple cocktail bar illustrated.

Materials: About 3lb. 3in. split manila cane; quantity of 1in. cane to cover shelf and side edges; 1lb. 3in. fine small-head nails. This will be sufficient to cover a bookcase approximately 4ft. 6in. in height, 3ft. 9in. in width, and 8in. deep.

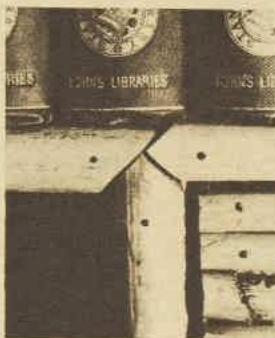
Measure the length of the top of the shelf you want to cover and allow about 1in. extra. Tack this first length of cane into position at the front edge of the top shelf. Place the second piece of cane beside the first and tack down. Continue in this way until the top shelf is covered. Try to keep the edges of the cane perfectly even.

Next tack down the sides. Use three to four nails to keep the cane in position, but the exact number will be governed by the height of bookcase and length of cane used.

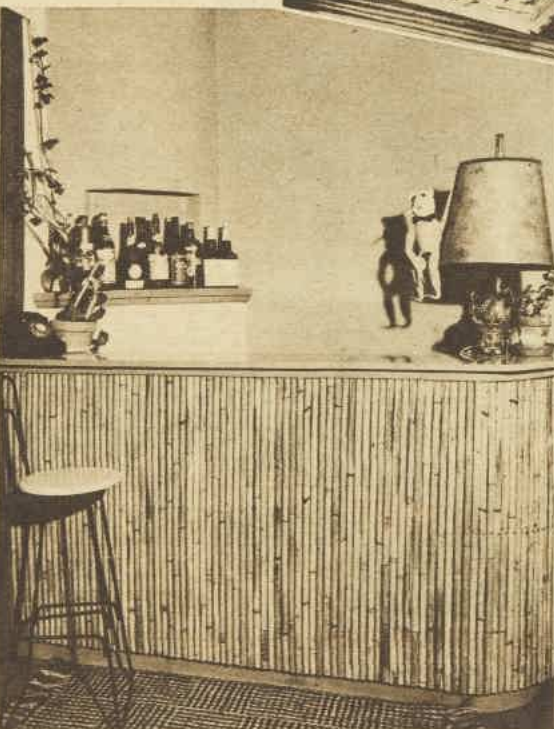
Cover the flap-down writing-table and kick-board in the same way.

Cover the edges of the shelves with the 1in. cane (this is for 3in. shelves; narrower cane can be used for thinner shelving). Mitre the corners for a neater finish.

Rub down the raw edges and coat with plastic varnish.



CLOSE-UP shows the handyman how mitred corner sections make a neater all-round finish in cane work.



FINISHED bookcase (above) with the writing section closed. At left is a smart and simple cocktail bar, also made with split cane.

Miss Precious Minutes Says—

TO prevent curtain-rods tearing the material when slipping on curtains, put a thimble or the cut-off finger of an old glove on the rough end of the rod.

★ ★ ★
TO bleach discolored white linen and white cottons, such as pique, nainsook, muslin, soak the fabric for an hour and a half in sour milk to which salt has been added. The materials should then be laundered in the usual way.

★ ★ ★
WHEN using a ladder always make sure the base is put at a distance from the supporting wall that is equal to one-quarter of the height of the ladder. You can then be sure the top will not swing backwards under your weight.

★ ★ ★
KEEP a doormat from slipping by tacking a piece of screen wire of the same size to the floor beneath it.

★ ★ ★
TO avoid using different colors given in some knitting patterns, make a contrasting stitch instead of having a contrasting color. Thus, in a pattern requiring only two colors, you can purl the contrasting stitches in a knit row, and in a purl row knit them. This will bring out the pattern in texture instead of color.

★ ★ ★
DON'T press coat lapels with an iron. Instead, damp them slightly with a moist cloth and mould them into shape with your fingers. Allow them to dry thoroughly before hanging away or wearing.

HOT-WEATHER ADJUSTMENTS

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse

MANY adjustments will be needed in your baby's clothes, cot clothes, and food in the long spell of hot weather we have been warned to expect this summer.

On very hot days a woven cotton singlet or little open-work shirt and butter-muslin napkins will probably be all the clothing baby needs, but always be careful of changes in the weather.

Cotton voile, fine cotton crepe, and plisse are excellent hot-weather materials for dresses and nightgowns. The crepe and plisse will need no ironing.

You will need to adjust

baby's headgear so his eyes are shaded from the sun's strong glare, and to be sure the back of his neck and spine are protected from the direct rays of the sun.

Warm enveloping blankets in the cot can now be replaced by an enveloping sheet (preferably of cellular material).

However, if baby sucks his fingers, wrap him in a large square of double butter muslin, make small cloth bag to slip over his hands, or tie the nightgown sleeves below his hands to break the habit.

A mosquito net is a necessity in the summer as a protection against flies and mosquitoes.

Even very young babies can be given two or more

baths in tepid or cool water during very hot weather.

Food is the biggest hot-weather problem. Most young mothers with their first baby will be very lucky to be able to breast-feed fully in summer.

Food, especially milk, deteriorates rapidly in hot weather. Always give boiled milk and drinking water to babies and young toddlers. Observe the strictest hygiene in food preparation and storage.

Baby will need more drinks of cool boiled water and fruit and vegetable juices in the heat.

In summer guard baby even more carefully against overfeeding and constipation. Get prompt medical help if needed.

NEW MOTH PROOFER PROTECTS WOOLLENS TWO WAYS! (without stain or odour)



Now is the time to spray on MOTH-TOX! One spraying destroys eggs and larvae! Protects woollens for 12 months.

MOTH-TOX kills hatching larvae — stops moths from laying eggs in your woollen fabrics!

No more smelly "tell-tale" moth balls! No more bulky paper bags! Here is the modern way to protect those winter clothes you are about to put away — Moth-Tox! This new, odourless, non-staining liquid sprays on in a jiffy — and stays on! Kills all moth larvae and eggs which may be hatching in your woollen clothes. In addition, Moth-Tox repels moths

from laying eggs in your fabrics. The effect of Moth-Tox lasts for a complete year! Quick! Clean! Sure! So buy Moth-Tox and protect your woollen clothes and fabrics this new, easy way.

Moth-Tox is also effective against silver-fish, ants, cockroaches, fleas and spiders. Gives full protection to stored blankets, rugs, carpets and upholstered furniture.



Look for this big BLUE and YELLOW can. Sold by Chemists, Department Stores, Hardware Stores and Grocery Stores.

MOTH-TOX "AEROSOL"
A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE

BEAT THE HEAT WITH

Happy Feet

by **Contoure**

(say CON-TOO-RAY)

ONLY 8/9

Contoure Happy Feet

FROM CONTOURE BARS—LEADING STORES, CHEMISTS

SENSATIONAL FOOT CREAM FROM U.S.A.

- relieves tired aching feet instantly; soothes, cools.
- softens hard tissue, callouses.
- won't stain, dries immediately.
- helps prevent "athlete's foot," eliminates foot odours.
- P.S.—a "must" for men, too — keeps socks, shoes fresh.

THE BEST COOKS



FAULding essences

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER

You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all news-agents.



Start your sandwich-making day this way. Set all your ingredients around. Then combine them any way you please.

Slice away! You can blend **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese** with any of these foods — *for sandwiches sustaining (and no complaining)*

Is there a "sandwich-grizzler" at your place? Someone always asking for more cut-lunch variety? Here, from Kraft, is the easy answer to more appetising sandwiches. In the photograph are many wonderful sandwich combinations — Kraft Cheddar and gherkin . . . Kraft Cheddar, tomato and egg — lots of exciting ideas.

And here are four more helpful suggestions:

- Kraft Cheddar, mashed potato and pickle.
- Cooked green beans and Kraft Cheddar.
- A time-saving idea — give the family buttered bread and Kraft Cheese portions — let them make their own sandwiches on the spot.
- Kraft Cheddar and sliced dates.

There are two very good reasons for including Kraft Cheddar sandwiches in every cut lunch.

1. You'll find everybody likes the mellow flavour of Kraft Cheddar — and it blends perfectly with any sandwich filling you fancy.
2. Kraft Cheddar sandwiches make a *nourishing* lunch — provide essential proteins, vitamins and minerals because it takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

So slice away! Send the family off with Kraft Cheddar sandwiches, tomorrow.

Kraft Cheddar is available in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.



Kraft Old English — for those who prefer a cheese with a stronger flavour, in their lunches. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



Give yourself vital midday nutrition.

Enjoy a tempting toasted cheese sandwich. It's quite simple — thick golden slices of Kraft Cheddar, a rash of cooked bacon and slices of tomato sandwiched between buttered bread, then toasted under the grill.

Cheese is a wonderful food and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses 



DETAILED DIRECTIONS for making this luscious macaroon petal pie, which could be served hot or cold, and these crunchy blossom biscuits are given below.

Delicious pie wins prize

Macaroon petal pie, which has a delicious strawberry-flavored crust, wins £5 prize in this week's recipe contest.

THE quantities given in the crust recipe are sufficient for an 8-inch tart-plate as well as two-and-a-half dozen small biscuits. This is a very crunchy mixture and a suitable base for many types of chilled or cooked pie fillings.

All spoon measurements are level.

MACAROON PETAL PIE

Basic Crust: Four ounces butter, 3oz. margarine, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 scant cup of coconut, 1 cup cornflakes (crushed), 1 packet strawberry jelly crystals, 2½ cups self-raising flour.

Cream shortenings together, gradually add sugar and jelly crystals. Beat in egg-yolks, add coconut and cornflakes. Then lightly stir in sifted self-raising flour. Knead gently and divide dough into 2 parts.

For Pie Crust: Lightly roll out dough on floured board (taking care not to stretch or over-roll) to biscuit thickness (about ½ inch). Line a very lightly greased and floured 8-inch pie-plate. Decorate the edges by pinching a frill with thumb and fingertips. Cut remaining dough into 6 rounds with 2-inch biscuit cutter and cut through again, making 12 "petals" for decorating pie.

Pie Filling: Two cups well-drained stewed apple

(sweetened to taste), 3 passionfruit, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 2 egg-yolks.

Combine apple, passionfruit, lemon rind, and lightly beaten egg-yolks, and place into pastry-lined plate.

Macaroon Topping: Four egg-whites (reserved for the purpose), pinch cream of tartar, 4 tablespoons sugar (caster preferred), ½ cup coconut, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind.

Whip whites stiffly with cream of tartar. Gradually beat in the sugar. Fold in coconut and rind. Pile on top of fruit filling. Place "petals" of pastry on to topping. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes, taking care not to burn.

Blossom Biscuits: Using the remaining half of the basic crust dough, roll teaspoonfuls of the mixture into balls with hands that have been lightly dusted with icing-sugar or flour. Place balls on to ungreased biscuit trays and flatten down with a fork. Press a blanched almond half on top if desired and bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from oven, loosen biscuits with a broad-bladed knife or spatula and allow to cool on tray. Store in an airtight tin.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Critchly, Smithville Section, Border Fence, via Broken Hill, N.S.W.

RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE

On this page and overleaf are four kitchen-tested recipes to add to your index file. These recipes are printed back to back, with the illustration on one page and the ingredients opposite on the other. All spoon measurements are level. Cut recipes along dotted lines and each is complete.

TROPICAL FRUIT CRUNCH

One cup crushed cornflakes, 1 cup sugar, 1-3rd cup melted butter, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 3 eggs, ½ cup crushed pineapple, ½ cup passionfruit pulp, 1 cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Combine cornflakes, ½ cup sugar, and butter. Press firmly into a greased oblong dish; chill. Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks, pineapple, passionfruit pulp, lemon juice, lemon rind, and ½ cup sugar. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add gelatine, stir until well dissolved. Remove from heat, add cheese, heat until smooth. Chill until partially set. Whip egg-whites until stiff, gradually add ½ cup sugar. Fold into gelatine mixture; pour on to cornflake crunch. Sprinkle with extra cornflake crumbs and place in refrigerator. When firm cut into six squares. Serve topped with whipped cream.

MACARONI CHEESE FLAN



SPANISH STEAK

Two to 2½ pounds topside steak, cut in one piece, 2 or 3 tablespoons fat, flour, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 3 large tomatoes (skinned and sliced), 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, or 2 stalks chopped celery.

Season steak with salt and pepper, coat lightly with flour. Brown well on both sides in small quantity of hot fat. Remove to ovenproof casserole, spread top of meat with mustard. Place bay leaf on top, sprinkle with celery salt. Cover meat completely with tomatoes, sprinkle with green pepper or celery. Cover closely with lid or aluminium foil and cook in moderate oven until meat is quite tender (2½ to 3 hours). Sufficient for 4 to 5 persons.

Remove from oven, serve with potatoes and green vegetables in season.

FROSTED RIBBON RING



FAMILY DISH

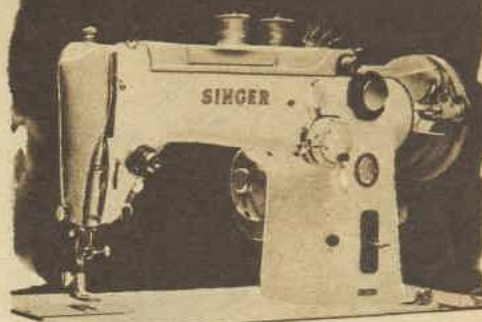
CREAMED rabbit topped with cheese scone shapes is this week's family dish. It costs 7/9 and serves five.

CHEESE-TOPPED RABBIT PIE

One cooked rabbit, 1½ cups rabbit stock, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 2½ tablespoons flour, ½ cup evaporated milk, 1 cup cooked diced carrot, 1 cup cooked peas, 6 small white onions, 4oz. savory scone dough, 2oz. grated cheese, salt, pepper.

Remove bones from rabbit, cut meat into bite-size pieces. Make white sauce with butter, flour, evaporated milk, and stock. Fold in rabbit meat, carrot, peas, and whole onions; season, fill into oven-proof dish. Glaze rolled-out scone dough with milk, sprinkle with cheese. Cut into shapes, place on top of rabbit mixture, bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

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as modern as **TOMORROW**



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Fully Automatic

319 WITH FINGER-TIP CONTROL

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dozens of times a day
your hands are in the



SPOTLIGHT

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protect your hands and
keep them always beautiful with

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dangerous congestion the faster
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'flu. Bonnington's Irish Moss
provides the fastest way to
get rid of all that dangerous
congestion. Keep up that
steady
SIP SIP SIP
at home and at work.
3/6 everywhere.



Heals Bruises

Hit the wrong nail? Then heal that bruised thumb with pure 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It's a first aid kit in a jar. Economy size 3/11 Standard size 2/6.

'Vaseline' is a registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

MORE RECIPES FOR FILING

Below are two recipes to add to your kitchen recipe file. Readers can order a ready-made file, which measures approximately 8½ by 6½ inches, from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office.) Price 10/-, postage 2/- extra.

TROPICAL FRUIT CRUNCH



MACARONI CHEESE FLAN

• Six ounces cheese pastry, 8oz. elbow macaroni, 1½oz. margarine, 1½oz. flour, 2 cups milk, salt, cayenne, 2 tomatoes, 1 onion, parsley sprigs, and grated cheese to garnish.

Line a flan-ring or pie-plate with cheese pastry, trim edge, and bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Melt margarine, add flour, and cook for 2 minutes without browning, stir in milk, and continue cooking until thick and smooth. Simmer 5 minutes. Season to taste with salt and cayenne and add macaroni which has been cooked in boiling salted water until just soft. Sauté sliced onion and tomatoes for 5 minutes, arrange in bottom of pastry case, and cover with macaroni mixture. Place in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes to heat through thoroughly. Serves 4 to 5.

When making pastry, substitute grated cheese for half the shortening in a good shortcrust recipe.

SPANISH STEAK



FROSTED RIBBON RING

• Ring Cake: Three eggs, pinch salt, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons warm milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff. Gradually add sugar, add egg-yolks one by one. Fold in thrice-sifted flour and lastly milk and vanilla. Pour into greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Frosting: Four-ounce packet cream cheese, 2 dessert-spoons sherry, 3 cups icing-sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch nutmeg, pinch salt, blackberry or raspberry jam for filling.

Split ring cake into four layers, spread each layer with jam. Reassemble cake.

Beat cream cheese until light and fluffy. Sift icing-sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt together. Add to beaten cream cheese alternately with sherry. Frost top and sides of layered ring cake. Place in refrigerator until ready to serve.

New MACLEANS CLEANS TEETH WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE

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FAMOUS AMERICAN FORMULA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 6, 1957

Chocolate peppermint pie

● For special occasions celebrated with her family or friends, Debbie, our teenage chef, likes to make this luscious pie.

SOMETIMES Debbie uses lemon, strawberry, pineapple, or coffee flavoring instead of peppermint in the filling of this no-bake pie shell.

She first makes the pie shell. Using a 9in. pie-plate, she lines it with a 12in. square of aluminium foil, sprinkles 8oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces over it and places in slow oven to melt. Removing from oven, she blends 2oz. shortening with the chocolate, then adds 2 tablespoons icing sugar, spreading mixture evenly over bottom and sides. After chilling it 30 minutes, Debbie peels off aluminium foil.

For the peppermint chocolate filling, Debbie mixes together 1 tablespoon gelatine, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar in top half of a double saucepan or basin over boiling water. Then she adds 2 egg-yolks and 1 large tin evaporated milk, and stirs while mixture cooks and thickens slightly; removes from heat, adds peppermint flavoring and red food coloring. She cools slightly, then whips until thick. Next she beats 2 egg-whites until stiff, gradually adds $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. This she folds into gelatine mixture, then pours into shell.

Debbie sprinkles pie with crushed peppermint candy, and chills well.



PLACE chocolate pieces or grated chocolate into pie-plate which has been carefully lined with aluminium foil. Warm in slow oven until chocolate pieces melt. This should take approximately 10 to 15 minutes.



ADD shortening and blend with melted chocolate. Sift icing sugar over, blend in, and, as mixture thickens slightly, spread over the bottom and sides of foil-lined pie-plate, using the back of a tea or soup spoon.



AFTER CHILLING chocolate shell well, remove from refrigerator and carefully peel the foil from the back. Slip shell into pie-plate or straight on to serving-dish and fill. Clean aluminium foil and reserve for future use.



AS FILLING MIXTURE begins to set slightly, pour into chocolate shell. Sprinkle with crushed peppermint candy and return to refrigerator until ready to serve. Pile high with sweetened, whipped cream if desired.



NEW! OPTONE Eye Drops in flexible dropper-bottle

Optone Eye Drops bring immediate relief to eyes troubled by dust, smoke, wind, glare or strain. The new Optone one-piece flexible dropper-bottle makes application easier than ever before! Just squeeze the bottle gently and the drops flow out, one by one. No spilling or flooding. No risk of breakage or contamination.



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SPHINX

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C533

New way to REMOVE HAIR

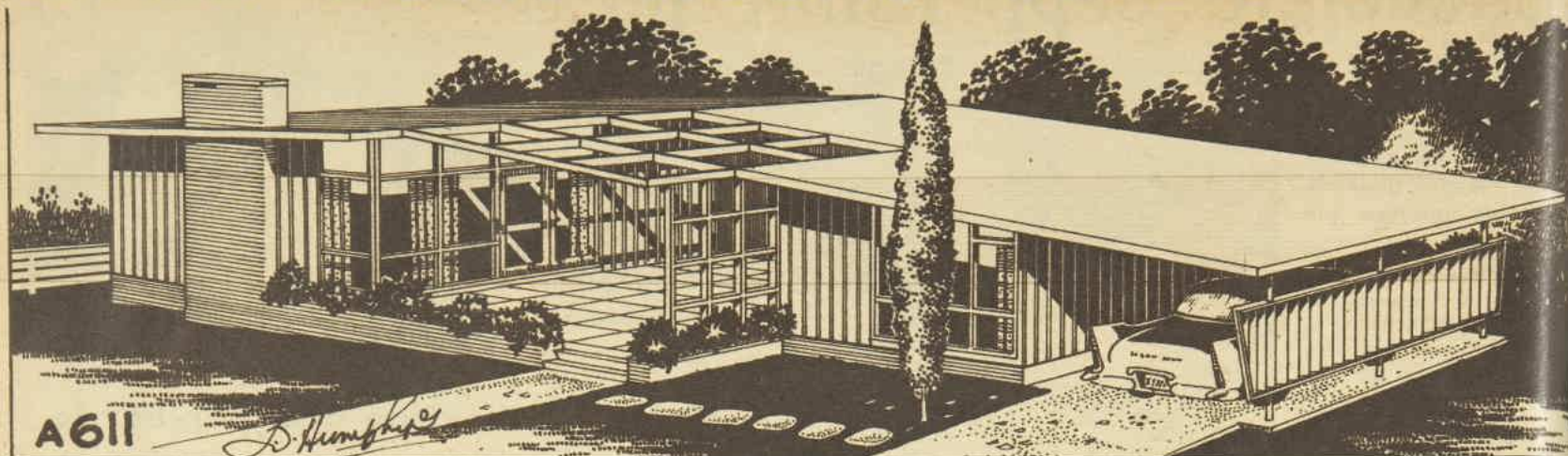
Better than the razor

Try this wonderful way to remove underarm hair. No scraping with razors. No cuts. Just apply Veet cream straight from the tube — leave for 3 minutes—then wash off. Your skin is left silken smooth. No stubble—not a shadow—because Veet melts away the hair below the surface. That's why Veet keeps your skin hair-free longer. From chemists and stores 3/3d. per tube. Double size 5/3d.. Success guaranteed with Veet or your money refunded.



VEET creams off hair in 3 minutes

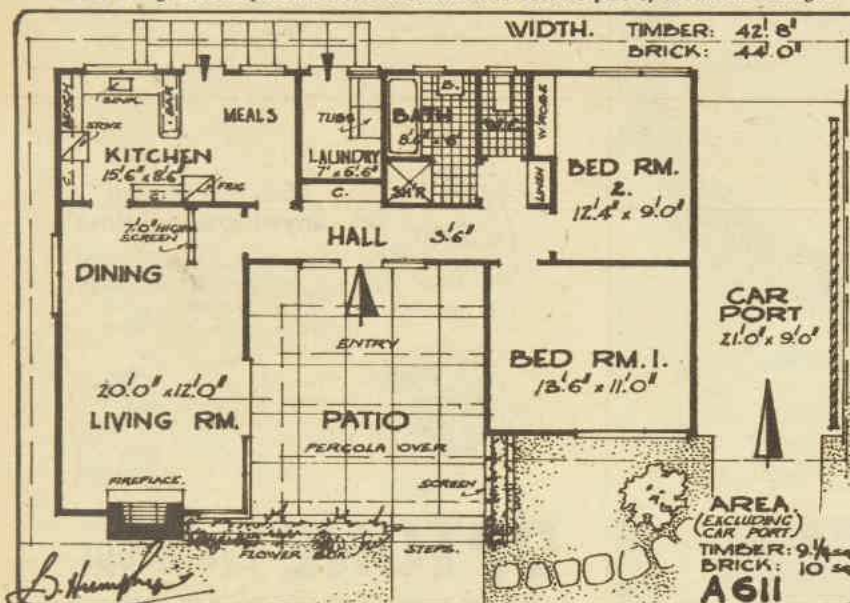
HOME BUILT ROUND SUNNY PATIO



A611

OUR HOME PLAN No. 611 (above) is an attractive design with plenty of space for outdoor living. The carport has been streamlined to become part of the home's design.

Our home plan this week shows a house designed to create plenty of space for outdoor living. With this attractive layout, the house in summer would be airy and open, and in winter, with the fire lit, cosy and warm.



FLOOR PLAN of the home shows the dining-room next to the kitchen, the living-room opening to the patio, two bedrooms, and a kitchen planned for convenience.

NUCLEUS of the design is the pergola-covered patio. In addition to providing an attractive entrance to hall and living-room, it makes a delightful area for year-round relaxation.

The design, No. 611 in our series, is one of our signature plans and is the work of Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphryis.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £4350; brick veneer, £3970; timber, £3200; fibro, £2950.

In Victoria: Brick, £3880; brick veneer, £3535; timber, £2900; fibro, £2800.

In South Australia: Brick, £3150; brick veneer, £3425; asbestos, £2780.

In Queensland: Brick, £4350; timber, £2900; fibro, £2850.

The plan, complete with specifications, costs £7/7/- and can be bought at our Home Planning Centres. These Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

• All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

• Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/-, with specifications, and are available in six variations.

• Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee

of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can also be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony H. dorn and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representatives will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629Y, G.P.O.



AT LAST YOU HAVE **SPACE FOR EVERYTHING!**

New **STC** BIG STORAGE REFRIGERATORS

So trim—So lovely—So moderately priced!

Imagine this young mother's delight! Out has gone her small, cramped, out-moded fridge—and in has come this handsome, spacious new S.T.C. Big Storage Refrigerator. Now she knows she'll have ample space for everything in the same floor area that her old fridge occupied. So much more door and shelf space—so much more room in the freezer—all contained in a beautiful unit designed to give

a new crisp, streamlined look to her kitchen. S.T.C. Spacemaster Refrigerators are BIG in every way—yet take up only 28" x 28 1/2" floor space and include every advanced feature... Big Freezer • Big Twin Crispers • All the roomy shelves roll out on nylon rollers • Choice of white or cream cabinets. • It's BIG trade-in time on S.T.C. Refrigerators. See your retailer TO-DAY!



MORE SPACE IN BIG "DEEPER-DOOR"!

S.T.C.'s "Deeper-Door" holds a surprising quantity of food. Bottles of all sizes • eggs • packaged meats, tins, etc. • big butter and cheese compartments.

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Roomy S.T.C. freezer-shelf holds up to 30 cartons of frozen foods, plus ice-cubes and ice-cream. Keeps meat fresh for days. Other features include big crispers • Blossom pink interior with copper-gold shelves and trim.

MORE SPACE IN EVERY REFRIGERATOR IN THE RANGE!



S.T.C. SPACEMASTER "10" Over 10 cu. ft. of storage space! Packed with advanced features. Price, 178 gns. Spacemaster "12" 12 cu. ft., 195 gns. Auto-Defrost model, 212 gns.



S.T.C. DUPLEX Combination Refrigerator-Freezer. Saves £'s on food bills. Stores both fresh and cooked foods for months. Price, 235 gns.



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All prices slightly higher in some areas.

Send for **FREE Colour Brochure and Trade-in Valuation** Fill in and send this coupon for full-colour literature and for trade-in valuation on your existing fridge. Send to S.T.C. Refrigerators, Box 525, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. or local distributor.

Name _____ Address _____ State _____ My present fridge is a _____ (make) _____ (year) _____ (size)



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• **FRAGRANT** white luculia (variety *tsetensis*) is not as well known as it deserves. An evergreen, it flourishes in districts where frosts destroy pink *L. gratissima*.



NOVEMBER is the time to . . .

. . . Plant out tender shrubs, such as luculias, quisqualis, and chalice and coral vines . . . plant dahlia tubers . . . transplant seedlings of summer annuals . . . continue removing spent roses . . . plant out chrysanthemums and bouvardias . . . mulch everything against the hot weather to come.

IN Australia, two of the best-known luculias are *Luculia gratissima* and its variant, *L. tsetensis*, which bears long, tubular, fragrant, white blossoms in winter.

This type is hardier in cool districts than the pink *gratissima*, which has large, logan-like leaves with reddish veins, bears clusters of fragrant blossoms in May and June, and grows to about six or eight feet. As it is frost-tender, the *gratissima* needs protection, or cutting down to the ground in severe weather.

• Set out *quisqualis*, the Rangoon creeper; chalice vine (*Solandra nitida*); coral vine (*Antigonon leptopus*), and other frost-tender plants.

If given good conditions these should develop well and withstand cold conditions later when they have grown hard, woody stems.

• Set out dahlia tubers for best results in March and early April.

Divide sprouted tuber clumps now, with a shoot attached to each tuber or pair of tubers. Dig a big hole, large enough to take each tuber lying on its side, and place the shoot upright and close to the stake, which should be put in first.

Fill in with good top-soil and firm lightly before watering well. When the shoots have grown to about 10in., pinch the tops out and leave two pairs of good leaves.

From the axils, or points of the leaves nearest the stem, laterals or branches will spring, and these can be pinched back to two pairs of good leaves later on.

• Transplant asters, zinnias, snapdragons, celosia, African marigolds, phlox, petunias, cabins, sweet sultans, and sweet williams.

Give a back place in the lower beds to tall zinnias, such

as the new dahlia-flowered and new striped and spotted may-pole varieties, to prevent their overshadowing stumper species.

The dainty double portulacas should be given a front place in the sun, for they open their blooms only when it is shining hotly on them, and fold up at night.

Although the plants are easy to grow, they rarely transplant successfully, and seeds should be planted in their permanent patch.

For the line in front of lilliput or pompon zinnias, sow seeds of zinnia haageana and linearis. Their colors are

GARDENING

mostly gold, yellow, and wall-flower and they rarely exceed 9in. high.

• Sow seeds of long-stemmed annual scabious.

Obtainable in a wonderful range of colors, such as pure white, pale and deep pink, peacock, maroon, red, blue, and varying shades of lavender, they are ideal cut flowers.

• Save space for chrysanthemum plants, which should be set out early this month.

They are attractive and versatile plants which, provided they are given protection for a few days, can be moved when large and blooming.

As long as you remember to pinch back the tops before transplanting, they will soon recover, provided they have good soil, an open, sunny position, and excellent drainage.

• Go over rose bushes every few days with garden scissors or secateurs, and remove all spent flowers.

These faded flowers make shrubs look shabby if too many are left, and they develop hips (fruits), which take a lot of nourishment out of the plants and reduce the flower crop.

Cut back to a good node about six or seven inches below the spent flower and this will soon throw out buds and more flowers again.

Dust or spray the bushes with sulphur or lime-sulphur solution if mildew appears on the foliage. Don't forget to mulch the bushes as the hot weather approaches.

Mulch keeps the soil cool and the roots enjoy such conditions during the fiercely hot days of the next three months or more. Apply a three-inch blanket of leafmould from under bush trees, compost, well-rotted manure, or sawdust that has weathered well.

Don't smother soft plants such as low perennials with mulching materials. Leave a bare space of some inches all round the stems of annuals, perennials, and shrubs. Wet the ground thoroughly before applying the mulch and then water well to save considerable watering during hot, dry spells.

• Plant out bouvardias. They have been almost forgotten in recent years.

The fragrant white variety, *B. humboldtii*, is one of the best, but there are also pinks and reds, and all are beautiful and useful garden plants suited to a wide range of country.

• Plant and sow more tomatoes, French beans, lettuce, beets, silver beet, cabbage, cucumbers, melons, pumpkins, squashes, marrows, sweet corn, carrots, parsnips, white turnips, cape gooseberries, celery, peppers, radishes, mustard, and cress.

Don't overlook sweet potatoes. Either plant a good one, break off the shoots when about 6in. long, and set them out 3ft. or 4ft. apart, or buy ready-rooted cuttings.

In cold districts the first sowing of green peas can be made, and towards the end of this month many gardeners in such areas sow their first seeds of cauliflower, cabbage, and brussels sprouts.



Capture the family's hearts with Golden Circle Treasure



GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE SLICES

- the sweet heart of a sun-ripe Pineapple in every can!

If you have a family of pirates for pleasure at meal-times, win their favours with pieces of tropical gold. Slices of treasure from plantations in the sun—Golden Circle Pineapple Slices give you the juicy, tender "heart" of a choice, perfect pineapple—the very part you'd slice for table if you had the bother of peeling it yourself. But—you don't!

Golden Circle Sliced Pineapple is peeled and cored and canned at its prime, with all its flavour sealed in juice. Enjoy it chilled, as it comes, for sweets, breakfast fruit, or a garnish for meat. Have cans always handy for "minute" desserts.



Golden Circle Sun Drenched PINEAPPLE SLICES

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Send for FREE Recipes

Learn exciting new ways to serve Pineapple Desserts, Meat Dishes and Tropical Drinks. Write for a copy of the Golden Circle Recipe Book, to

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

MAKE PINEAPPLE TREASURE CAKE

1 15 oz. Can Golden Circle Sliced Pineapple. 6 cherries, 6 blanched Almonds, 12 pieces Angelica or Citron Peel, 1½ cups Self-Raising Flour, ½ cup plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 packet Mixed Dried Fruits, 4 oz. butter, 6 oz. Brown Sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup Pineapple Juice. Drain Pineapple. Cut one slice into small pieces and add to mixed fruits. Cream butter with sugar, beat in eggs. Add sifted flours and salt alternately with pineapple juice. Beat smooth. Blend in fruits. Pack evenly into greased and flour-dusted ring cake pan. Arrange pineapple on top of cake and decorate with cherries, almonds and angelica. Bake in slow-moderate oven about 1½ hours.



FREE YOURSELF FROM THE LAXATIVE DRUG HABIT THIS SAFE NATURAL WAY

Millions have - why not you?

A delicious natural food-not a habit forming medicine

THIS IS A MESSAGE OF HOPE to every man and woman who has come to depend on laxatives. Even if you have suffered from chronic constipation for many years, you can regain normal, natural regularity and the health and feeling of well-being that are impossible without it.

Here are the facts. Today's highly-refined foods, appetising and nutritious as they are, do not supply the natural cellulose bulk our systems must have for normal, regular elimination. It has been estimated that as many as eight out of ten people today are suffering from **bulk deficiency** and the various disorders which can be directly attributed to it. The most obvious of these is constipation. Without even suspecting it, however, a great many people suffer from an insidious form of partial constipation, or incomplete elimination. They feel headachy and out of sorts, often tired and depressed, older than their years.

THE LAXATIVE HABIT

Laxatives can never give real or lasting relief from constipation because they do not reach its cause. Worse still, they leave the intestinal muscles so weak and tired that they soon become unable to function without further "shock treatments". It stands to reason that regular dosing with harsh medicines upsets the whole digestive rhythm, saps vitality and lowers resistance to infection.

NATURE HAS THE ANSWER

The remedy—like all Nature's remedies—is very simple indeed. Put bulk back into your diet and—in a matter of days—your system will begin to function normally again. There is no need to make a change in your eating habits because you can get all the bulk you require by enjoying All-Bran every morning. All-Bran is not habit-forming because it is not a medicine. It is a delicious natural food, prepared by Kellogg's from the nutty outer layers of the whole wheat grain, rich in Vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Because of its nutritive value, All-Bran builds up your general health and resistance while it supplies the bulk you must have for normal daily regularity.

BREAK THE HABIT—NOW!

Why not make this simple test? You have nothing to lose, perhaps everything to gain. Enjoy All-Bran every morning, with milk and sugar or combined with your usual cereal. Drink plenty of water. If, after just ten days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get DOUBLE your money back.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

AB54-2



The easy, pleasant way to natural regularity.

"FAMILY DOCTOR",
the British Medical Association magazine, says:

BEWARE OF PURGATIVES

Purgatives cause constipation by irritating and paralysing the bowels. This fact was known in A.D. 100 and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since. If you have developed the "laxative" habit, discard it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect.

Continuing . . .

Letter From Peking

from page 63

and today he flew in from New York only for an hour, he said, not knowing how this day would end. For it is night and he is here. We have telegraphed for Rennie to come at once because of what has happened. It was this morning, and Sam was arguing with me, impatient, angry, insistent.

"You must divorce that fellow in Peking—he's no husband to you, Elizabeth!"

"I shall never divorce Gerald," I said. "Indeed, I have no cause. He loves me."

"If you call desertion love," Sam bellowed.

"He has not deserted me." I was shouting, too.

"If it is not desertion, I do not know what to call it," Sam roared.

Of course he does not know the whole story. He surmises, because there is no talk of Gerald and of me. I tried to explain without telling him anything.

"Gerald has not deserted me nor I him. We are divided by history, past and present."

"His father is American," Sam said stubbornly. "He

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

could have come home with you."

"Ah, but you see this is not home to him!"

"Boloney," Sam said crossly. "He's no fool. He could adapt himself. He could have got a job in some university here as well as in Peking."

"Home is a matter of the heart and the spirit. His would have died here," I said.

"You're still in love with him," Sam said, and he turned on me so fierce a stare that I could not defend myself.

"Can't you see that I am determined to marry you?" he cried.

"Oh, no, Sam—no—no!"

"Yes!"

We were both breathless, both glaring at each other. Sam bent over me and I pushed him away.

"Don't—"

"Do you hate me?"

"No—not hate—"

At this moment we heard Baba fall in the room above. The beams of the living-room are not ceiled. We heard the clatter of Baba's cane and then so light a fall, his old bones all but fleshless, that we might scarcely have heard, except for the terrible wrenching groan. I ran upstairs, Sam following me, and there Baba lay.

I do not know whether he had heard us. We never know what he hears and we were talking more loudly than we knew. Perhaps Baba had got out of his chair with some thought of coming downstairs, although he has not walked alone across the room since Christmas. He lay there. His head had struck the stone hearth of the fireplace. He was dead.

We have come home from Baba's funeral. Sam stayed, he and Bruce Spaulden took care of every detail for me. Had it been possible I would have sent Baba's ashes to Peking and to Gerald. Well, I suppose it would have been possible. It has been done for others who have died here or in England, exiles so deeply divided from their own peoples and lands, so enamored of culture that they could think of no other burial place upon the globe than in Peking. Then I reflected that Baba had left Peking of his own desire, and even his ashes would not be welcome there now, for he be-

longed to the old China, the China of Confucius and of emperors.

"Let us keep Baba here with us," I told Rennie.

"Yes," Rennie said, "let us keep him."

He arrived barely in time for the funeral, and not alone. He brought with him a tall fair girl, a calm quiet girl whose every movement is slow grace.

"This is Mary Bowen," Rennie said.

"Strange, I have never heard your name," I said and suddenly I wanted to kiss her. I leaned forward and put my lips to her smooth young cheek.

"You look like a Mary," I said.

"I'm a pretty good Martha, too," she said and smiled.

"Then Rennie is in luck," I said, "for it is not every woman who is both."

They were in love. I could see that they were in love. I know the signs, how well, and I was comforted. I took their hands and between them I went upstairs to where Baba lay in his blue Chinese robe. He lay on top of the white counterpane, and I had put on his feet his black velvet Chinese shoes.

Jim Standman, the undertaker, when he had finished his private task, let me help with the rest, for I did not want Baba taken away and so in his own room we made him ready. Under his hands crossed upon his breast I had put his little worn copy of The Book of Changes.

Mary stepped forward alone as we entered the bedroom. She stood looking at him.

"How beautiful he is," she whispered. She turned to Rennie. "You didn't tell me he looked like this."

"He is beautiful," I said, "and somehow more beautiful now than he was alive."

"I wish I could have heard his voice speaking," she said.

And then she went to Rennie and she lifted his hand and held it against her cheek. From that moment I loved her as my own daughter.

THIS afternoon a few neighbors gathered with me under the pine tree on the mountain behind the house and there we buried Baba. Mary helped to dig the grave the morning and we lined it with pine branches, while Mrs. May made the collation for the funeral feast. She boiled a ham for she thinks a baked ham is not worth eating, and set out sandwiches and cake and coffee, ready for the return from the grave.

The day was quiet and the sky mildly overcast, and the minister, a retired clergyman from Manchester who took our spiritual life here in the valley when we feel the need read certain passages from the New Testament, which I marked because Baba had declared to me that they were taken originally from the wisdom of Asia and perhaps from Confucius himself, "for," as Baba, "it is not accident that Jesus uttered the very words long ago spoken by Confucius and Buddha. He was in Peking in his youth, if we are to believe folk rumors."

I had listened when he said this, paying little heed, for I believed wholeheartedly in the man and his wisdom began the East, and I was used to talk. Now the good words gently and with deep meaning upon the quiet air, and to ears of the listening Christians.

To page 77

they brought no doubts, though Baba and I had our secret.

The voice was the voice of Jesus whom the Vermonters call God, but the words are the words of older gods. Oh, I am full of such secrets, but I shall not tell them. I will carry them into my grave with me, too, for to speak them here would be to raise only doubts and controversy. I live in a narrow valley but it is my home.

After the ceremony was over, and we did not weep, neither Rennie nor I, for death is not at the end of a long life, we came home again. Mrs. Matt was bustling about in a black silk dress and a huge white apron and we sat in the living-room with the guests. We ate and drank, and spoke quietly, not of Baba, for indeed few of the neighbors knew him except as a frail and exquisite ghost.

No, we talked of the valley gossip, of whether the summer would be late, of how scanty the sugar crop was this year, the winter lingering too long and then spring breaking too quickly. In a little while they were all gone. Bruce stopped a moment with me to search my face and tell me that I looked pale and must rest.

"You won't mourn?" he said. "Not for Baba," I said.

"You must not mourn for anyone," he said urgently.

I could not tell him, not yet, that with Baba's death died also the symbol of the past. Baba was a link with other years and with a beloved city, with a house which I had believed my home. But Bruce's concern was comforting and when I smiled I saw that he longed to kiss me. Longing shouldered in his dark eyes and yearning in his controlled Vermont face. I was not ready. I could not bear the touch of another man's lips—not yet.

So the day ended, and Sam went away, too. I think he saw Bruce's face. He was standing there in the hall behind us, and I heard his footsteps, abrupt and unconcealed, when he turned and went into the living-room.

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

(from page 76)

He left soon after that, saying that he must get to New York by morning to see about a contract with some dealer there, a horse trainer for a circus, he said, who wanted six young palomina colts, exactly matched, which he had been collecting on the ranch, though it was the first time I have heard of circuses and matched palomina colts. He shook my hand hard and stared at me. "Let me know if you want anything," he said. "I'm on call."

Suddenly, without permission, he bent and kissed me on the lips and I stepped back and nearly fell.

"You don't like it," he muttered.

"No," I said honestly. "I won't do it again," he said and went away, and I am sorry he was hurt but I do not like to be kissed when I am not ready. The days of my youth are past and to a woman full grown a kiss means everything—or nothing.

All this took place on the very day of Baba's funeral and I was glad for that day's end. In the evening Rennie and Mary and I were quietly together on the terrace, for I wanted to be out of the house and the air was unusually mild even for May. These two must go away again tomorrow, and then I shall be alone.

It worried them both that I was to be alone, and I did not know how to make them believe that I did not mind, for indeed I do not know whether I shall mind being alone in this great old house. I have no near neighbors and the forest in the valley changes strangely with the night.

When the afternoon sun slants through the near trees to lie upon the beds of fern and brake the forest is lively and with light and color, harmless enough, surely, and not to be feared. But when the mountain intervenes between house and sky then darkness falls swiftly, and the forest loses its kindness.

Staring into shadows growing sinister with night, I remember that for thirty miles and more forest mingles with swamp and quicksands, wherein hunters have been lost and never found. Once a woman, a botanist, was lost in the forest that surrounds my home. Therefore I do not know whether I can live here alone. It may be that the darkness of the nights will encircle me too deeply.

"I wish I were finished with college," Rennie said. "I wish that Mary and I were married and living here with you."

It is the first word that he has spoken to me of marriage.

"If you two are to be married, then I shall be so happy that I shall have no time to be afraid," I replied.

For even in a few hours I

can see that Mary is the one I would choose for Rennie. If he had returned to his father's country, then no, I would not have thought it possible for Mary to have gone with him to Peking. Mind you, it can be done. There are other American women still there, but I do not know how they can be happy when they hear their country reviled and must be silent.

Mind you again, I know that the plain people in villages and towns do not believe the evil they hear about us. The Chinese are very old and wise as a folk, and they are able to hold their peace for a hundred years and more if they must, until the times roll round again. The life of no human being is as long as they can hold their peace.

I cannot therefore wish for a woman like myself to give herself away to such a country,

or to such a people, for they are so easy to love that once loved they can never be forgotten, and what cannot be forgotten one day divides and then choice and decision are compelled. I believe, if Gerald's other country had not been China, he could not have forsaken me. But that country and especially that city, the city of Peking, are invincible in love. Any woman could be defeated by them.

"We shall certainly be married," Mary said.

"The question is when," Rennie added.

"Why should there be any question?" I inquired. "If you want to be married, then marry."

Here I remembered Allegra. "Unless Mary's family has some reason of their own for delay—perhaps because you are so young, Mary."

"I have no family except my twin brother George," Mary said. "Our parents died when we were children and we lived

with my grandmother. Now she is dead, too."

It is interesting to discover how secretly wicked one's self can be. For the sake of my son I rejoiced that three innocent people were in their graves. I was ashamed enough not to say I was glad and yet honest enough not to say I was sorry.

"You may marry when you like then," I said. "The wedding can be here in this house where I was married to Rennie's father and that will make me happy. I shall not mind living alone if I know you are married."

"Thank you, Mother," Rennie said. He was lying full length upon the long terrace chair, and he got up and went to Mary's side, for I was between them in the round-backed log chair, and he stood before her and took her hand.

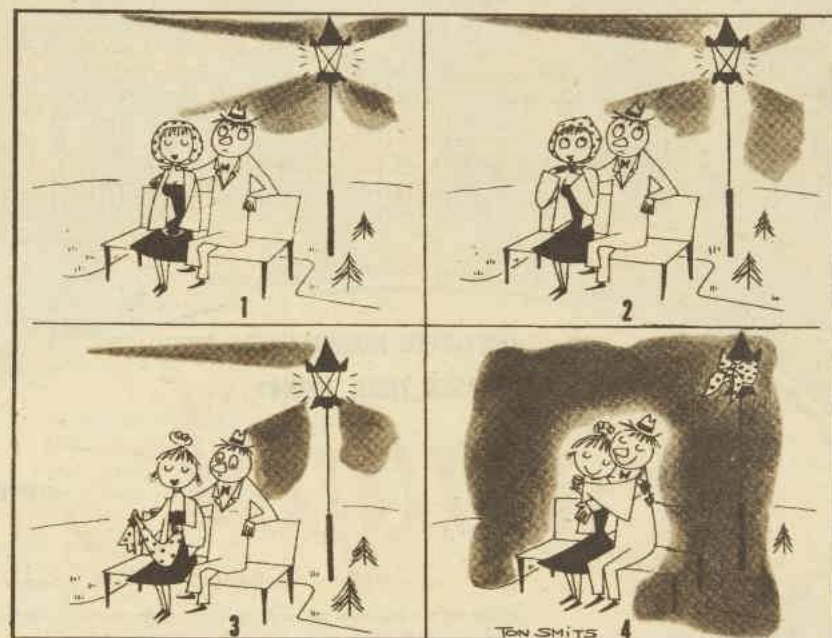
"Will you marry me on the eighteenth of June, when I shall be twenty years old?"

"I will," she said, and smiled up at him.

The moonlight shone on her long fair hair and on Rennie's face. I thought them the most beautiful pair in the world, and my heart yearned for Gerald, who could not see them. I used once to be able to reach him with my concentrated thought, but for a long time I had not done so. Now I tried again.

I gathered my whole energy and will and intention upon him, far away in Peking. At this hour he would perhaps be sitting in the court outside the living-room. Were I there it is where we would be, for in the month of May the lilacs are very fine in the court, the heavy-scented deeply purple Chinese lilacs and the white lilacs which are at once more hardy, more prolific and yet more delicate than the lilacs are here.

I tried to reach him and let him share what I saw, this beautiful cream-skinned man who is our son, and Mary, tall and fair and calm . . . I could not reach him. Again my heart, my mind were stopped by a



To page 81

See your skin improve on Rexona's health and beauty diet

In love with a sun-drenched country, pretty Jan Heidenreich and Janette Jones spend those first spring days picking armfuls of golden wattle out at Pennant Hills. Plenty of warm sunshine and brief, gay cottons lend a flattering tan to glowing skin. Such lovely complexions as these know only the gentle care of mild Rexona Soap.



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BATH SIZE 1/5

REGULAR SIZE 1/1

X.142.WW66g

Page 77

Nairnfelt

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Pattern No. 1016/6 "Bouquet"
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brings a breath of fragrant
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giving it warmth, spaciousness,
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FOR STARRY-EYED HOMEMAKERS WITH
MORE TASTE THAN MONEY...

Bouquet

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Never such a richly decorative pattern as "Bouquet," with soft, yet brilliant, rose motifs against a beautifully harmonising background. It's absolutely perfect for the bedroom and so right is it in scale—not overdone, just right!—that you could use it anywhere in the house. "Nairnfelt" is the real answer to budget-conscious families: you can cover a 10' x 12' room for less than £5! Just roll it out for new floor beauty! This high-gloss, linoleum-type floor covering wears wonderfully and can be cleaned in a jiffy—wipes clean in a wink with a damp cloth or mop. (An occasional clean-polish with "Spred-ezi" floor polish gives marvellous brilliance). More than 25 "Nairnfelt" patterns at your favourite home furnishers! Ask for it by name—"Nairnfelt": Australia's most economical floor covering.

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MARIGNY
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The only setting lotion that
gives brilliant highlights
as it sets your hair.

3/9 everywhere



New Film Releases

★★ ISLAND IN THE SUN

Fox West Indies drama,
with Harry Belafonte, James
Mason, Dorothy Dandridge,
Joan Collins, and Joan Fon-
taine. In technicolor,
CinemaScope. Regent, Syd-
ney.

WITH its multi-star
cast and exotic
Caribbean setting, this is
an eagerly awaited film.

Alec Waugh's complicated,
many-peopled novel proves to
be anything but ideal screen
material.

There are too many char-
acters, too many dramatic re-
lationships, and not enough
time to develop any of them
satisfactorily.

Belafonte is young and
handsome and effectively in-
tense as the native trade union
leader who attracts a cham-
pagne-drinking daughter of the
island's white aristocracy,
Joan Fontaine.

But it is a haggard and
spiritless Dorothy Dandridge
who is responsible for the
resignation of the Governor's
aide, John Justin.

In the little time the epi-
sodic treatment gives any of
the characters to establish
themselves, it is James Mason,
as the unstable, self-tortured
plantation owner of mixed
black and white ancestry,
who comes off best.

The surprise of the film is
Joan Collins, who looks like
a youthful Ava Gardner and
who acts with sympathy and
restraint in what is easily the
most important role she has
yet attempted.

A once enchanting star, poor
Diana Wynyard, who plays the
mother of Joan and Mason,
brought gusts of laughter from
the audience in the big scene
where she saves Joan's mar-
riage to Stephen Boyd, the
Governor's son and heir to his
title.

The island atmosphere is
fascinating throughout, though
the theatrical beauty of many
shots is marred by a fuzzy
color and photography.

Popular appeal gives it a
two-star rating.

In a word: **EPISODIC.**

★★ BEAU JAMES

Paramount biographical
drama, with Bob Hope, Vera
Miles, Paul Douglas, Alexis
Smith. In technicolor, Vista-
Vision. Prince Edward, Syd-
ney.

JIMMY WALKER,
songwriter, wit, person-
ality, and politician, New
York's mayor in the late
speakeasy days of the
'twenties and in the early
'thirties, is a tailored-to-
order figure for Hope's
second essay at straight
acting.

Strangely enough, it is in
the more tender and serious
passages, such as his dismissal
by the girl he loves, that
former comedian Hope is
seen at greatest advantage.

Jimmy runs for office with
the support of his politically

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

conscious but estranged wife,
played very pleasingly by
Alexis Smith, making a come-
back after some years away
from film-making.

Alexis insists on being a
political wife only, and Jimmy
is driven into the arms of
showgirl Vera Miles.

When he insists on appear-
ing in public with Vera in-
stead of his wife, it is the be-
ginning of the end for
Walker's tickertape mayorship.

At a huge rally at the
Yankee Stadium he admits
the mistakes of his administra-
tion, resigns the mayorship,
and walks off to the cheers
of a formerly hostile crowd.

The technicalities of the
American political machine
are at times a little confusing,
but the film generally is not
without a pleasant, human ap-
peal.

Jimmy Durante makes a
surprise appearance to do a
song-and-dance routine with
Hope in a nightclub.

In a word: **HUMAN.**

★ THE GREAT LOCO- MOTIVE CHASE

Disney historic adventure,
with Fess Parker and Jeffrey
Hunter. In technicolor,
CinemaScope. Palace, Syd-
ney.

IN selecting this amazing
episode in American
Civil War history for Fess
Parker's second film, Dis-
ney, a noted fancier of
ancient railway engines,
was indulging his hobby
rather than doing a favor
to the former Davy
Crockett.

His young fans will like
Parker well enough as the
Northern spy who steals a
train and leads a band of
railway wreckers right into
the heart of the Rebel South.

But it's a bit hard on Par-
ker, a personable and pleas-
ant actor who is not incapa-
ble of developing a fan mail
written in other than juvenile
hands.

Jeffrey Hunter, looking
perfectly silly with side levers
and a moustache, is the young
Southern railroad employee
who gives chase.

Fellow devotees and school-
boys will be delighted with
the old locomotives Disney
trots out for this wild chase
along rural rail tracks.

The girls, though, may be-
come a little restive.

In a word: **JUVENILE.**

HOLLYWOOD actress

Janet Blair is in London
playing the lead role in the
American musical comedy
"Bells Are Ringing." Judy
Holliday is having a terrific
success in the part on Broad-
way, and at the end of the
show's run will star in the film
version. But that most likely
won't be until 1959.

"I hear you calling me ..."



This is one room where Dettol is really at home—protecting the precious lives of these newly-born babies. Any nurse in any of our great Maternity Hospitals will tell you that using Dettol is as much a part of her daily routine as washing her hands. They know that Dettol helps to protect their patients and themselves from the menace of septic infection.



Nola Lester, popular singing star, says:
"My voice really is my fortune, that's
why I never miss my daily gargle with
Dettol." Just a few drops of Dettol in
water helps to protect your throat
from infection.



For personal use, women like Dettol
because they trust it, and they use
Dettol because they like it. Dettol is
a clean, effective antiseptic—deadly
to germs but kind and gentle to you.
Ideal for personal hygiene.



"All in together . . ." Youngsters love to splash around together in the bath. But remember, bath-time can do more than clean . . . a little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing. Children spark up at once—and so will you. Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



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hospitals, and is the chosen weapon
of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which
may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sick-
ness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily
hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where
speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a
good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



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and
highly effective.





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only Jeldi

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lasts so long... only Jeldi!



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PALMERSTON NTH., (N.Z.)

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 77

past two, I saw Gerald here in my room. It is true that I am alone in the house and have been alone now for five weeks. Ever since Rennie and Mary left me the morning after Baba's funeral I have had, however, an unusual number of valley visitors.

Matt comes early and stays late, and Mrs. Matt makes the pretext of bringing his lunch the occasion for "running in," as she called it, to see how I am doing. She always stays and always talks, mainly about Matt and his cantankerous ways. Mrs. Matt is an ignorant woman who will not learn that life and man do not change, and that it is the woman who must bend if she is not to break.

I know all of Matt's faults by now, even to the obnoxious wheeze of his snores and that he will not put his false teeth properly in a glass of water at night but leaves them to grin at her from the bedside table.

The minister, too, comes to see me, and so does Mrs. Monroe, the teacher in our valley's one-room school. And Bruce Spaulden has been here twice, never to stay, merely to drop in at breakfast time before he makes his calls, to observe me, he says, and make sure that I am not what he describes as "moping."

"Are you happy?" he asked me only yesterday. I was weeding the strawberry beds in the warm corner between the main house and the ell, the only

place where strawberry plants do not frost kill, although even here they must be mulched with manure and straw over the winter.

"I am neither happy nor unhappy," I told him. "I am in a state of blessed calm."

"Permanently so?" he asked, tilting his black eyebrows at me.

"Probably not," I said, "Probably it is a transition state between past and future. I don't know. I merely enjoy my ignorance."

"Not too lonely?"

"How can I be with a wedding in the house in June?"

He went off then, and I continued my weeding.

There was nothing unusual in yesterday. I did such work in the house as was needful and it is very little. One person cannot dirty floors and tables and what I eat scarcely disturbs the kitchen. Even my bed is quickly made, for I am a quiet sleeper. Gerald turned and tossed, but I on my side of the wide Chinese bed with the American mattress lay, he said, like a sleeping doll. Nevertheless I wake easily.

LAST night I woke, as I usually do, in the night. I like to know the time, and it is usually the same, almost to the minute. The radiant face of the bedside clock showed a quarter past two. Ever since I was parted from Gerald I resolutely turn on the light and take up my book, whatever it is, and of late I have no taste for stories or for poetry.

When I put Rennie's room in order after he left, I looked through his bookcase and found a thin, small book whose title proclaimed it a simple and shortened exposition of the meaning of Einstein's theory of relativity, of Simple Readers, the subtitle said. That surely am I, and I brought the book back to my own room.

Simple as it declared itself, the book, nevertheless, confounded me. I am even more simple. I do not easily comprehend large abstract matters. I read the book faithfully, nevertheless, all but spelling the sentences over and over in my nightly efforts to understand them. I say this to prove that I am really not in the least psychic nor even very imaginative. I have a good practical brain and an excellent memory and this is far as I go.

After the fourth reading of the book, however, I suddenly understood the fundamental relationship between matter and energy. Oh, I muttered aloud — for I am ashamed to say that I am beginning to talk to myself sometimes, but only in the night when the house is altogether silent, except for creaking beams and crying wind — oh, but this is fascinating, this is exciting. The essence of matter is transmutable into energy. I can see that.

The comprehension came to me suddenly only the night before last and immediately I felt myself possessed by a strange, soft peace. Mind and body relaxed and fell into sleep. When I awakened it was late morning and the sun was streaming across the room. I rose quickly and, as I have said, the day was busy with small affairs.

Mrs. Matt stayed too long and night fell before I had finished the plans I had made for the day. For I have learned that if my life is to have meaning as a whole, now that Gerald and I are apart and

Rennie is a man, then each day must have its individual order, so that when night falls I can say that I have done what I planned for the day, and the sum total of days makes a year and years make a life.

Well, then, I was tired last night and mildly discontented with myself because I had not completed the day. I did not open the book, but went immediately to sleep. When I woke at quarter past two, as I have said, my mind was clear and I was eager to read again in the light of fresh comprehension.

I had only opened the book when I knew that I was not alone. I was not frightened, only filled with involuntary wonder. For I looked up and I saw Gerald standing just inside the closed door. He was sad and thin and very much older. He had a short beard, his hair was cropped very short, and he wore Chinese clothes, not the robes of a gentleman, but a uniform of the sort that students used to wear, made of dark stuff and the jacket buttoned to the throat.

I could not see his form clearly, but his face was very clear. He smiled at me, his grave, dark eyes suddenly bright. I think he put out his hand to me, but of this I am not sure for I leaped from my bed and I cried out to him. "Gerald, Gerald, oh, darling —"

I was stopped by a frightful agony in his face, but only for one instant. Then I ran to hold him in my arms, but he was gone. I stood where I had seen him stand. There was no one here and the floor was cold beneath my bare feet. I crept back into bed shivering and afraid.

I have seen Gerald. I have no doubt of it. And I have seen him as he is now. It could not be a dream nor a trick of memory, else I would have seen him as he had been when we parted, his face as it looked when he stood on the dock, when we gazed at each other until the river mists crept between us and my ship sailed out to sea.

"I feel as though my very flesh was torn from yours," he had written me.

Now he was bearded, his hair was cut short, he wore the uniform he had always hated, even when his students put it on proudly. A prisoner's uniform, he had called it, lacking style and grace and always dingy blue or muddy-grey. I had never seen him as I saw him now. Therefore it was no dream. I have seen matter transmuted into energy in his shape and form.

It was impossible to sleep after that. I dressed and went downstairs and walked about the house until the pale dawn gleamed behind the mountains. I do not know what a vision means. Does it signify life or death? I have no way of knowing. And why was his last look an agony? How shall I ever know?

I am surprised that I am not in the least frightened because I have seen Gerald. I am overcome with sadness but not with fear. I cannot be afraid of Gerald in whatever form he comes to me, but I remember the stories I have always laughed at, the tales of dead people who appear to their loved ones, the ghosts and spirits in whom I have never believed.

I still do not believe. I say to myself that there is some trick of sight and subconscious which betrays my common-

sense. Then I find myself leading to conversation on the subject of distant persons who suddenly appear before those who think of them, although I tell no one that I have seen Gerald. Mrs. Matt, for example, believes everything I doubt. She declares that she has seen, three times, the face of her mother, who lived and died in Ireland.

"Three times have I seen the blessed woman," she said today, "and each time was after she was dead."

I begged her to tell me what she saw.

"I saw my mother on her knees, a-prayin'." Mrs. Matt said solemnly. She was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a cup of stone-black tea while I finished my luncheon sandwich. "On her knees she was, her hand uplifted like and her hair streamin' down her back. She was cryin' while she prayed and she wore her old black dress, but with no apron."

"Except on a Sunday she had always her apron on, and so I knew it was a Sunday I saw her. Later I had the word that it was the very Sunday my father 'ed and I knew she saw him goin' down to hell. It was what he deserved, but it was hard on her, bless her, and she cried."

"And the second time, Mrs. Matt?"

"The second time was when I had made up my mind to leave Matt. Yes, my dear," she said nodding her head at me. "I did so make up my mind. He'd had one of them jealous fits of his." She leaned

close to me, her eyes on the kitchen door. Outside Matt was chopping wood.

"He wasn't the father of my first child," she whispered, "and he's never let me forget. Suspicious he is of every man — he's been my torment, that he has, these forty years."

I brushed aside the familiar complaint.

"And the third time, Mrs. Matt?"

She looked blank. "There was only the one time, dearie, and Matt married me before the blessed baby was born."

"The third time you saw your mother —"

"Ah, yes, that! Well, the third time was on a bright Easter mornin'. I'd had a grand fight with Matt the night before and I was in no mood for church. To church I would not go and so I put on my old clothes and scrubbed the kitchen floor. Matt yelled at me to get up and come to church with him and the children — six of them we had by then, all small."

"But I wouldn't go and he marched off, leaving me on my knees in a swirl of soap and water. When the house was quiet like I got up and put away my rag and pail and I washed myself and put on a clean nightgown and laid myself in a clean bed to sleep back my strength. It was then I saw my mother for the last time in resurrection."

"She was in white, like an angel, but her hair was down

To page 82

THE SPOTLIGHT FOR STYLE
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AND
SLEEK

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SHEETS
AND
PILLOW CASES

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Page 81

Don't
be
home-bound
when
you
should
be
beach bound!

The lame excuses, the you-run-along's and count-me-out's are as dated as the flapper dress. To-day's smart girls never let time-of-the-month interfere with their holidays. They rely on Tampax internal sanitary protection.

You know, of course, that you can go swimming while wearing Tampax. But you don't have to, if you don't feel like it! The main advantage of Tampax is that it's completely invisible under either a wet or a dry bathing suit. You can simply sit on the beach, and no one will guess your secret.

Tampax has many other advantages to keep you feeling secure. It prevents odour from forming. It never chafes or irritates. It's easy to dispose of. In fact, in every way, it's nicer and daintier. Get your choice of two absorbencies (Regular or Super) at any chemist's or department stores.

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Page 82

her back in a little grey pig-tail, as she always had it for the night. And she said to me, 'Poor soul, you're only a woman, and you must take it as best you can.'

"True, mother mine," I said, and went off to sleep like a babe and when I woke, Matt was back and he'd fed the children and himself and I got up rested.

A foolish story, and Mrs. Matt is an ignorant and sometimes mischievous old woman, but she believes what she saw.

In the afternoon I went to the small library in our nearest town and surprised our prim spinster librarian by finding half a dozen books on dreams and visions. I am half ashamed of wanting to read them, for I am accustomed to my own sceptic views and I have no faith in second sight. It is Einstein who unsettles me.

If a strong stout log of wood, a length of pure matter can be transmuted into energy before my eyes, into ash and flame and heat, cannot a living body, a brilliant mind, a deep and spiritual soul be transmuted into its own likeness but a different stuff?

What impels me now is not the old wives' tales and the ghosts of the dead; for these my doubts are as valid as ever they have been. No, I am impelled by the infinite possibilities suggested to me by a gnarled little scientist whom I must respect because the world respects him. I have embarked upon a quest. I search for the one I love.

The quest ended today in a way so simple, so tragic, that I have no need to further search. A letter from Mei-lan, posted this time from Calcutta, tells me of Gerald's death. She is not in Calcutta. She is still in Peking, in the house there, awaiting, she tells me, the birth of her first child, Gerald's child. By some means she smuggled the letter out of China and into India.

Perhaps a visiting delegation of Indian diplomats contained one who was Gerald's friend. To him perhaps she gave the letter to hide in his clothing until he could post it from another country.

The letter is short and written in haste. There are blots on the paper—tears perhaps. I will not repeat its words. I want to forget them and I shall destroy this letter. Its message is simply this: Gerald was shot while trying to escape from Peking. She did not know that he planned to escape.

"I think he longed to see you," she writes. "I think he dreamed to go somehow to India with the Indians."

He was always watched, of course. They never trusted him. I do not know whether among the servants there was one who betrayed him. He was not good at packing clothes or making practical arrangements. I always did such things for him. And is it possible that he did not trust even his Chinese wife?

"He did tell me nothing," she writes. "I think he wished no blame to fall on me. I can always say I do not know."

Gerald was shot in the back through the left shoulder and just outside his own gate. He got no farther than that. It was early afternoon, the sun was shining, he appeared to be returning to his classes at the university. The gateman stood in the open gate and he saw a man in the hateful uniform step from behind the corner.

When Gerald stepped out the man shot him with a pistol at close range.

Then he disappeared. The gateman dared not shout. He lifted Gerald in his arms and brought him inside and laid him on the stones of the main court. Then he locked the gate.

"We buried him secretly in the small court outside his bedroom," Mei-lan writes.

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

[from page 81]

Early afternoon in Peking would perhaps be a quarter past two here in our valley, a quarter past two in the night. Dare I believe?

I do not know. I shall never know. All that I do know is that my beloved is no more. In this world, while I live, I shall not see his face again.

I have taken up the routine of my days. There is no way to answer the letter, and so I have destroyed it. When I could write calmly I wrote to Rennie that his father was dead.

"He had made up his mind, it seems, to come to us. That is what she believes, at least — his Chinese wife. He tried to live without us and he could

I said to Mary this evening when we were washing the supper dishes together and Rennie was smoking his pipe on the terrace, for he has taken on manly airs nowadays.

"Mary, my dear," I said, "I hope that Rennie will be a good lover and husband to you. I had such a good lover and husband in his father and I hope the capacities are inherited, but I am not sure they are."

The tall, lovely girl smiled her calm smile. "I am sure Rennie has inherited his father's graces, Mother," she said.

It was the first time she had called me "mother" and I was overcome with a new joy and

liant, hard, perhaps unloving, as I suppose scientists must be nowadays. Instead here was this young man, kindly, affectionate, a fine friend for any lonely woman's son. Between these two for wife and brother, Rennie has his world to grow in.

"Eggs, George?" I asked. "Please, fried on one side, thanks," he said, and folded his legs under the table in the breakfast alcove in the kitchen. I try not to be the sentimental motherly female we women are supposed to be, but I confess my heart won when I saw how George Bowen enjoyed his food.

And all through this preliminary day he has made himself useful in a literal practical sort of way. He persuaded the vacuum-cleaner to work again, he carried chairs and cleaned the garage and was approved by Matt. And best of all was his tender understanding of Rennie and Mary.

These two wanted no big wedding, and so about four o'clock in the afternoon they came into the house from wandering in the forest, and they went to their rooms to bathe and change to their wedding garments. Mrs. Matt was in the kitchen with a couple of neighbor women to help with the simple refreshments and she gave me a push.

"Get upstairs and dress yourself," she ordered me. "It won't take fifteen minutes for that," I said.

"Then see if the bride don't need a pin or two," she said. "I remember very well myself that I needed a pin to the front of my corset cover, I was breathin' that hard."

I went upstairs then and when I had put on my pale grey silk frock I knocked on Mary's door and she called to me to come in and so I did. She was dressed and ready and was standing by the window looking out over the hills.

Her wedding-gown was plain white organdie, embroidered at the hem and the neck with fine hand embroidery. She had made it herself and it was exactly right for her. Around her neck was a little gold chain and a locket with Rennie's picture inside.

"Your bouquet is downstairs," I said. "Shall I fetch it now?"

The guests were already coming up the walk and the minister was in the living-room. In the morning we had cut flowers from the fields and put them into bouquets with delicate ferns, but I had a few of my precious roses for Mary's bouquet. We cannot grow roses outdoors here in our cold valley, but I lift my rose bushes in the autumn and bring them into the cellar to sleep, where it is cool and dry and dark, and in the spring I set them out.

This year I forced a half dozen to make roses for Mary. They are pale pink and pale yellow, and I cut six half-opened buds this morning and made them into a cluster and set their stems into ice water to keep them from opening too wide.

"Please, Mother," she said. I went away at once, for I heard Rennie leave his room. When I came back with the roses he was standing in front of her holding her hands in his and all my sorrow dropped away, never to come again. I am sure of it, for I knew very well the look in my son's eyes as he stood looking at his bride. I saw it long ago in his father's eyes for me.

The wedding was perfect in simplicity. The valley people gathered in our living-room, and all together there are only twenty or so, for we invited no transient summer folk. When they were all there Rennie and Mary, who had been moving

To page 84

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



not. Love was stronger in the end than country, stronger than history. This is our comfort. This is the message he sends us, by means of his death. It is enough for us to know. It is enough to make you forgive him, Rennie. Please forgive him! It will make life so much easier for me, so much more happy, if I know you have forgiven your father."

Here I paused to consider whether I should tell Rennie that I had seen Gerald clearly at the moment after he had died. His spirit escaping his body came home to me, to be visible for a moment, to be remembered forever. Then I decided that I would not tell Rennie. He would not believe, and perhaps I do not wish to test my own faith. It is not necessary. I can wait until it is time for me to know.

Rennie's reply was swift. "I do forgive him, Mother. I forgive my father freely and with love and of my own accord. I do this for my own sake. If it makes you happy, so much the better. And I have told Mary."

There is no need for me to write any more upon these blank pages. What I have had to say has been said. The spring has slipped past and it is summer. I have busied myself in everyday matters, always planning towards Rennie's marriage. Tonight is the eve before the wedding day.

It occurs to me that this small book will not be complete unless I tell the story of the wedding, the story which really began that day, long past, upon which I, a gay and heedless girl, brimming with ready love, let my heart concentrate in a glance upon a tall, slender young man intent upon his books, a studious reserved young man in whom I divined a profound and faithful lover. I suppose, to be honest, that what I saw first in Gerald was a man so beautiful to look at that I was startled into love.

The next best thing to
a really good woman
is a really good-
natured one.
—William Maginn.

small grey convertible car, a vehicle old and dusty, and I saw him for the first time, a tall, fair young man with the same air of calm that Mary has.

He stepped over the door of the car and sauntered into the house, his wrinkled leather bag in his hand, and he was as much at home as if he had come before. I liked him at first sight. He cuffed Rennie amiably, pulled his sister's car affectionately, and spoke to me as though he loved me.

"I know you very well," he said. "I've wanted to meet you ever since I first saw Rennie."

"Put down your bag and sit down to breakfast with us, George," I said.

"I'll just wash my hands here at the kitchen sink," he said.

I liked the way he washed his hands, carefully and clean, as a surgeon does. George is a scientist, nuclear, one of the new young men. I had been a little afraid of him when Rennie talked about him.

I saw a young man, bril-

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salt it's worth
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1 tin "Tongala" Unsweetened Evaporated Milk, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla. Place unopened milk in refrigerator overnight. Make sure milk is very cold, then beat till thick, adding sugar and vanilla. Add cooled gelatine, beat well, place in freezing trays till frozen.

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EVAPORATED

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Bring that longed-for whiteness and brightness to your smile. Use "activated" NYAL Toothpaste. An instant-foaming, tasteless dental detergent helps remove all food particles from between the teeth. Dulling film and cigarette stains disappear, too! Children, as well as adults, enjoy the lingering "mint" flavour of NYAL Toothpaste. Try it! Regular Size, 2'11; Economy Size, 3'11

Nyal TOOTH PASTE



Continuing

Letter From Peking

from page 82

among them talking a little, smiling often, interchanged a look, radiant and tender.

They clasped hands and went to the minister and stood before him. Then without ado he rose from his chair and took his little book from his pocket and spoke the few words that made them husband and wife. We had no music, for among us only Mary has a sweet singing voice. After the ceremony was over the guests surrounded the young bride and groom, and I stood aside and wept quietly because they were so beautiful until Bruce Spaulden saw me and fetched me a cup of fruit punch.

"Occupy yourself with this, my dear," he said, and would not leave my side.

Mrs. Matt here set forth the wedding cake she had made, a noble three-tiered confection, each layer different from the other. Mary cut the slices with Rennie's help, and they exchanged silver goblets each half full of the sweet wine I make every summer from wild blackberries, while the guests enjoyed the sight of them.

THEN quietly, in the midst of the eating and drinking, the two went upstairs and changed to their travelling clothes and came down again, and waving goodbye they ran through the room, but waited for me at the car. There my son swept me into his arms and kissed my cheeks and Mary put her arms about us both, and so I let them go.

The guests waited to make sure I was not lonely, and then one by one they went away, and George Bowen was the very last and he stayed to put away chairs and carry dishes to Mrs. Matt in the kitchen.

When he left he stooped to kiss my cheek.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye, dear George," I said, "and come back often."

"I will," he said, and then without the slightest sentimentality and as though he were declaring a fact, he said, "Shall I call you Mother, too, since now you are Mary's mother?"

"Do," I said gladly.

He winked his left eye at me. "Except you're too young to be a mother to three great gawks."

"Nonsense," I said. He laughed and cantered down the front steps and stepped into his grey wreck of a car without opening the door and went off in a gust of smoke and gravel.

Now only Bruce was left and he stayed the evening with me. He knows that Rennie's father is dead. Rennie told him and then told me what he had done.

"How did you say it?" I asked, half wishing he had not told.

"I said, 'My father is dead in Peking. My mother and I will never go back to China now. She will live here in the valley. But Mary and I cannot live here where there are no laboratories.'"

"A man must go where his work is," Bruce agreed.

"Well, your work is here," Rennie said bluntly, "and you must be my mother's friend."

"I want to be that and whatever more she will accept me for," Bruce said.

Telling me this a few days ago, Rennie looked straight into my eyes. "Mother, you will please me very much if you will decide to marry Bruce."

"Oh Rennie, no," I whispered. "Don't—Don't ask it."

"I don't ask it," he said. "I merely say that I shall be happy if you do."

To this I said nothing and perhaps I shall never say anything. I do not know. It is

still too soon, and perhaps will always be too soon.

It was comforting, nevertheless, to have Bruce spend the evening with me, when everyone else was gone. I sat on the long chair, and he sat near me, only the small table between us, and he smoked his old briar pipe and said nothing or very little. The silence was comforting, too, I was near telling him about George and the house there in Peking and all that has happened to me.

I thought of it while the evening wind made music in the pines and the mountains subsided in shadows. I thought of Rennie and of how he had been hurt and this led me to Mei-lan whose child was being born perhaps upon this very day. In the end I said nothing and silence remained sweeter than speech. When Bruce rose to say goodnight, my life and love were still hidden within me.

"Thank you, dear Bruce," he said. "You are my best friend now."

He held my hand a moment. "I'll let it go at the moment, but only for the present," he said. He put my hand to his cheek and I felt his face smooth, shaven, and cool. He was not hateful to me, and he surprised me, too. But he was no more, and he went away. After that I was suddenly tired, but sweetly so and without pain, and I went upstairs and to my bed.

Days have passed again and I am already expecting Rennie and Mary to come home for the summer. I have had one more letter from Peking.

"It is my duty," Mei-lan insists, "to tell you that I have borne a son. He is like his father. His skin is white, his hair is dark but soft and fine. His frame is large and strong. My mother says he will be a child. We two women, Rennie's mother and I, we will dress ourselves to rear him well, for his father's sake and for yours."

Mine? Have I aught to do with her child? A strange question, and I do not know how to answer it. Then I remember that this child is Rennie's half brother. It is possible that some day they will meet. How different will they be, these two? How alike?

The ways of nature and life are strange and deep. They are not to be understood in the midst of anger and of love's secret work goes on, and binds us all by blood, and whether love is denied or bestowed.

For you began it, Baba, I know you did. When I was young, pure American girl, I loved would not love enough to come to Peking for your sake, you flouted love, said it did not matter and took a woman whom you did not love. But she loved me, she bore you a son, and one day I saw him and loved him tenderly. I went to Peking and made his city mine, until I sent forth again, alone and never parted from my love.

Yet here are two grandsons both yours, a globe between them, and still they are yours. And because they are yours they belong together somehow and they will know it some day.

What do you say to me, Baba? What do you say that, old Baba, you lying there alone on the mountain under the big pine tree?

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 6, 1940

Fashion Patterns and Needlework notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS
F4706. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make, lace-trimmed bouffant waist petticoat. Sizes 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 7½yds. ½in. lace, and 2yds. 1½in. binding. Price 2/6.

F4702. — Small girl's matador pants and separate blouse. The pattern includes a long-sleeved and sleeveless blouse design. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires blouse with long sleeves, 1½yds. 36in. material; sleeveless bodice, 1½yds. 36in. material. Pants, 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4707. — Slender, front-buttoned sheath dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1-3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

4707

4706

4705

4704

F4704. — Pretty styled short-skirted evening dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.
F4705. — Sun-dress and back-buttoned, bosom-length matching jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast, plus 3½yds. ribbon. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 588. — ONE-PIECE DRESS
Attractively styled front-buttoned coat-dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes lilac and white on a blue ground and rose-pink and white on a pink ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 44/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

No. 590. — SMALL GIRL'S BLOUSE
Sleeveless blouse obtainable cut out ready to make in a pin-spot Summer Breeze. The color choice includes blue or green spots on a white ground and white spots on a pink, red, or green ground. Sizes 3 to 4 years, 15/6; 5 to 6 years, 17/3; 7 to 8 years, 18/9; 9 to 10 years, 19/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 591. — SMALL GIRL'S SHORTS
Nicely tailored shorts are obtainable cut out ready to make in British headcloth. The color choice includes blue, lemon, pink, green, grey, and white. Sizes 3 to 4 years, 9/3; 5 to 6 years, 10/6; 7 to 8 years, 11/9; 9 to 10 years, 12/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 592 & 593. — SUN BONNETS
Two easy-to-laundry bonnets are obtainable cut out ready to make. No. 592 is in floral cotton featuring blue, lemon, pink, and green. No. 593 is in headcloth available in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white. Price 7/9 each. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 594. — ONE-PIECE TENNIS DRESS
Side-buttoned one-piece tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white anforlaid poplin and white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

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4703

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Good news for all women!

A NEW CESARINE THAT LAUNDERS
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"EASYCARE" CESARINE will never go limp, develop raggedness or fray. For the whole of its long, long life it will retain its crisp "new" look. Wash in your usual way; hang wet on a hanger to drip-dry.

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Other Cesar Fabrics include Summer Breeze, Summer Magic, Piccadilly, Cesare, Sovereign.

Hay Fever and ASTHMA ATTACKS What to do about them

Many people are sensitive to pollens and house dust. These particles irritate the mucus membranes and render them easy to attack by germs. Therefore, in treatment, it is necessary to counteract the effects of these pollens and dusts and build up resistance against the invading organisms.

DOUBLE BENEFIT. First, Lantigen 'E' contains extracts from the pollens and dusts that help the body resist attacks of similar air-borne materials, and combat irritation.

Secondly, Lantigen 'E' provides an oral vaccine which helps build up natural resistance against germs which follow allergic attack. The combined effect relieves the distressing symptoms and helps promote immunity against future attacks.

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As Mrs. Baxter does...
I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.
Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

BEECHAM'S
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE pills



Any time is IDEAL time for ICE CREAM

Feeding a family can be fun when you serve a treat they all want to eat! This is the weather for ice cream, something creamy, something special, something that satisfies all the family. Ice cream makes any meal a festival—especially when you make it yourself, whipped to your own taste with Nestlé's Ideal Milk.

Make it this EASY BREEZY WAY!

Ingredients: One 12-oz. tin "Ideal" Evaporated Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1-1½ teaspoons vanilla essence.

Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making, set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, and cool. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick. With control at maximum, place in freezing trays in refrigerator until frozen for serving.

Yes, it's IDEAL time for ice cream—here's a tip—pour Ideal straight from the tin on your fruit salads and pie—it's the tasteful touch that makes a flavour of difference.



*NESTLÉ'S



IDEAL
FULL CREAM
EVAPORATED MILK

A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT.

*TRADE MARK

ID.139.HPC

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is as horrified as PRINCESS NARDA: Winner of the title of Miss Galaxy, when he learns from the Emperor of Magna that they will not be allowed to return to Earth. Earth, the emperor says, has not reached the stage of development where it should know about other

planet life. Narda, however, insists that her prize was to be anything she wanted, and she wants to go home. Finally, the emperor agrees to let Mandrake and Narda return to Earth, but only after their memories of the beauty contest and Magna have been erased. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



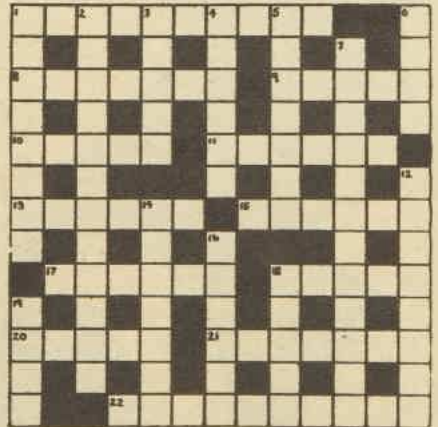
ON YOUR
"OFF"
DAYS
and those
uncertain
days
before

TEENA® by
Lilla
Terry



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. Blackens in a tiger's den (10).
 8. Large church which may stir men (7).
 9. Drives in a surge (5).
 10. Wine, hot water, sugar and spice for a sovereign (5).
 11. Incompetent sailor in the centre (6).
 13. Florid or neat (6).
 15. Tell a story in small quantities (6).
 17. Drive forward using a rope inside (6).
 18. Fair sometimes after a bottle (5).
 20. Gift mostly inflated talk (5).
 21. Burn to ashes (7).
 22. This animal has a hard covering (10).



Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
1. Order a favorite to make a part of the British Commonwealth (8).
 2. He is not yet a hundred but he will not be ninety again (12).
 3. Openings in a stage (5).
 4. Covered portico in a propaganda triumphal arch (6).
 5. Develop an ancient coin in ease (7).
 6. Everybody's outstanding feature (4).
 7. A soft stone brings a girl to mother and then to a broken tile (12).
 12. With a loaded stick strike a glued nob (8).
 14. Turn a coal mine to a disturbed rest for giver of secret information at the races (7).
 16. Trousers in dells (6).
 18. European monetary unit of exchange (5).
 19. The sage grows old (4).

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... me with denture breath!
... yet I clean them every day.



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